THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 171 NUMBER 2

FEBRUARY, 1943

86th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

EDUCATION IN UNIFORM

The Dilemma

by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

I SUPPOSE there is no public role more completely fatuous than that of Job's comforter. You may evoke from Job passages of the most moving verse, but only at the cost of making a fool of yourself. The worst you can say he already knows, and the best he would rather not hear.

The role of the man who attempts to talk to teachers about education in this second winter of the war is precisely the role of Job's comforter. Your colleges are being turned into military academies and technical institutions. Your schools are being stripped of masters and sixth-form boys. Your endowments are draining off into bonds and taxes. And there is no hope anywhere. To some of you it must seem that your life's work is being destroyed before your eyes. To others, the whole fabric of liberal education comes clattering down and you wonder whether, when the war ends, its structure will be restored. To speak words of superficial comfort to men and women afflicted with these anxieties would be a fool's errand indeed.

It is no use asking you to accept with gratitude the cold comfort of the common lot. Your bones are no easier because other men's bones are racked as well. You know perfectly well that what you face others face with you. It is the fundamental nature of the fascist wars to present the free societies with a hard, a brutal choice. Indeed, it was precisely because the free societies would be presented with a brutal choice that the fascists felt safe to wage these wars, for it was the fascist conviction that the choice would be too hard for the free and self-governing committees to make — or at least to make in time. The choice was the choice between the surrender of the rich attributes of freedom for good, but by soft and easy stages, and their surrender with harshness for the months and years necessary to their defense.

The surrender for good was to be a surrender as seductive as the descent into Avernus — as seductive and as shameful.

In December, ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, the Librarian of Congress, was asked to address the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. His remarks, which have now been edited in essay form, bring us face to face with the most perplexing problem in American education: How much liberal education can be imparted to our eighteen-year-olds in uniform?

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The surrender for the months and years necessary to a defense by fighting was a surrender, in the fascist view, so difficult and so painful that no self-governing people would be able to agree to make it until the making of it was too late.

History has proved that the fascist view was sound but not, thanks to the courage of two living men, quite sound enough. Hitler's strategy rested upon a contempt for his enemies and a confidence in their incapacity to act which seemed — but only seemed — reckless and maniacal. The reoccupation of the Rhineland, the rearming of Germany, the seizure of Austria, the seizure of Czechoslovakia were foolhardy ventures. Hitler could have been destroyed at a trifling cost at any step in his presumptuous and insolent rise to power. But he was not destroyed. And Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and France were to add, to the proof which went before, their heartbreaking proof that freemen could apparently not make in time the decisions necessary to defend their freedom. Not until that lesson had been spelled out, and not until Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill had interpreted that lesson to their people, and had reinforced their people's understanding with their own personal and moral courage, their own will to action, was the creeping of the democratic paralysis overcome and halted.

When Britain fought back against the Nazi bombers and regained, as Mr. Churchill superbly put it, the mastery of the daylight air; when the United States placed its resources of men and iron at the disposition of the freedom-loving world, and rearmed Britain with its ships and rifles, the free peoples found the leadership and the courageous voice they had earlier lacked, and the strategy of contempt and bluff met its first and therefore fatal defeat.

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The free people of England and of the United States made, in the following months, the tremendous decision the misled fascists had believed they could never make. In England first and in America later, the great divisions into which a free economy naturally falls — labor, industry, agriculture, the learned professions, the people as consumers, the people as members of households, as owners of businesses, the people as young men, as young women — handed over to the common labor of defense, handed over to themselves as citizens and therefore as trustees for all the people, increasing measures of their personal and professional and economic freedom. Organized labor handed over its basic right to strike. Industry handed over a great part of its freedom to manage its factories and its plants. Farmers handed over a measure of determination as to the crops they would plant and harvest. The people as consumers handed over to an increasing extent their freedom to buy and use as they pleased. Young men and young women handed over their freedom to dispose of themselves, even of their lives.

There were some, of course, who refused to contribute. There were unauthorized strikes not countenanced by the responsible leaders of labor. There was business as usual in occasional factories, occasional enterprises. There were consumers who revolted against any interference with their peacetime habits — hoarders of coffee and sugar, wasters of the nation's rubber and the nation's oil. But these were the minority, and even this minority gradually fell away as the young men, who had not complained, who had not asked questions, who had accepted for themselves and for their future, who had given far more than the greatest corporation or the most powerful union or the richest and most delicate woman, began on far-off and dangerous islands to make the meaning of their contributions real.

It heartens you, of course, to feel yourselves surrounded by others who have made the same sacrifices you have made — the same in substance however they may differ in degree. It heartens you to feel that you, as members of a free society, have joined with other members of that society in the most difficult choice free men were ever called upon to make. Indeed this sense of decision, of ability to decide, is more heartening to you than it is, perhaps, to any others, for you, whose whole lifework depends upon the maintenance of free institutions, wel-

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come, more than most men, visible and tangible proof that the free institutions of wartime democracy are vigorous and strong. But you will hardly feel, nevertheless, that these assurances of common effort supply the answer to your deepest question. For the question which moves your minds, if I may undertake to speak thus far on your behalf, is a question touching not your privileges but your duties.

3

What troubles you most is not the conversion of the liberal arts colleges of New England to military and technical institutions, or the drafting and enlistment of your boys, or the loss of trained and skillful teachers, painful as all these things may be. Above all, what troubles you is not the shrinkage of endowments or the loss of tuitions. What deeply and searchingly troubles your minds is the question how you are to perform, under the conditions of this time, the necessary duties which this time imposes upon your profession — the most solemn perhaps, the most urgent certainly, of all the duties your profession has been called upon to bear.

Specifically and precisely, what you ask yourselves is this: How and by what means are you, whose profession is the teaching of the young men and the young women of a free society, to reach these young men and these young women with the instruction they, more than any generation of their predecessors in this country, will shortly and desperately require? How are you to give them the understanding of the common past, the sense of the common future, the mastery of the tools and implements of the common life, which they must necessarily have, which they more than any who preceded them must surely have, if they are to turn the military winning of this war into a human victory for the things for which this war is fought?

You agree — as all men and women who love their country, who love freedom and who hate fascism, must agree — that the military winning of the war comes first. But you ask yourselves as teachers, as servants of the truth and of the spirit, what it means truly to win the war. Does it mean something that young men trained to handle guns and tanks and planes and ships and signal apparatus and the machinery of factories can do? Or does it mean something else, something requiring a different kind of training? Does the winning of this war mean the defeat of our enemies only, or does it mean the gaining of something beyond the defeat of our enemies — the gaining of a positive and created thing which shall justify all this anguish, all this death? What is the image of our victory and what soldiers are required to gain it for us; how trained, how taught?

This, I take it, is the central question of your deep concern. For you believe, as many who have not the privilege to share your holy calling also believe, that the gaining of a positive victory in this war is only second in profound necessity to the avoidance of defeat; and that, once the terrible danger of defeat has been removed, the gaining of a positive victory becomes the dedicated, the essential purpose of our lives.

You believe — as most, I think, of your contemporaries believe — that we must not fail again, we must not fall back again into the slothful self-indulgence, the intellectual cowardice, and the moral degeneration of the years which followed the other war. There must be no public Hardings, no private post-war generations, no resignation to the so-called course of history, no "return" (what word was ever sadder or more shameful than the word "return"?) to "normalcy," to the world as it was, to the evils which begat this evil, to the old surrender, the old indifference, the old cynicism, the irresponsibility of men as citizens and men, which prepared, as surely as the past prepares the future, the slaughter of our sons.

And believing all this, you believe also, in your capacity as teachers whose duty it is to prepare new generations for new lives, that you have an obligation in this matter — an obligation which, however willingly you may surrender anything else, you cannot possibly surrender. The labor of creating victory is a labor, you believe, — and many believe with you, — which only the generation of the young can possibly accomplish,

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for only the young men and the young women can have the inward hope and courage to conceive the image of our victory and make it real. Only the young men and the young women can feel in their bodies and their lives what the world, made whole at last and single by the mastery of the daylight air, can be.

But believing this you believe also and necessarily that the generation which is to accomplish this tremendous labor — this labor no other generation has ever yet succeeded in accomplishing — must be prepared for its immeasurable work even more carefully, even more meticulously, even more laboriously than this same generation must be prepared for the task of bearing arms. For you see clearly that those who are to attempt to construct, in the brief moment of opportunity at the war's end, the world for which the war is fought, will require for this labor a range of knowledge, a degree of understanding of their past and of themselves, a clarity of perception, which only the greatest, the most devoted, and the most passionate teaching can supply.

The heart of your anxiety, in other words, is this: that the time imposes upon you obligations which the time prevents you from performing; that the war imposes duties toward the generation of young men which cannot be fulfilled because the war will not allow you to fulfill them — because the generation of young men, by a necessity you cannot question and do not question, has been devoted to a more urgently, a more immediately required education in arts far different from the arts you teach.

It would be frivolous and worse to suggest to you that you comfort yourselves in that anxiety by looking around you at the sacrifices of the manufacturers and the labor unions and the housewives. You cannot comfort yourselves and, indeed, you should not. For the unanswerable question which you ask yourselves and us is a question which *must have an answer*. In this one matter we cannot accept impossibility. Too much depends on it. The whole future depends on it. The survival of this democracy depends on it. The realization of the millions of sacrifices already made — the slaughtered armies, the murdered hostages, the children and women starved, the cold, the fire, the hunger — depends on it. For unless the military winning of this war is followed by the accomplishment in victory of the cause for which the war is fought, even the military winning will not be secure. And unless the generation of the young, the generation which will fight this war and win it, is prepared to carry on beyond the winning to the victory, no victory will be gained.

No layman can or should attempt to tell you how this irresolvable issue may be resolved. The problem belongs to all of us, but the instructed answer can be only yours. Laymen remember from their own experience of schools that education is not a question of hours of instruction but of moments of learning. They remember that a boy who is ready to be taught can receive much in a small time while a boy who is not prepared to learn can be obdurate and impenetrable for years. They remember too that teaching is not altogether a question of number of hours lectured but of rare and unforgettable moments of communication — that a teacher who, like the lovers in Donne's poem, can gather all he is and all he knows up into a momentary ball of expression can cast it far and deep.

They believe, therefore, that a generation of young men and young women who are profoundly prepared by the sudden fracture of their lives to accept and to know will perceive in a brief time what might otherwise have required years of teaching; and that teachers who feel, as American teachers must now feel, the terrible need to speak and to be understood — who speak, as American teachers must now speak, with the tongues of a profound and sober passion and an earnest knowledge — will be heard as they were never heard before. How these two, speakers and hearers, can be brought together — whether in camps or technical schools or ships; whether by word of mouth, or print, or radio, or record — no layman, certainly not I, can tell you. But this we do know: that unless the means are found, the ultimate victory may elude our hands.

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» How much education can we provide for our Army and Navy trainees? And how can we round out that education when the war is over?

EDUCATION IN UNIFORM

The Army and Navy Programs for the Colleges

by HAROLD W. DODDS

1

On December 12 the long-awaited Army and Navy statement on utilizing the colleges in war training was mailed to college presidents. Although at this writing it is being amended in some respects, it is to be regarded as establishing the basic policies of the government towards the colleges in wartime. For the student who had been standing by, impatiently awaiting his orders, the announcement resolved much confusion and uncertainty. For the colleges it spelled immediate and radical adjustment. By February many colleges will have lost about half their male students. Thereafter enrollments will continue to fall off rapidly as the draft summonses speed up. By July 1 the colleges will be completely converted to war training. From that date the few freshmen too young to be reached by the draft, together with a small number of young men physically disqualified for war service, will constitute the only available pool of male students on normal college programs.

This will obviously be a terrific blow to higher education in America. It can be justified only if the need is overwhelming and the plans for utilizing the colleges are wisely drawn to permit a maximum contribution to winning the war. The differences between the two programs are explained by differences in the needs of the two services. The Navy program has been more favorably received by the colleges because of the greater consideration it pays to general education.

The Army and Navy programs both proceed on the practical assumption that the colleges possess faculty personnel and physical facilities which can be utilized to supplement the inadequate training resources of the services. Their objective is not to save the colleges or to cushion the impact of the war upon them. They provide that college students will be treated as everyone else, with no preference that cannot be established by superior capacity demonstrated in screening tests. No more democratic plans have been formulated for any war. And no respect is paid to any "seed corn" philosophy which would reserve the "best brains" of our youth as such from the hazards of combat.

Both services contemplate that the young men to be sent to the colleges will be there in uniform and will receive the normal pay of privates or apprentice seamen. They will live under some degree of military discipline. The Navy will permit its trainees to express preferences among the colleges designated for naval training, and will respect these preferences so far as geographic and other considerations permit. Its trainees will go to college directly from school without a period of basic training at some naval establishment. The Army college trainees will be selected from draftees by means of screening tests to be held during the thirteen weeks of basic military training which is to be required of all.

As this is written, a joint Army, Navy, and War Manpower Commission board is engaged in determining what colleges will participate in the training programs. The methods of selecting the colleges are de-

The *Atlantic* has turned to HAROLD W. DODDS, President of Princeton University since 1933, for a terse, fair-minded evaluation of the educational programs which the Army and Navy have planned for the eighteen-year-olds.

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cleared to be as objective as possible. The political pressures arising at this stage, if the designation were on any other basis, can easily be imagined. Those colleges with ample dining halls, dormitories, and scientific laboratories will obviously enjoy an advantage over less favored institutions.

Certain aspects of public policy would dictate that the number of colleges to be designated as training centers be large. On the other hand, considerations of efficiency in administration and quality of training suggest that the number be relatively few and the size of the units relatively large. Doubtless a compromise is being struck between these two points of view. On a most generous basis, however, many small colleges will have to be passed by. The simple truth is that America boasts an educational "plant" at the college level in excess of the need for it for strictly war purposes.

2

The Army and Navy plans differ in important respects. Let us consider the Navy program first. The Navy plan concentrates upon the need of a continuing supply of officer candidates as the war goes on. In its older V-1, V-5, and V-7 Officers Reserve Program, now to be discontinued, the Navy has already enlisted a large number of college and secondary school students for future commissioned officers. The announcement of December 12 does not cancel the arrangement by which these enlisted reservists are to continue in college, at institutions designated by the Navy, until they have completed a total of from six to eight academic terms. Engineering and premedical students in the Navy's reserve are to be permitted to complete their college preparation for their respective professions at an accelerated tempo.

The new Navy program of December 12 extends a similar opportunity to boys not yet in college. Within quotas to be established, boys wishing to enter the Navy will be sifted and assigned to colleges to follow specified courses to prepare them to become officers. Following a basic course which will include science, mathematics, English, history, and certain specialties such as Navy organization and orientation, the trainees will pursue further college training appropriate to aviation cadets, engineer and deck officers, engineer-specialists, and other naval officers, upon satisfactory completion of the appropriate periods of college training in the Navy, Marine Corps, or Coast Guard. If found qualified when they have completed this second period, they will be commissioned.

The Army, in contrast to the Navy, stresses specialization. Its plan has been controlled in the main by the urgent need for thousands of technicians and specialists for a rapidly expanding force, rather than by consideration of the contribution which the colleges might make towards future officer material. The Army is stressing a basic course which would include mathematics, science, English for military uses, and some history and geography — all at an elementary level. No announcement has yet been made as to who shall take this course or as to the exact purpose it is to serve. It is clear, however, that the Army's emphasis is upon specialties involving little or no general education and designed to produce technicians. Apart from some officer-specialists, the colleges are to have but a small share in educating officers as such.

Only a small fraction of the men in a modern army are officers and the great bulk of Army trainees will naturally become noncommissioned technicians. The need for thousands of specialists in modern war being what it is, the Army's concern with the training of specialists is natural and proper. Where its program falls short is in lack of adequate general education for those who are expected to proceed to Officer Candidate Schools. In my judgment the prevailing opinion in the War Department underestimates the importance of general education for young officers, even those in the infantry and artillery. It admits the fact that the overwhelming majority of the draftees chosen for officer training to date have been college men, but it explains this by the hypothesis that colleges function more as a selective agency attracting quality rather than as institutions developing quality.

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Bright boys are more likely to go to college than the dull ones. And it is for this reason, it is asserted, that college men tend to excel in officer qualifications.

That the Army program should have been so strongly influenced by this philosophy is unfortunate. In my opinion a college education really develops leadership and officer-like qualities by methods which cannot be reproduced in the training camps. The qualities of leadership are complex and imponderable. This is not the place to analyze them, but it is my belief that the college still remains our most effective institution for cultivating them in boys of eighteen to twenty. Something over and above specialists' training is needed to develop gifts of leadership and to equip young officers with an understanding of the issues and the men involved in the war. Rapid survey courses in geography and history will undoubtedly contain information which would be of advantage to every man in the Army, but whether they will convey understanding is another question. The war-aims courses in the last war were not successful, and whether the one projected this time will mean much may be doubted.

The loss to the Army through failure to provide for a more adequate education of boys who will be junior officers two or three years hence may not be felt immediately, since many who will be called at first will have had a reasonable amount of general college education; but as time goes on, officer prospects will tend to be restricted to young men who have had no general education at a truly college level and the loss will then be apparent.

3

Obviously the success of the training programs of both services depends upon the efficacy of the screening tests to be employed when selecting men to go to college, and later when designating those who will continue on for more advanced work. The first screening examinations will include both psychological aptitude tests and personality ratings. The psychological tests will reveal scholarship capacity for quick absorption of new knowledge. The ratings are intended to screen out those who are academically equipped but devoid of the necessary qualifications as to personality. Those who have had a good school training and some college education will naturally enjoy an advantage in the screening process. The records made in the basic course which the Army proposes for a selected proportion of those sent to college will assist in the wise selection of budding scientists, engineers, and doctors. As the young soldiers study elementary mathematics and science certain aptitudes will be revealed that can be stressed; and if a generous factor for error is included in the quotas to be assigned for professional and scientific study, an adequate flow of young men into science and engineering should be possible. The selection of those to be reserved as premedical students will be more difficult. The personal and moral qualities which make a successful physician need time to develop and will be hard to appraise under the conditions prevailing when the designations will have to be made.

As at first announced, the Army training program was justly criticized for its lack of consideration of future doctors and of the needs of industry with respect to future scientists and engineers. All along, the Army has given the impression that it is looking out for its own need first, without adequate consideration of other phases of the war effort. The situation seems now to be on its way to clarification. We may expect further steps by the War Manpower Commission to reconcile the needs of industry with those of the Army. Had the Commission not been so dilatory in assessing the relative needs of the Army and of industry, and in formulating methods by which they could be met, the present confusion concerning civilian manpower and future doctors, engineers, and scientists essential to both military and civilian services could have been avoided. It is now preparing plans to utilize colleges to train both men and women in industry, but this program should have been ready months ago.

Reference has already been made to the Navy Enlisted Reserve composed of college students enrolled in the V-1, V-5, and V-7

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programs of officer training. Students enrolled in these programs are to continue in college for from one to six terms, depending on the number of terms completed as of July 1, 1943. These naval reservists will soon be placed on active duty at designated colleges, to continue their education as apprentice seamen with full pay, subsistence, and uniforms.

In contrast to the naval reservists, who will remain in college until they have completed at least six terms, the members of the Army Enlisted Reserve Corps will with some few exceptions be called to active duty and basic military training at the end of the current term. Upon completion of this training these Army reservists will be eligible for selection for officer training or other military duty. This action orders thousands of boys to the service in February who had expected to be allowed to complete their college education as part of the Army program of officer training similar to the Navy V-1 and V-7 programs.

The Army Enlisted Reserve Corps was the Army's answer to the V-1, V-5, and V-7 reserve programs of the Navy which were proving so attractive to college students. When introduced, it seemed to be a reasonable answer to the Army's problem of how to establish a pool of young officer material to be drawn on two or three years hence to bridge the gap between the number needed then and the smaller number which it was thought the camps could supply. The implications were that these reservists would be permitted to finish their college courses and then would proceed to a number of weeks of basic training, after which, if they were adjudged qualified for officer responsibilities, they would be sent to an Officer Candidate School. The program grew out of past experience with the draftees, in which about 80 per cent of those selected for officer training were college men.

But the experience of the colleges with the Army Enlisted Reserve Corps was not happy. To some people it smacked of special privilege in that it offered college students a leg up towards a commission. Others criticized it as an invitation to avoid the draft since the understanding was that students in the reserve were to be allowed to continue their college courses to graduation. In any case, after the colleges had encouraged thousands of young men to enlist in it, with the expectation that they would remain in college until graduation if their academic work was satisfactory, word came last September that the Corps was to be ordered out in February. True, the War Department had carefully stipulated from the start that the reservists were subject to active duty at any time at the Secretary's call. Although coming as a surprise to many, it was well within the terms of the enlistment. The liquidation of the Army Enlisted Reserve Corps was indicated the moment the decision was made to raise quickly a big army composed of a much larger percentage of young men able to withstand the rigors of combat.

While the undemocratic nature of the college Enlisted Reserve has been exaggerated by some educational and political spokesmen, the new program which puts everyone through the same mill and which enables both the Army and the Navy to make their selection of young officers on a completely democratic basis without regard to financial resources commends itself to most Americans.

The Army program for the colleges rests on the belief that a big army composed largely of young men is one essential step towards a prompt and merciful end to the war. This position has been attacked by those who argue that a large army will prove impractical and useless and that the colleges are therefore suffering unnecessary dislocation.

I am a staunch believer in the lasting values of education in the liberal arts and I fully realize the social cost involved in any suspension of such education, but I nevertheless believe that it is the duty of the colleges and universities to support the military policy of the government. The cost of losing the war would far transcend the losses involved in the temporary suspension of normal college programs. It is not for college presidents to substitute their discretion for that of the government in regard to the grand strategy of the war.

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Some have asserted that the Army training program means the end of the liberal arts college in America. Such a view contradicts centuries of human experience. If our colleges deal with timeless values, surely they will survive the violence of the war as they have survived vicissitudes in the past. May we not anticipate a revival of respect for social and humanistic subjects after the war? Have not the Hitler heresies confirmed us anew in the belief that attention to technology must not lead our nation to neglect the values of the will and of the spirit to which a liberal arts education is directed?

One of the great tragedies of war is the loss to the country of some of our most talented youth. But no more futile method for preserving our stock of intellectual leadership can be imagined than to try to shield any class of young men from the hazards of war. What service can brains sheltered in ivory towers when their contemporaries are in combat render the nation afterwards, and how much influence could they exert? This does not mean that brains and extraordinary qualities should be disregarded in the war effort. Obviously, young men so endowed must be directed into channels in which their fullest capacity as scientists and technicians can be employed.

These considerations do not lessen the practical problem of how our colleges are to keep alive. At best the training program will require the services of but a fraction of our faculties. Some of the idle plants can be used for other Army and Navy programs. Many members of our faculties are already in uniform or in some form of essential service. Useful posts can be found for others, but for many who will be left, the future may call for self-sacrifice of a high order. It is generally assumed that the state-supported institutions and the endowed colleges will be better able to ride out the storm than those dependent entirely on student fees. In a measure this is true although, so far as the endowed institutions are concerned, it is to be remembered that many of them are not coeducational and that usually 80 or 90 per cent of their endowment is dedicated to special purposes which may have little relation to wartime needs.

The government is duty-bound to do all it can to make sure that conversion to a war basis does not mean a death sentence to that part of our educational system not required in the war effort. One important step could be announced immediately which would spell hope for the days just after the war. The difficulties of demobilization after the war will be tremendous. The colleges can be very important agencies in the return to civil life of young men many of whom will be quite unprepared to assume its unfamiliar responsibilities. A promise by the government that they will be so employed after the armistice would be appropriate and encouraging. The task of the colleges during the period of demobilization will be as much sociological as educational in the usual sense. They can be made the gateway through which hundreds of thousands of young men can return to take up civilian life.

The process should be largely at government expense and there is no college that cannot be included in it. Moreover, a wise government will prepare plans now for a comprehensive educational program for the period of waiting which thousands of soldiers and sailors will have to undergo between the armistice and their return home. Army and Navy "universities" should be planned for those men who then will be marking time at military posts throughout the world. They will cost money but they will be justified from every social standpoint. Here can be found useful work right away for a considerable staff of experienced teachers in scores of subjects. And it would not be "made work" either.

The thing for the colleges and universities to remember is that they will find themselves by losing themselves in the war effort. Only by so doing can they fit themselves into the whole structure of this war which is a war of the people. If they were to remain aloof in this struggle, they could not claim to be a part of the stream of civilization afterwards.

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PAVEL GETS A JOB

by ALICE BEREZOWSKY

1

LADISLAV LORSKY and Margaret, his very young Kentuckian wife, are friends of ours. We sat down to a bridge game with them after dinner one Thursday night. Ladislav, who generally takes the game more seriously than the rest of us, didn't seem to have his mind on it. I had already observed that he had not enjoyed his dinner as much as usual. We played two rubbers; then Ladislav suddenly rose from the table and walked over to the far end of the room.

"What's the matter, Ladislav?" I asked. "You seem out of sorts."

"Not out of sorts," he said slowly. "I'm just uncomfortable."

"Is there anything we can do for you?" I queried. "Don't you feel well?"

"No, thanks. I'm not physically uncomfortable, I'm spiritually uncomfortable." He came back, sat down, and began to toy nervously with the cards. "It's about my brother," he explained. "I have had a letter from my brother from France. He and his wife and baby are in a difficult situation and they are helpless and hungry. He is an engineer by profession — was chief engineer at a big French factory. His wife is French and he has lived in France since he graduated from the University of Paris. When the Germans came they put him out of his job because he is a Pole. Then they tried to starve him into going back to Poland to work. He knew what that meant. The whole world knows the conditions in Poland. So somehow he finally escaped with his wife and child into the unoccupied zone."

"Why don't you bring them over here?" asked my husband. "Could they get out of France?"

"That is what troubles me," answered Ladislav. "You know what my own situation is. I make a fair living, but with Laddy and with all our extra expenses, we have our hands full. My brother doesn't speak a word of English, neither does his wife. Their baby was born during an air raid, has never had the proper nourishment, and is weak and sickly. I have sent them money, but what good is money to them if there is no food to buy? Now it is becoming increasingly difficult to get money to them. That's what makes me so upset tonight. Here we are in this safe, wonderful country, having eaten enough to feed my brother and his family for a week, and I feel like a heel. Nobody has the right to so much when others have so little."

"Look, Ladislav," I said. "Think back to when you came to this country after the last war. You had no money and you couldn't speak English, but once you were here you managed to get along — and ahead, if I may add."

"Yes," he said, "but I was alone. I didn't have a wife and baby. If I had money enough to take care of them for a year or two after they got here, I would move heaven and earth to bring Pavel and Annette over."

"How do you feel about it, Margaret?" I asked. "Would you like to have them come over?"

"I guess so," said Margaret, after some hesitation and with her Kentucky drawl.

ALICE BEREZOWSKY is the wife of Nicolai Berezowsky, the composer, whose latest symphony is to be played this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The story she tells is a true one, and it is bracing to be reminded by a newcomer in our midst that this land of ours still extends the helping hand.

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"I mean, I want to do all I can for Ladislav's family, but the responsibility of it all frightens me a little. We are just about getting on our own feet now. Finding a job isn't easy, much less finding one for someone who can't even speak the language. It seems so much to take on our shoulders. But, of course," and she gave Ladislav a somewhat forced but nevertheless genuine smile, "I want to do whatever Ladislav thinks best."

Just then we were interrupted by the doorbell. Some friends who lived in our building stopped in to say hello and to have a drink, and we dropped the discussion.

2

Three months later, we telephoned Margaret and Ladislav one evening to ask if they cared to come over and play bridge.

"We can't come," said Margaret. "We've got to get up terribly early tomorrow morning to meet the boat."

"What boat?" I asked.

"Why, Pavel and Annette's boat. They get in in the morning," she said, as though it were the most natural thing in the world and I were fully informed of the circumstances.

"They do!" I exclaimed with surprise. "When did you decide to bring them over?"

"Why, you know, the night we were at your house. We made up our minds on the way home. We felt we simply couldn't eat another meal unless we did. I couldn't bear to think of that poor starved baby over there with those horrible Germans while our Laddy gets his quart of milk a day and vitamins and things besides. We'll all manage somehow," she announced with a conviction she did not possess. "We sold the car to send them the passage money, and a friend of Ladislav's put up the bond. Another friend in Washington helped us arrange about the quota and all that."

The next evening I suggested to my husband that it would be nice to telephone the Lorskys and inquire for their newly arrived relatives. Margaret answered the telephone, but I had difficulty recognizing her voice. She spoke with the low bewildered tones of a person who has severe illness in the house or has just witnessed a calamity.

"What's the trouble? Is anyone ill?" I asked at once.

"No–o, we're all right, it's just that —" She stopped and I knew she was crying.

"Need any help? Do you want us to come over?" I volunteered.

A white-faced Ladislav opened the door to let us in. We found Margaret sitting on the living-room sofa looking as though she had just seen a ghost. I noticed that her face had suddenly lost its babyish expression.

"I can't believe it!" she greeted us. "I just can't believe that such things can happen in the world. You should have seen them — everybody should see them!"

"See whom, Margaret dear? What are you talking about?" I asked.

"She means Pavel and Annette. We've been with them all day," explained Ladislav.

"And the baby, that pitiful, miserable —" Margaret dissolved into tears. I went over and sat beside her.

"You see," Margaret began again, "naturally we'd been reading about conditions in Europe; we'd been to the movies and we'd listened to the radio. Only I guess we didn't realize anything until we saw Pavel and Annette and little Pierre. Oh, we were sorry about it all — that's why we brought them over. But even though we used to feel bad for a while after we read Pavel's letters, we went on in our usual way — work, movies, playing with Laddy, taking our meals and our home and our happiness for granted. I guess we should have realized — Roosevelt and all of them have been telling us enough. It's got to stop!" She straightened her shoulders and bobbed her blonde head up and down for emphasis. "We can't let them go on doing such things to people!"

"Please don't get so excited, Margaret," begged Ladislav and turned to us. "You see, it was such a shock to us," he explained. "Pavel had written things were bad, but we didn't expect that they would be in such a condition when they arrived. They are both half-starved, and the baby — well, they had ration stamps but there was no food. They had one egg every two weeks, no meat, no milk for the baby, no — Oh! what's the use," he wearily sighed, "it is impossible to describe the effects of hunger. The baby is

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all bloated stomach and blotched skin over scraggly bones. When I looked at that baby and thought of our Laddy —" He stopped again.

"Anyway," he resumed, "they had a frightful trip. So many passengers came off that boat it reminded me of the comedies in the movies when a squad of policemen get out of one taxi. I heard a fellow telling what a hell-hole that boat was and how the food stank and everyone was sick. But Pavel and Annette wouldn't say a word about the trip. Pavel just kept repeating 'America, America' the way a kid says 'Gee whiz! Gee whiz!' when he gets his first two-wheeler. And Annette just held on to Pierre and hugged and kissed him and said, '*Maman va te donner à manger, Maman va te donner à manger.*'"

Ladislav's voice grew husky and he cleared his throat. "And then, when we took them to the two furnished rooms with kitchenette we found for them, Annette said '*Charmant.*' You remember the pictures we showed you of their house and garden in Paris, don't you? But when we took them into the kitchenette and opened the icebox to show them where everything was, Annette broke down. Margaret had bought them just a few things: some milk, a box of eggs, a little fruit, and things like that. My God! when Annette saw that one box of eggs, she tore off her hat and coat, and before we could show her where the bathroom was, she was cooking lunch for the baby. I never saw on anyone's face an expression like hers when she poured out the milk and cut and buttered the bread. She wouldn't let Margaret do a thing to help her get anything ready. And when she squeezed an orange and gave the baby his orange juice it was as though she were taking part in some kind of ceremony. She held up the glass to the baby's mouth with one hand and kept feeling up and down the baby's bony little arm with the other. When the baby had guzzled up everything he said '*Maman manger, Maman manger*' over and over and then fell asleep with a piece of bread in his hand.

"When we left them they just looked at us, but looked so darn grateful I felt embarrassed. All the way home I kept thinking I heard Pavel saying 'America, America,' and then I thought: 'This is my country the same as if I were born here, and it can be his country, too.'"

It was about three weeks later that Margaret and I made a date to take our children to the playground in the park. Once we were settled on a bench and the children had gone to dig in the sand pile, I turned to Margaret and inquired for her refugee in-laws.

"They're getting along," said Margaret. "Pavel can't look for a job yet because of his English, but he is learning very quickly. He takes lessons from a retired schoolteacher six nights a week. Ladislav has taken some extra work, now that he has two families to look out for. It's hard but it's worth it.

"Pierre, the baby, isn't well," she continued. "We took him to our doctor. He said Pierre has rickets and ordered all kinds of things for the baby. Annette worries because they cost so much. But even if he has things wrong with him, the baby looks better and I can see a real improvement. Annette says he hardly finishes one meal before he starts in saying '*Maman manger*' all over again.

"We got a big kick out of taking Pavel to see the George Washington bridge. I think Pavel would have stayed a whole day just staring at that bridge. 'It isn't going to run away, Pavel,' I told him, but he said, 'It might be bombed one day, and sooner than we expect.'"

Margaret and I talked of other things, and when it began to grow dark and cold we took the children and left the park.

3

The next time I saw Margaret, four months had passed and she was wearing a Red Cross uniform. We were at a first-aid class. The "sooner than we expect" day that Pavel had talked about had come and gone. We made a date for the next evening.

When they entered our door Ladislav seemed puffed up with pride and Margaret was beaming with happiness.

"What's up, Ladislav?" I asked. "Are you

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getting ready to act the part of the proud father?"

"Not proud father, proud brother," he announced. "Damn proud brother!"

"Oh, it's the most wonderful thing!" cried Margaret. "Just like a fairy tale. Wait till you hear." And she sat down, so eager to tell the news, she had not even taken off her hat and coat. "It's about Pavel. He has found a job. He —"

"Let me tell," interrupted Ladislav. "It is a man's story. It's true — Pavel has a job and he got it entirely on his own. It seems that a week ago Pavel's teacher told him she had heard through a friend that the Eagle Construction Company needed some engineers on a defense project, and she gave him the address. He didn't say a word to anyone, but took his papers and went to Church Street to see the foreman. How he got there without getting lost I don't know! Pavel handed the foreman his papers, including his degree, passport, and all. The foreman said he'd have to check on the papers with the immigration authorities, and if they were O.K. he might have a job as draughtsman for Pavel. You should have heard Pavel tell me about it. You know he made a lot of money as chief engineer in Paris, but when he told me the man offered him a job as a draughtsman (only a draughtsman) it was as though he had told me someone had offered him the job of President of the United States.

"Well," Ladislav went on, "the foreman said he'd let Pavel know in a couple of days. Sure enough, two days later Pavel received a letter saying he should report for work the next morning, and that his pay would be twenty-five dollars a week. He says he was so excited he couldn't sleep all night.

"The next day he got there and the foreman introduced him to the chief engineer, who put Pavel at a draughting table. Pavel says that the minute he sat at the table his heart went down to his boots. He realized that it had been stupid of him, but he had forgotten that in America they use inches instead of centimeters. So he had to go to the foreman and ask to be excused till the next day so that he could learn inches. He stayed up all night studying inches.

"The next day he was all set. He was at his table about an hour, when the chief engineer came over to him and told him to stop draughting.

"'Here, you said you used to be an engineer. Take these plans and check them,' said the chief and handed Pavel some plans that a young engineer had made.

"Well, Pavel began to look over the plans, and the more he looked the more he thought he found some mistakes in them. Again his heart went down to his shoes and he was in a quandary. He thought that if he told them there were mistakes they would get mad and think that here was a damn foreigner trying to tell them how to do things. And then he thought that with those 'funny inches' perhaps it was he who was wrong. The young engineer who made the plans looked at Pavel inquiringly and nervously. So Pavel finally solved the problem by asking the chief if he could take the plans home to study. The chief said 'O.K.'

"Once home, Pavel studied the plans again carefully and reached the definite conclusion that they were wrong. But he still feared that all concerned would resent it if he said so, and he desperately wanted to avoid getting the young engineer or himself into trouble.

"When Pavel's English teacher arrived he made up his mind to ask her for advice. She must be a fine woman, that teacher. She advised Pavel to go straight the next morning to the fellow who made the plans. Then she spent the whole lesson teaching Pavel to say: 'May I suggest that perhaps you have overlooked this?' and Annette stayed up with him half the night while he rehearsed and mastered the phrase.

"Pavel went right to the young engineer the next day and made the speech. I tell you," proclaimed Ladislav, "there's no country like this in the world! What do you think the young engineer did?"

Ladislav paused dramatically. We waited breathlessly for him to go on.

"This is what he did," stated Ladislav. "He slapped my brother on the back and said: 'You're dead right, Buddy. Let's go over and tell the chief. This is no time for mistakes. Hell! those Japs and Nazis don't

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allow for mistakes!' And he put his arm around my brother and took him to the chief.

"What do you think the chief did?" And Ladislav let us hang in mid-air again.

"Ladislav," I protested, "if you stop again I'll scream!"

"We-ell," said Ladislav, drawing it out, "*he* slapped my brother on the back and said: 'Listen, you Polak-Frog, you're not a draughtsman, you're an engineer. Don't let me catch you sitting where you don't belong! You get over there with the engineers damn quick. And just so you won't pull any frog-faces at me, I want you to know your pay is fifty bucks a week — from *now*.'"

"And do you know what Pavel says?" said Margaret. "He says, 'The money is nice. Now I can take care of my own family. But I would be just so happy with half so much money, for now yet perhaps I have no right, but this is how I feel: I am an American and I am helping America win the war!'"

"That is the end of the fairy story," said Ladislav, "except this — that when Pavel and all of us have done the job for America, no matter what the handicaps, perhaps our children will all live happily ever after."

NOCTURNE ABOVE DERRY

by ELFORD CAUGHEY

When Venus hung like a bell in the evening sky,
And laughter could be heard two farms away,
And crows flew to deep woods without a cry,
And westward lingered a memory of day
Among the trees that had no sound or stir,
Night crossed the lake and wandered up the hill.
I wandered, too, my goal the last dark fir
High on the crest, and I climbed up with a will.
There Night and I were parted, he to pass
Along his way through valley and through town,
I to rest with crickets in the grass.
Then from the lonely hilltop I looked down
And saw the farms of Derry with their lights
Like some near constellation. Set on high
Were stars like farms glowing through darkness, too.
One day men will be traveling there, thought I;
Abroad will mean the stars then. Yet I knew
There would be some like me content to go
No higher than that fir that props the sky
Over the farms of Derry down below.

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An Atlantic Portrait

"Æ"

(*George William Russell*)

by DIARMUID RUSSELL

1

In his home life Æ was not what one would call a domestic man. Because of his many activities, we tacitly understood that he was not to be bothered with domestic details. One of the family stories about my early days relates how I once answered the door. When a visitor inquired for "Mr. Russell, your father?" I first looked puzzled and then brightened up to say, "Oh! You mean George. He's not my father. He just lives here."

This might suggest that I suffered from lack of attention, but in fact I had a happier life than most children. My father and I were each glad to be allowed to go our separate ways, and our relations were confined to his dispensing my allowance and to my cleaning his palettes for a small sum and fetching his Sunday papers. So for most of my childhood he was little more than a benign, bearded figure, kindly but rather remote. Children, I think, take parents for granted; and though I had vaguely gathered that my father was a little out of the usual run of parents, I had put this fact down to his beard. At that time not many men had beards, and though there might have been other things to distinguish him from other men, a beard was a noticeable fact and a difference that a child could understand.

Later on in life, for a period of three years, I acted as his assistant on the *Irish Statesman*, of which he was editor. The office of the *Statesman* was a pleasant place, a large airy room in one of those high-ceilinged Georgian houses which surround so many Dublin squares. The walls were covered with what looked like brown wrapping paper, and on these walls Father had painted scenes of trees and glades with human beings and fairies. It was, indeed, the way he saw life, the way he was himself, a mixture of realistic hardheadedness and mysticism that must have puzzled many people. Incidentally, his pen name "Æ" came about because of his illegible handwriting; a printer could not make out the pen name "Æon" attached to an article, and printed as much as he could make out — the first two letters.

In this room was a desk so covered with piles of old letters and other documents that, in order to see Æ, visitors had to circle around to the side. I myself was quietly obscured by an ancient roll-top desk, and from this niche was able to listen to conversations and to become acquainted with the innumerable sides of Father's character as represented by the varied people who came to see him — farmers, clergymen, economists, artists, writers, Hindu mystics, young poets with their first verses. It was surprising that he managed to do any work, and it was only his remarkable powers of concentration that allowed him to bear the many interruptions patiently. Often an editorial might be interrupted half a dozen times, and after each

The son of one of Ireland's best-loved poets, Diarmuid Russell speaks with insight and affection of his magnetic father. Russell the Younger began his career as an assistant editor on the *Irish Statesman*. Then he came to this country, where he has sold books at Marshall Field's, been the editor of a publishing house, and finally made a name for himself as a literary agent and author in his own right.

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interruption he would turn to writing again without hesitation, his mind having completely switched away from the subjects he might have been discussing — coöperation, poetry, painting, or mysticism, in all of which he had a wide knowledge.

It is not because he was my father or because of his activities that I think of him as being more memorable than anyone else I have known. But he possessed, more than any other person I have met, an air of spiritual power, an emanation of sweetness and tenderness that was almost as perceptible as the light from a lamp — and as hard to describe. Our language is ill-equipped to say what the essence of a man is, rather than what he does or looks like. But all who met him were affected by it. Although Father's views on religion would not have been accepted by any of the churches, it was a good Catholic who remarked of him, "The peace of God which passeth understanding lies all about him," and this is perhaps as good a way as any to describe his personality.

2

Neither his education nor his parents were responsible for his character. He was himself as much his own creation as his poems or his paintings. He was always saying, "You become what you contemplate," or in another form, "You become nobly like what you love and ignobly like what you hate." As he himself spent much of his time studying the religious literatures of the world, and as these, above all writings, exalt what is noblest and best in man, it is perhaps natural he should have taken on some of these characteristics. Whether by act of will or unconsciously, he became like what he admired.

Spiritually-minded people are often thought of as being unfit for the grim struggle of life, as if there were no possibility of reconciling practical affairs with spiritual thoughts. Father seemed to find no difficulty in reconciling these two aspects of existence. For some years he held a dull job in a dry goods store, and I am told he was so efficient that he could have had a career there if he had so wished. But he moved on to the coöperative movement through the agency of his friend, the poet Yeats.

For a number of years he acted as an organizer, traveling all over Ireland by train, by jaunting car, and on a bicycle. It can't have been an easy job, for even in his later years, when time had mellowed details, he would speak to me of the wretchedly long journeys involved and the miserable rawness of the weather. But it must have had its romantic moments, for he wrote to one friend about being met in the middle of nowhere late at night by a small child who led him over mountainy paths to where a meeting was to be held; and when the meeting was over, the same small hand was waiting to lead him back. But the experience of organizer, if strenuous, gave him the firsthand knowledge of farmers and their problems which he displayed when he became editor of the *Irish Homestead* — later the *Irish Statesman*. It was not the kind of life for an impractical person, — or a lazy one, — for added to his editorial duties were the tasks of testifying before government commissions and drawing up bills to be put through Parliament; and on the outside he still found time to see his innumerable friends, to paint pictures, and to write books. On occasions he would precipitate himself into more public affairs, such as his defense of the workers in a protracted transport strike in Dublin and his speech in Albert Hall in London during the last war, made at the request of the English Labor Party.

The versatility of these activities can be set down to his strong belief that a man can always do what he wants to do. A friend remembers walking with him when Æ was in middle age. While they were resting on a wall, the friend remarked that a branch of a near-by tree was a good long jump away. "You could make it," said Father. "I could not," said the friend, who was sensibly aware of the effects of age on energy. "Well, I can," the friend was astonished to hear him say, and with that he made the leap.

Although he was born in and worked in Ireland all his life, he was in many respects curiously American in his principles. Perhaps for this reason he found so much to like in this country when, in later life, he came

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over here. I remember his attacking with some fury an eminent man who had been lecturing here and who had returned with nothing but adverse comments in his mind.

Father had no use for any kind of aristocracy save that of character and merit. He might well have thought otherwise, for the Ireland in which he had spent his youth more often than not sacrificed efficiency for friendship. Nor had he any use for the hampering hand of tradition, which lay heavily on his country. An exasperated appeal to the younger generation to dismiss the past and the idea of doing things as they had been done before was the motive behind the poem which ended: —

> We would no Irish sign efface,
> But yet our lips would gladlier hail
> The firstborn of the coming Race
> Than the last splendour of the Gael.
> No blazoned banner we unfold —
> One charge alone we give to youth,
> Against the sceptred myth to hold
> The golden heresy of truth.

He always had hopes and liking for young people and they in turn liked him. Around him, at one time or another, gathered most of the young Irish writers — James Stephens, Fred Higgins, Frank O'Connor, Seán O'Faoláin, Liam O'Flaherty, and many others, to all of whom he gave what aid and encouragement he could. It might easily have been a temptation to him to inculcate in them his own ideas. He was noticeably free from this tendency, and I can remember his delight when one of the younger writers in effect called him a has-been. I resented the statements myself, but he said, "No young man should really respect his elders. In other countries people respect a name. In Ireland, if you stick your head up, someone will throw a stone at it, and it stops you from getting a swelled head."

His combination of hardheadedness and mysticism was rather like Emerson, an author he much admired. He discerned the spiritual basis in the qualities of independence and self-reliance. He was, in his way, a determined individualist who wanted all people to stand on their own feet. The cooperative movement did not appeal to him so much because it brought economic gains to the Irish farmer as because it showed the farmer how to prosper by his own efforts. He had a contempt for the spineless apathy of the man without will power or energy who was always crying for help. It was not that Æ was unaware of social injustices, but he thought that gifts of money were only temporary help and that real aid should arouse the spirit of independence.

On one occasion, indeed, he spoke against the acceptance of a government grant for farmers, partially because he thought the farmer would fall too easily into the habit of dipping into the government pocket, but also, I think, because he had a deep-seated dislike of the growth of government power. He once remarked, "The worse our habits, the more we have what is called good government. When there are good habits in a country the business of the state dwindles." He was, however, aware of the growing power of the state; in an essay written in 1915 he remarked prophetically that in twenty-five years the state would be the single most important influence in people's lives, and that its actions and power would reach into the lives of the most obscure and humble persons.

3

Of his reputation as a mystic I write with some hesitation. Mystical experiences cannot be disproved or proved. He did believe that faculties of a higher order than those normally exercised lay latent in all human beings and could be aroused and controlled by certain means, mainly exercises in meditation and concentration. It is a belief that has been held by many people in many countries over a long period of time. He told me it was many years before he could concentrate for as little a time as five minutes I tried myself for some six months the exercise he told me he had used when in bed at night: he would close his eyes and imagine a white triangle, and then try to hold it in the imagination steadily. I can testify that it is not an easy exercise, for the mind is a natural rebel against discipline.

Of what particular value this and similar exercises may have proved, no outside person can assess. There were a sufficient number

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of incidents to suggest that he had powers of an unusual kind. On several occasions he told people facts about themselves he could not possibly have known. One friend remembers walking with him all day and suddenly wondering what the time was. He started to reach for his watch and was interrupted by Father, who said, "Let me tell you what the time is." Father knit his brows for a moment and then said, "It is twenty-three minutes past five," which was the time the watch showed. During the first performance of his only play, *Deirdre*, the impulse took him to try to suggest to the audience the idea of water at a certain point in the play. Many people the next day spoke about the queer illusion they had of water pouring out over them from the stage.

Out of my own knowledge I can only recall one incident. A childhood friend of Father, living many thousands of miles away, wrote a letter which said he was engaged in translating some old Greek manuscripts. He added that he had attempted to give to the paper of the letter a certain impression and he wondered if Father could receive it. As a result of this, Father painted a picture of a distinctive head which lacked all hair, even eyebrows and eyelashes. Later came a letter, enclosing the translation, which spoke of a Roman general who had lost all his hair as a result of a fever.

But incidents like these can be regarded as mere curiosities, and Father disliked having attention called to them. He has written about this side of his life in his book *The Candle of Vision*. The exercises themselves may indirectly have had something to do with his character. In speaking to me about them he continually stressed the fact that, for one step forward in knowledge, three must be taken in self-perfection. All knowledge, of course, is a form of power, and the world would be saved many a trouble if those who had power could free themselves from the baser thoughts and emotions.

He also had a most amazing memory, partly natural I suspect, but I think also aided by his exercises in concentration. He could repeat poems from any poet one could name. On one occasion, out of curiosity and with a faintly impish desire to see him break down, I tested him. He had commented on the book which I was reading, referring to the beauty of a particular passage. As it happened, that book, borrowed fifteen years before by an anonymous friend, had that day been returned equally anonymously. The book itself was out of print and I felt sure he could not have read it since the time it had been borrowed. I asked him if he would mind saying the passage he referred to and he repeated five pages of prose with not more than two or three minor slips — this after fifteen years and in a prose work with none of the aids to memory that poetry gives.

His beliefs certainly made his life free from the doubts, perplexities, and compromises that harass most people. I don't mean that he was immune to the small accidents of living. When, in quick succession, he had burned out the pockets of two suits by putting lighted pipes in them, he could do no more than stand before Mother like a penitent apostle, waving his hands gently and helplessly before her reproaches.

What he was free from were all questions of what was right and proper for him to do, and he was never troubled by the emotions of greed or envy or hatred. His life was so faultless that George Moore could only complain that he didn't know the difference between turbot and halibut. Another critic, in a mildly exasperated way, referred to his flawless moral nature. In writing, as in gossip, the bad is more exciting than the good, and the only weaknesses in Father's nature were some small vanities, so innocent and childlike as to be more lovable than anything else. He would, for example, assert the superiority of his own smoking mixture, made by adulterating his tobacco with the herb coltsfoot. And he used to argue with me, occasionally with some asperity, about the merits of billiard and cricket players, although neither of us knew anything about either subject.

4

Contrary to popular thought about mystics, he was not at all an ascetic-looking person. He was large, healthy, bulky, and

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bearded and usually had a pipe in his mouth. Someone remarked that he looked as if an angel had come to earth and seized the first human body it had come across. New suits wrinkled in a day and his overcoat looked — as James Stephens remarked in a novel — as if it had been put on with a shovel. He was just as indifferent to food as he was to dress, stoking his body with fuel as a boiler is fed with coal. He was, in fact, without worldly sophistication, and had none of the vanities that go with that quality.

Although he was an efficient and practical person in business, he was far from being materialistic. He never wanted, or tried to get, more money than would take care of the essential needs — food, clothing, housing, and an education for his children. These taken care of, he thought further money was not only a nuisance but also a hindrance to freedom. On numerous occasions he turned down offers that would have brought him in as much money for a week's work as he normally earned in a year. To anxious friends who reproached him he would say, "Let the joy be in the doing and not in the end." He was doing the work he wished to do, which he thought helped his country and the people in it, and in which he found pleasure. I believe he thought no man's work was worth more than some small amount to take care of the necessities of existence. I learned that he had once refused a position at a thousand pounds a year — but had said he would do the work for two hundred.

As he grew older and his reputation spread, many people came to call on him, and to all — young and unknown writer, or visiting celebrity — he was the same, always giving of his best. I have seen enough of well-known people to realize that this side of Father was particularly charming — and also rather instructive. There are many moments when, through boredom or with the feeling that what we have to say will be wasted, all of us lapse into a kind of superior apathy. It would never have occurred to Father to give less than his best — and more important, he would never have thought so badly about people as to think anyone could deserve less than the best.

Father was a good conversationalist and could talk with equal interest and wisdom about good butter, the soul, or international politics. William Lyon Phelps recalls with delight a visit Father paid him in which Æ talked for ten hours more or less continuously. But the many friends he accumulated did not gather around him just for the delights of good conversation. His presence was as warming as a fire, and people not only felt better to be with him but were better. "He is a tribunal before whom the ignoble dwindles," a friend declared.

His help to people was not only that of his presence; it could, on occasion, be practical. Only a few months ago a friend revealed to me that she had once visited him, obviously ill and needing a course of expensive treatments beyond her resources, and he had pressed on her the not inconsiderable sum required. He had never sought wealth and so could not have had much to give away, but I think he must have given when he could, and more than his family knew about. Another friend records with gratitude, and some astonishment, his competence in taking over affairs after the sudden death of her husband. In a somewhat lighter vein a friend told me how he was incompetently trying to get a meal, having arrived home unexpectedly, when Father called. "Man," he said, "you don't need all that grease in the pan. Give me a bowl; I must pour off three quarters of it. You slice the potatoes while I cook the cutlets." And so the astonished friend stood aside to let the mystic prepare the meal.

For people in general he had nothing but a vast understanding and toleration, for he seemed to know intuitively why people acted, what moods or emotions dominated them. His lifelong friend, the poet Yeats, said of him: "He has the capacity, beyond any man I have seen, to put with entire justice not only the thoughts but emotions of the most opposite parties and personalities — and men who hated each other must sometimes have been reconciled because each heard his enemy's arguments put into better words than his own."

It is difficult to talk or write of Father, for in a sense his chief work was himself, and the things for which he was known seemed a

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by-product. His poetry contains his thought in a concentrated and somewhat difficult verse, but there are many instances of people who found in it great spiritual solace. In the last war many soldiers wrote him that reading his poetry was the one thing that kept them sane during the horrors of war. The Municipal Art Gallery in Dublin has paintings by Watts, the English painter, sent by him because his wife, in an illness in which her life was despaired of, murmured some of Æ's poetry to herself and felt that it carried her through to health. Two viceroys of India, the Earl of Lytton and Lord Curzon, also found solace in his poems when dying.

In America he was touched — and surprised — when two reporters who had come to interview him burst into tears when he recited some of his poems at their request. What can be found in the poems could be found in the man himself: the recognition that here, at least, was one man who had been able to replace all the emotions that make life a turmoil by a vast compassion for all men. Perhaps, as Olive Schreiner says in *The Story of an African Farm*, "to be holy is to have great compassion."

5

It was inevitable that Æ's poetry and that of Yeats should have been compared, not only privately but publicly, because the two were at the time by general recognition the two leading poets in Ireland. They had been friends since boyhood, and I once asked him if the situation had never been a source of embarrassment. He only laughed and said, "Willie is a much better poet than I am. He is a great poet. He devotes all his time to his art and can spend days reworking a line or a verse till it has reached his ultimate in perfection. I, on the other hand, have to do many, many things, some by desire and some by compulsion." He went on to explain that what merit his own poems had was in the truth of the subject and less in the imagery. I got the feeling, though it was never openly stated, that he thought Yeats with his marvelous technique and command of language sometimes used his art on poor subjects.

His remarkable memory made it easy for him to recall any poem he had written, and he would say, with perhaps a slight touch of vanity, that if all his books were burned, he would be able to rewrite all of them without difficulty. Yeats's memory, I gather, must have been more defective, for Father used to chuckle over the fact that once, when Yeats had been rather scorning his own early poems, he had recited a number of them to him. Yeats was excited and pleased over the poems and asked who wrote them — and was displeased when he was informed that he himself was the author.

I suppose Father had favorites among his own poems, but I would not know what they were; for if asked to recite he would ask what poems were wanted. Perhaps here again his faint vanity about his memory was responsible, as if he wanted to show that nothing he had written had been forgotten. I know he was pleased with Yeats's liking for the poem which began: —

> Dusk wraps the village in its dim caress;
> Each chimney's vapour, like a thin grey rod,
> Mounting aloft through miles of quietness,
> Pillars the skies of God.

Whether he agreed with Yeats's liking, I don't know. I myself think the verses entitled "Promise" are as lovely as anything he ever wrote: —

> Be not so desolate
> Because thy dreams have flown
> And the hall of the heart is empty
> And silent as stone,
> As age left by children
> Sad and alone.
>
> Those delicate children,
> Thy dreams, still endure:
> All pure and lovely things
> Wend to the Pure.
> Sigh not: unto the fold
> Their way was sure.
>
> Thy gentlest dreams, thy frailest,
> Even those that were
> Born and lost in a heart-beat,
> Shall meet thee there.
> They are become immortal
> In shining air.

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The unattainable beauty
The thought of which was pain,
That flickered in eyes and on lips
And vanished again:
That fugitive beauty
Thou shalt attain.

The lights innumerable
That led thee on and on,
The Masque of Time ended,
Shall glow into one.
It shall be with thee for ever
Thy travel done.

What merit there is in his poems, as well as the faults, probably comes from their origin. He told me poems came into his head and were usually written down quickly, needing few changes, and that they arose from a process of subconscious meditation. Sometimes one verse would come and he might have to wait a few days or a week before the other verses would spring into his mind — in one case there was a gap of thirty years between first and succeeding verses.

I don't think it would be wrong to say that what he would have liked most to do would have been to paint. Summer after summer he would depart for Donegal to bring back twenty or thirty canvases sufficiently finished so that he could work on them during the winter at his leisure. He told me at one time the urge to paint was so strong that he had contemplated doing nothing else, but had been restrained by some feeling that a single pursuit would be bad for him; in a similar fashion, years before, he had been obsessed by mysticism and the same austerity had made him relegate that to being just a part of his life.

He must have had considerable strength of will to relegate painting to being just a hobby, for he not only found great pleasure in painting but competent people thought he could have been a great painter. A former director of the National Gallery in Ireland remarked that if Father had ever taken lessons he would have become one of the foremost painters of his time; and an old friend, a Dublin art dealer, on my last visit, offered it as his opinion that Æ would be remembered as an artist long after his poems were forgotten.

His prices for paintings must have infuriated other artists, for Father felt he had no right to make money out of a hobby, and so had calculated carefully the cost of the materials — canvases and paint and oils and brushes. Adding a small charge for his time, — which couldn't have amounted to fifty cents an hour, — he had arrived at the figure of five pounds for a small canvas and ten pounds for a large one. This figure was revised upwards a little as costs increased over the years, but other Irish artists may have felt aggrieved at the unfair competition. Maybe Father felt there was something in this, for he stopped showing his pictures and kept them in the house, where only friends could see them.

These numerous interests — coöperation, painting, poetry, mysticism, the editing of a weekly journal — were all kept going by a gigantic energy which left little time for relaxation. The latter usually took the form of mystery stories, of which he read from six to ten a week, and it was one of my household duties to see that a constant supply was at hand at all times. If the output of mystery stories — as sometimes happened — didn't equal his capacity for reading them, he would prowl unhappily about the house, hoping that somewhere or other one would materialize.

I might have wondered why, in an age of specialization, he had not chosen to become a master of one talent, if he had not once used an illuminating phrase in discussing with me a famous scientist. "He is not really intelligent," he said, "for his mind embraces little outside his profession. *A candle does not shine light only in one direction.*" It was a revealing sentence, for it made me see that his real preoccupation had nothing to do with worldly success, but was with the completion of his own character. It was the kind of pursuit of self-perfection which mystics through the ages have been intent upon, and in Father's case it produced a kind of warm serenity, a saintliness of character so moving and so lovable that when he was dying, as a friend wrote, "even the surgeon, whose skill must defend itself against sentimentality, turned away for a moment in tears."

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FRANCE IS WAITING

by MADAME X

1

AUGUST 22, 1941. — This morning, at the grocer's, somebody said very casually: "After all, we have been defeated; what we should do now is to follow the Maréchal. But there are ringleaders who stir the people, and everybody knows who is behind them." Then, with my most innocent look, I answered, "You should listen to the English radio every day; it constantly warns us to keep quiet and not to shed blood uselessly." As if bitten by a snake, stunned by surprise, she remained open-mouthed, speechless. In fact, I had answered her insinuation about those who drive the French into revolt. It freed my mind and I had only spoken the truth.

I had come to buy a bottle of wine that must last me ten days — by German order. It is more than I need, but for those who work in the fields and who are accustomed to another diet, it is not very much.

August 24. — There is gloom about everybody: we see starvation coming when the trains loaded with foodstuffs go up north. Poor Pétain! If you knew, or rather if he knew, how I pity him. The more difficulty Hitler has in Russia, the more exacting his demands will be. How I envy England! She can fight and give vent to her rage; she will not be any more ruined than we who give every day four hundred million francs. And what a comfort to be able to act. Well, our turn will come, perhaps.

October 5. — The weather is perfect, without any sun or wind, very mild, with everything still in bloom, since no frost has come yet to wither the flowers.

Mlle P. calls on me every evening from eight to nine. She is very religious and says we must pray more than ever, that it will turn the scales. When a woman of such sound judgment and of so little emotion speaks with such conviction, you are tempted to believe her; and even if you do not succeed, it helps you. She has been editor of a women's magazine and sometimes she had to make up for the mistakes of associate editors who were no small fry. She has spoken in public many times, but has never really enjoyed it. She has exactly my ideas about the war. She was more dejected over collaboration than I was, but she is finally resigned, as you resign yourself to bad weather. After having lost her home at S. and all her belongings there, she lives here in a simplicity to which only mine is equal. The intrigues of the small town leave her almost indifferent, though she enjoys seeing the ridiculous side of them. She lives apparently without regret, sustained by a quiet hope which is like a little flame, faithful and persistent.

October 25. — You saw that three Germans were murdered? Fifty French have been shot and a hundred more await the same fate. If I did not have great pity — and you know to what degree — for these innocent victims and their families, I should rejoice over these measures that raise, between the Germans and us, an insuperable barrier.

October 28. — I do not know whether I

For reasons of expediency, the *Atlantic* cannot give the true name of MADAME X. Sufficient to say that her husband fought for France in 1870, that she lost her only son in the First World War, and that her letters, the authenticity of which we can vouch for, were written to her daughter, now teaching on this side of the Atlantic.

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express myself well enough; my thoughts are so confused sometimes. My mood has never been so uncertain — one day full of hope, the morrow discouraged; another day, between the two. I cannot help thinking of the burying of the troops of the Reich in the mud and snow, far from home and family, and I have to resist something like pity, as when you see on the side of the road a miserable creature left half crushed, dying in solitude.

November 5. — Monsieur L., the grocer, expects war between Japan and the United States next spring. He thinks that Japan will wait until Germany has finished up Russia and is able to lend her a hand. If it is so, I tremble for the United States; they are strong but they are not a warlike nation, for which I congratulate them, but it might cause them some worry. Has sufficient proof been given that the Germans needed years to prepare for the crushing of Europe?

German mothers and wives are learning what it means to lose those they love. If they are forbidden to weep in public it cannot be that their soul is not full of sorrow. It is not more victory they are waiting for, but the return of their dear ones — and how many will be missing!

November 11. — We have been forbidden to celebrate this anniversary. Do they imagine that we feel like it? We have prayed this morning for the dead of the other war and this one. But this eleventh of November is more comforting than the one of last year. It is cold in Russia. Yesterday the radio spoke of our great generals, quoted the watchword of Joffre, recalled the Battle of the Marne. What in the world is happening? Have we a right to speak of our past victories? Are we also permitted to wish for more in the future? I could not believe my ears.

Sept Jours is an illustrated weekly. In a recent issue they talk about a certain Lewis who is giving President Roosevelt plenty of trouble. He has won the support of five million fanatic trade-unionists. Roosevelt wants all-out help to England; Lewis detests and denounces the English upper classes. Roosevelt wants to arm America immediately and Lewis claims that the workers should have the right to control the industries, and that the profits should be limited. The conclusion of the article was very striking, though perhaps lacking many points: "Fight between two philosophies, two policies, two men."

November 19. — They are stopped near Moscow, but for how long? The whole of Europe has been condemned to hard labor. Millions of prisoners provide German factories with manpower.

Something is taking place here that just breaks my poor heart with pity and indignation. All the statues of our great men (La Fontaine, Musset, Camille Desmoulins, not to mention others) that have the ill luck to be made of bronze are sent to the crucible for the purpose you can easily guess. Unfortunate La Fontaine! He knew humankind so well that he would not be surprised. The Wolf and the Lamb are always among us. If I could prevent that sacrilegious destruction, I should not, because it stirs in people's minds the feelings that will find a way to express themselves one day.

November 27. — The English radio gave an optimistic review of the general situation in Russia and Africa, and concluded: "What would be left to Hitler if he did not have Vichy?" I suppose there was some irony in it. I hold that the Vichy government is a very small thing and that Hitler does not have to ask its permission if he wants this or that. The clauses of the Armistice are a mere scrap of paper. Let the United States remember that before they bear us any grudge.

To tell the truth, Hitler does not cater to Vichy but to the French people; French opinion, reduced to such miserable means of expression, can still manage to raise its voice: one sentence printed here, a defiance to the Germans in Paris or elsewhere, an act of sabotage (and unfortunately they will multiply), and above all, that wall that surrounds the German in France and shuts him off from people always and everywhere. It is clear enough that these people refuse collaboration! Then the Germans will have to impose it upon them; but the moment is coming when Hitler will count his soldiers. The services of repopulation, so efficiently

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trained beyond the Rhine, do not work, however, in the same rhythm as the blitzkrieg — in spite of the official warnings to men on leave. So they must not let France slip down into violence; they must "talk" with Vichy.

But the English and the Americans who stare at Vichy with hypnotized eyes, how mistaken they are! Vichy is not France; Vichy will not change France. Vichy had its time of usefulness and perhaps of grandeur when France was spilling herself over the roads in immense confusion. But since that time, the country has grown in its hatred of the conqueror and its own consciousness of what it wants to save and to be. There is not one Frenchman who in his own way has not groped out of the darkness of defeat toward the beacon of our tradition and our future. Everyone remembers something, loves something, more than anything else; everyone longs for something. This multitude of wills, each one working by itself to express its preference and its hope, is now converging even though modern means of communication are lacking. Such unity was forged in the fifteenth century, and before. It is the mystery of the native soil and the sky that makes all these provinces into a unity; at a given moment, something that everyone feels in his blood swells, overflows, and sweeps away all our discords and our differences like bits of straw. That is behind Vichy; that, Vichy must keep in check. One time Pétain embodied the country, he still was Verdun; but since, everyone has lived his own Verdun. We no longer believe in the wisdom of old men.

December 7. — You should have seen me, awhile ago, trying a dance-step around the table. I went to B. yesterday and came back with a railway agent whose work takes him everywhere. He assured me that the chances of collaboration are dead. Everywhere people are ready to act when they are given the signal.

And this morning, at the seven o'clock Mass, Mlle P. told me the impressions of her friend's husband, who is in charge of the shipment of food between Paris and Marseille. The situation is more and more strained in the capital. The occupying forces are more and more hated. They are becoming like snarling dogs — a bad sign among victors. Wagnerian serenity seems to be deserting them. Finally, the opinion is spreading that Hitler will have in Russia the same fate as Napoleon.

Then, when I returned from Mass, realizing that I perhaps was not mistaken in my hopes, I could not resist my joy any longer and I have had to express it. My Lord! What a surge of my whole being when I think that it may be true, that we are not mistaken! I do not ask a victory in the Louis XIV style, with triumphal gates, but merely the failure of the Germans' plans.

People speak of Polish men enlisted in Africa; their hatred is so great that it makes one fear for the inhabitants if they ever enter Germany.

December 8. — I have room for only one more line. The world is on fire this time; shall we have anything left to eat and a stone for our head?

December 14. — The battle will not be easy for the United States to win. One hundred million Japanese of complete sobriety, which makes strong men; iron discipline, a perfect organization, the conviction that they fight for their existence — that is more than they need to win success. But the others fight for their splendid share in the sun, and that will give them a courage that may reach heroism.

January 11, 1942. — The Swiss radio has made a general survey of the international situation. At the end the speaker proved that when peace is re-established spiritual values should be dominant and that the world then would need France. I lost myself in his words and for a minute I saw my country ruling the world, all the dreams of her poets come true, according to the ideals of liberty, justice, and beauty. I am always amazed that words can inspire us so much, even when we neither see nor know the one who pronounces them.

January 21. — *Sept Jours* has published an article about mobilization in the United States. It made a great stir. At the end the writer says: "The question is to know whether 'materialism,' which has become

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the religion of the United States, has not weakened the human quality of the soldier, for, in an army, morale is more important than matériel." You can see the commonplaces and simplifications of the journalists; probably there is some truth in it. A letter from a German soldier in Russia speaks of "the struggle going on in that hell, sustained by the will to fight, friendship, and that inner spring which is the very essence of the conqueror." A private writing these words! But I have a distrust of heroism, especially when it rises to these heights. Let us wait and see our young Germanic heroes in the delights of Capua after a secure conquest. Their virtue is obligation; their discipline, obedience.

January 26. — January is approaching its end; the cold has been terrible. It will take some time before America can take the offensive. And if the Japanese came to terms with the Chinese we should all turn as yellow as daffodils — including the Germans.

Those who did not like England must recognize that she is paying for her mistakes. Heavens, what a situation! Fought on every front, and without enough soldiers! The British Lion is having a bad time; but nothing is lost as long as Russia has her adversary on the run.

February 20. — Yesterday was market day. It had snowed during the night and then came a sharp frost. Not a single basket of vegetables in the market. Impossible to pull them. But — a most unusual thing — a woman had brought two ducks and she settled herself down to sell them. If it had been less cold I should have stayed to the end to see who took them. They certainly must have brought more than one hundred francs each. Think of it: meat without a ration card!

Let us hope that the wheat is not going to freeze!

They are trying to get food to Greece; everybody makes a great effort. They have evacuated nine thousand children from the country: one thousand are in Turkey, three thousand scattered in various places, and Switzerland, more admirable than ever, has taken the others.

March 9. — If I must leave this world before seeing you again, think that you have only missed seeing an old face and an old body, and that my soul keeps living in you.

I called on the J's. We spoke of the bombings by England. I would not tell anybody but you that I was amused, entirely within myself. Imagine their indignation: France had stopped fighting; she had no choice and had to obey and work for the victors; but at least it was not war, and those who have chosen to fight on attack her. I do know that there are innocent victims, but their death will not be useless. I understand, perhaps *better* than those who are so indignant, in what a position France is going to find herself; but that position is not caused by the English: war made it inevitable.

This morning again they announced another bombing. I wish I could know whether I would feel the same if S. were a military objective. It seems to me I should, because those destructions mean that the fight has been resumed; there is something in them that gives courage and hope. And anyway, how would you explain, otherwise, the cheers and the acclamations of the Parisian population on the arrival of the British planes?

For such a long time we had been merely surviving; that was hard on me. What a complexity of things! In spite of the suffering the Armistice brought to me, I was relieved at the same time, as all the French were; for it gave satisfaction to a very deep and animal instinct to see that bloodshed had ceased. But things have changed and we change.

March 12. — Right now we are living through perhaps the most tragic time of the war. What is spring going to bring us? Apprehension has overtaken me; my friends in their turn try to cheer me up and it is my turn to be weak. I try to get the food I need; usually I succeed with a little help. They bring me some cottage cheese once a week and some vegetables for soup. The dandelions are here; I have them for dinner twice a week. One must help the women who pick them in the fields. It is true that anything edible can be sold. The Jerusalem artichokes that had been neglected for so long are very

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much sought; I have them twice a week, too. I hope you have all you need.

The German authorities have done everything to convince us that the bombings of Billancourt were a cruel thing, inhumane indeed. The French have received orders to show indignation, but the French hate to do anything by order. A memorial service has been celebrated in Notre Dame for the victims. German officers have expressed their "sympathy" and their disapproval of that unexpected act of cruelty. One is a good Christian or not!

In Paris young men and even middle-aged men disappear mysteriously. Mothers and wives try to get an explanation from the German authorities. They are met by officers (because the soldiers are becoming scarce) who receive them with arrogance and irony: these men who have disappeared have been mobilized by compulsion for the Russian front.

2

March 20. — I have finally succeeded in tuning in on Boston [Station WRUL]. These broadcasts are splendid and must not please the Germans too much. I see that they like France in America, that they understand her position, and that our people remain French.

All the French worthy of the name accept the bombings of factories and wait for more, even though it means, alas! more victims. But what can be done? War goes on. The Renault factories are completely destroyed and others, the names of which escape me, and whose owner is quoted as saying: "All work is stopped, but if that is necessary to drive the Germans out of France I shall not complain."

France is magnificent in her fighting spirit. The Boston radio told us about Saint-Exupéry, Maritain, and others who "are bringing the knowledge and appreciation of French thought to the Americans." You can imagine how all that warms my heart. It is the only country from which I wish our liberty to come. I know that it will be freely given. Anyway, we shall have paid dearly enough for it, but what is that if we are free one day?

March 25. — Every evening at ten o'clock, I am quite near you via the Boston radio. And what I heard last night seemed to me so fortifying that I could not restrain my tears (I am decidedly getting older). That great country at last sees the imperious motives that prevent the little one from showing its friendship, from following the impulse that carries its thought beyond the ocean, and from taking part — at least now — in the struggle that is being carried on to save liberty for the world. That impression is probably very sentimental and somewhat colored by illusion; but it was so spontaneous that I wanted to share it with you.

March 27. — I want to write this to you immediately and thus double my joy in it: this morning the Swiss radio told us that President Roosevelt, after the formal promise by the French government not to cede any base to any country and not to send any supplies to General Rommel, was going to resume the food shipment to North Africa. Think what that means! That great and generous country understands our position and the menace of a break with her is lessened.

April 2. — Well, the wheat has frozen in some areas; in many places it is too late to start again. When I saw the blanket of snow melting in the sun and then the temperature drop during the night, I was afraid it would happen. People said: "Wheat does not freeze so easily." In the years of prosperity, no; but in years of disaster everything goes wrong, as if things, like people, were weakened in their power of resistance.

April 7. — We went for a walk in the fields along the D. I have picked a bunch of mauve flowers (I do not know their name) and daisies. I like to watch them. They are tightly closed when I get up to hear the Swiss radio; at ten o'clock these ladies begin to display their collar (as our poet says); then they show me their golden hearts until dusk comes. They do not receive orders from men; for them night is night, and day is day. They are lovely, fringed with pink.

April 19. — Laval is back in power; but I think that Pétain, who is still called the "Chief of State," has "remembered to save the furniture," as they say when there is a

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fire. Darlan is still head of the three powers — land, air, and navy — under the control of the Maréchal. I hope they will agree at least in the spirit of patriotism.

Jean Nohain, formerly known under the name of Jaboune, does not spare his efforts over the radio. I am reminded of a tale he was telling us yesterday. Three little children were about to come to the earth, but they had heard such horrible stories about our world that they implored God not to let them come if they could not be given a place where life would be bearable. God who listens to the prayers of small children (this is my personal addition) glanced at our planet and felt embarrassed. Then He said: "I have found that there still is, on that terrible globe, a country where the earth is good, the inhabitants human, the lakes blue and the fields green." And he had the three small children born on the soil of France. It is a pretty tale, is it not? And told by Jean Nohain, you could believe it actually happened. He does not understand marriage without children; he has four himself, and one can see how he loves them. How I prefer things like that to the broadcasts where you find real French thought is completely missing, by order!

April 30. — The country waits while working, which is the best way of waiting. They are sending out a call for wheat. Is it hidden or is it really lacking as some say? However, he who is master of the hour pretends he had given us a recipe to avoid starvation. Probably the French did not apply it, or they thought the return of eight hundred thousand peasant prisoners would work out better. It will be hard to bridge the gap between the two crops. I am almost ashamed to have all I need.

There are buckwheat pancakes for sale. The fastidious swallow them making expressive faces, but I like them as a substitute for a missing piece of bread. I am fortunate in that I never was a great lover of delicate food.

The United States has *half* broken with our country. In fact the so-called Free Zone is just as much slave as the other; even here the Germans come and go every day. Until now I have been able to avoid seeing them.

Every Friday evening, the Swiss radio gives an "international review." The chief editor of the *Journal de Genève* was the chosen speaker recently. He drew a picture of France that would bring tears from your eyes. I think he was speaking partly for America when he recalled all that makes our unfortunate position: the length of the occupation, the daily indemnity, the deduction Germany levies on our whole production (60 per cent on French production, 80 per cent on importations), the interruption of trade, war going on on our soil, ceaseless bombings, victims of every kind, without our having the profit or the relief of taking part in it.

I should like to meet that man one day, to express to him my gratitude for his defense of our miserable country and for his disguised appeal to the compassion of those whose friendship is so precious to us — so precious that, although we expect no shipment of food from the United States, our heart is distressed when they announce that our relations have again become strained. How could we bear our hardships? It will be solitude, complete abandonment, if that country does not want to understand us.

May 3. — They say that Hitler may have decided to stop shooting the hostages; they may be sent to Germany and condemned to hard labor in every kind of job. If those rapacious people are not finally victorious, at least they will have done everything to make themselves known and liked as they deserve. The way he acts, one could believe that Hitler is advised by his enemies.

A man who lives in Paris comes here every other week on a business trip. He speaks German very well and takes advantage of it to talk to the Germans in occupation, all of them old and broken now, for the others are at the front. One of these interesting characters was telling Monsieur R. that their regime would end in murder, into which it already is walking knee-deep. Nobody is assured of saving his head, not even (or rather especially not) the chiefs. You may think it exaggerated, but the Parisians will have nothing to do with the air-raid shelters and they rush to the windows as soon as the air alarm is given.

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May 11. — How often I heard these remarks whose meaning is always the same: Germany cannot win the last battle. A prisoner writes: "My cousin suffers from very serious internal disorders." Another: "The bells are gone without hope of ever returning." These two small sentences, very small, give us a very great hope. In 1918, the melting of the bells had taken place a short time before the collapse of Germany. But nothing definite yet in the communiqués; Germany announces the loss of a position only when she has taken it back.

May 14. — Never has there been so much celebrating, so much burning of incense to the memory of Jeanne d'Arc. It would be all very well to stick to our gratitude if there were not a flavor of submission to the enemy. To me there is only one enemy, against whom I wish we had a like heroine to oppose if these times could still produce such beings!

Boston gives us every night fifteen minutes of news; they tell me nothing that I do not know since I have listened to other stations before; but then comes another quarter of an hour of "political comments" that gives me the greatest curiosity. I never feel sleepy until after that country has given her interpretation of world events; I should rather say French events. France! I feel at the same time proud and moved and also distressed to see my country daily at the bar — moved by that friendship which I can feel sincere, but sorry that the great United States has to blame us. Don't Americans know that they cannot ask the least thing from us without our being peremptorily forbidden to answer?

I notice that they are better informed than we are on what takes place in this martyred France. All the comments last night were about the victims who fall nearly every day, shot down by our masters. I did not realize that there were so many of them. In one week one hundred fifty hostages were executed. It is a small army that has paid with its life for France's love of independence. Is the sorrow you feel when you lose your loved ones on the battlefield in any way comparable to your indignation and impotent fury? Then, let those who give us understanding and friendship stop asking what we cannot give; let them be satisfied with our wishes and our hopes, which are immense.

Last night, at seven, the Sovereign Pontiff spoke. The station gave us a beautiful translation of his exposé that was an appeal for peace; though he admitted that the time, alas! had not come yet. One sentence remains clearly in my mind: "There are peoples who take might for right. . . ." No possible ambiguity: the Pope is on the side of those whom injustice will always stir.

At noon the Swiss radio quoted a sentence from Stalin to the Poles: "After the war, you will have your country greater than ever, organized according to President Roosevelt's desires. . . ." Courage is not what the Poles need, nor the Belgians, nor the Dutch. But the strength and the courage of somebody bound in chains are useless.

These days are dark; the end is coming. We are bowed down by fear; we do not dare to think seriously of the chances the world may have for liberation; we dare not reckon what looked, even recently, like a possibility. Happy are those whom something prevents from thinking. They will awake free or slaves, but they will not have suffered that terrible uncertainty.

June 28. — Events are becoming more disturbing. The Saint John's Day celebration (they have re-established the *feux de joie*, never so badly named) has not succeeded in making us forget our great cares; I mean our workers sent to Germany. The occupying forces deprive us of raw material; factories must be closed; then unemployment; so that the order of Hitler looks like something reasonable; but in truth it is a horrible blackmail. To be obliged to accept that is the worst humiliation for French people.

July 25. — I had an opportunity to speak to Doctor S. I asked him whether his confidence was still unimpaired. "Absolutely," he said. "I consider all the present military drawbacks as things of little importance. Since Germany did not win the war in 1941, she cannot win it now. It is impossible for her to fight victoriously against England

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and the United States together, whose power increases each day." My hope strengthened by that statement; I felt lighthearted, and back home I could not help singing a little. As the neighbors had heard me, I told them why I felt so gay — not that I have to give them reasons for my conduct; but it is a good thing to spread these favorable impressions which live in everybody — with moments of doubt, it is true, but not too long, fortunately. We suffer so many miseries that only the thought of a total deliverance one day can make them bearable. I notice how some have changed, since the result of collaboration has been to send workers to Germany, instead of the Germans leaving France (as some naïve souls were expecting), and since the bombing of the Rhine has made the German population overflow on our soil — and to these every honor is due.

July 29. — I cannot tell you more of the pretty things Nohain was giving us over the radio. The broadcast, "Children Singing," has been suppressed. No reason was given. In my opinion there was too much real gayety there. Probably we are not entitled to that hour when we could forget our position at a time when the nerves of our neighbors beyond the Rhine are strained to the breaking point — strange position for victors.

July 31. — At noon, Switzerland read us the Message from President Roosevelt on the occasion of their national day, which is tomorrow. The message is a picture of the man: he congratulates the little country for all the good it has done for the victims of war. I was wondering — queer idea — how I should feel if the same words had come from Hitler. But God Himself cannot make a circle a square, and that would be easier than to humanize Hitler. This very morning Hitler was warning England, through the voice of his acolytes. He does not advise her to attempt the opening of a second front; he wants her to realize how difficult the operation would be: "The English Army would not enter Berlin in triumph but in fetters." I was waiting for the same counsels of caution concerning the air raids over Germany.

They say that in Paris the inhabitants do not miss one occasion of jeering at the official decrees. For instance, the Jews must wear a star of yellow fabric showing the word "Jew" in black. So the Parisians have their dogs wear yellow collars with the name of the animal in black letters. How French that is, and how difficult for the Germans to understand, I suppose!

The other day I saw a woman with her two children. She was in tears; her husband, who was a prisoner, had succeeded in escaping. He was captured, and because he is a Jew his case is clear! How many tragedies of that kind! They are engulfed in the immense one in which we are involved; but those people suffer atrociously.

August 7. — I cry to America in my distress. They tell us from Moscow that the situation is serious, very serious. Only one hope: that the United States, in their immense effort, make useless the victory that the Germans have won thus far over the Russians. Never have we been so miserable. I do not speak of the privations that we bear without complaint; I speak of the impossibility of reacting against the authority of the occupying forces. They send our workers to Germany, and, to make the servitude complete, they have just issued an order "allowing" the soldiers of our beautiful colonial army — once under Weygand, — to enlist for the eastern front "in order that France shall not keep aloof from that crusade against bolshevism, plague of civilized peoples." In Paris and in the Occupied Zone, if a young man does not want to go, he has his food ration cards suppressed; that always works. People from Cologne and other cities bombed by the English overflow to our country. These are allowed to have double ration cards and priority everywhere; and you are requested not to show your disappointment if, when your turn has come, there is nothing left to be bought. When they reported this to me, I felt my heart jump with indignation — indignation that even I must repress; caution requires that you remain impassible.

The wife of an industrialist from the South was telling me that patriotism awakens in that region which I sometimes accused of passivity. There are priests who take it upon themselves to receive and place groups of

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young men from the Occupied Zone who prefer anything to the deportation to Germany. The farmers do all they can for these young people who had not studied to become farm hands. The same person also told me that the religious feeling is deepening, as a reaction against Nazi principles. Of course, all that gives pleasure and refreshes your soul a little; but I do not know whether the United States realizes clearly our situation: the Armistice does not exist any more; you must obey or starve to death. I remember the bitter tears I shed the day when, for the first time, I saw the word "collaboration" printed in the press. It was that day that we really were defeated; I could feel it so well! What is the use today of our patriotism? We must obey or see children die under the eyes of their mother; for there is no longer a father at home. Prisoner of a new king, he has been sent to the enemy factory or to some fighting line.

August 8. — Lately I was telling a peasant man (about fifty years old) that his difficulties would not always last. He answered in a tone that I cannot express: "Sure! And if it is *the others* who win (and his finger was pointing at the ground, which made me think that he meant the Germans) we shall have been well advised to get used to misery, because there will be nothing changed." Is it not true? Could he be more clear-minded? And they all are like that. "Why, Madame," an old peasant woman told me, "we want to remain French; we, in the family, have always been French." How much I like to hear them talk that way; it seems to me that we all are brothers.

August 14. — A landing of Allied troops? Many wish it, but think of what a possible failure would mean! A Jewish woman, belonging to a family that has been French for generations, listens to the American broadcasts that give her the courage to live. Imagine what she can expect — she and her relatives; in the Occupied Zone, they have been arrested — women on one side, men on the other, and the children apart without identification papers or anything else that would permit their parents to recognize them one day. I simply should lose my reason in such circumstances!

When the broadcasts from Boston, speaking of France, separate her from her government and promise her, whatever the latter may do, their understanding, they are right: they reach the common man. I just came across M. D.'s son. He asked me whether you still were "over there." "Let 'them' come," he said. "I will join them with all my heart, and I shall not be alone."

I had dinner last night with the M's. X. Y. had met the former Minister, and reported his saying that the end was not near yet, but that all fear of seeing the Axis win the victory over the rest of the world should be dismissed. That cast on the company that air of satisfaction that no other cause can produce these days. But really, is that hope justified, at a time when the Russians are pushed back, when the submarines, thicker than fish, are everywhere at the Allied ships — even down the Saint Lawrence, the Japanese announce?

August 17. — Sometimes, when I read again one of the pages I have written to you, I remain surprised at what I have said. Not that I disavow it, heaven knows! but because all that concerns France pours from me as my very breath, without my being conscious of it.

This morning a peasant man told me that, having seated himself for a bite, he had unwrapped his bread from a piece of newspaper and involuntarily had begun to read. What he read was this: Hitler tells the world that the whole of Europe will soon be his and will help him, willing or not, with all its resources; that the United States and England will have no power against it. And that man, who never reads the newspaper, had been struck by the air of truth of that article, and he was wondering what the future would be under these conditions. I tried to bring back the reassuring feeling that the words of X. Y. had given me. Of course, I "proved" to the peasant man that our press is under the orders of the victors, as are our food products and other things; that such a view could be inspired by the fear of defeat as well as by the hope of victory. Finally I reassured him, wondering myself to what extent I was right. France is in such misery that it hardly can be worse; unless real

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starvation comes, we cannot suffer more.

August 31. — At last this is the end of August. Quick, quick, let the months pass by and let the dawn of our liberation come. I have stood the suffering of our defeat; shall I stand the joy of our recovered liberty? There are quite a few "young" ones of my age, here, who ask themselves that question, so completely has our miserable heart lost the habit of being content.

An industrialist from Paris says that the Germans are going to empty the country like an eggshell; no doubt of it; but our soil, to which the soles of our shoes are stuck (our wooden shoes), will be enough for us to make a new start with a fresh courage.

September 3. — I suspect my grocer to be a collaborationist. The rations become more and more meager (125 grams of oil, 200 of butter, 500 of sugar, 140 of something that contains 20 grams of coffee, and that is all for one month). No more noodles, cheese, rice, etc. When he hands me my share, instead of complaining I exclaim: "All that! I who thought there would be nothing this month! How kind he (Hitler) is to us!" The man does not know whether I am joking or not; and his wife adds: "At least *you* understand things; *you* know we can do nothing." And I return the answer of the peasant: "Yes, Madame, let us get used to misery, because if that regime lasts, it will last also." I feel that the logic irritates them.

September 15. — The eleventh was the anniversary of the death of Guynemer, the famous French aviator; the speaker of "our" radio, usually so sleepy, awoke to tell us about the hero; indeed, that breath from France, for a few minutes, seemed so pure that we felt vivified. During the day we met with "Did you 'see' Guynemer?" and we laughed thinking of that flame hidden at the bottom of our heart, rising at the first occasion. To the occupying forces, it was all Greek; that has nothing to do with their mentality. There you have the only happiness we have left: to meet somebody who thinks like us. I went to the attorney's the other day; it did not take me long to see that he had my ideas; then what an outburst of talk, always the same. He has *Mein Kampf* in the complete edition and lends it willingly, to give those who read it a foretaste of the amenities in store for them. We left each other with a transformed face.

But a wind of hope is blowing these days, because of the halting of Rommel in Egypt. D. the chimneyman, who had analyzed the situation so well at the time of the declaration of war from Japan to the United States, is entirely confident about the final issue. It is among these people that you find the soundest views; probably because they judge with their common sense, in all simplicity. How I admire these people who work with their hands, and whose clarity of vision no propaganda can ever obscure. They simply answer to the deceitful insinuations: Go ahead, keep on talking. But D. is not cautious enough; at the hour of the foreign broadcast, his radio set, very selective and powerful, can be heard in full blast through the open window, on the National Road, without the least tuning down; his modest position protects him against suspicion, but he should think of his son and his son-in-law ready to fire for our liberation.

September 20. — I return from the nine o'clock Mass; soon we shall hardly see enough to go to church at that time since nine will be seven the whole winter long. The Germans, who wish us to keep the most execrable memory of their passage, do not neglect a thing to that result. Of course this is nothing beside the executions, the number of which is increasing. You heard about that bomb which exploded at the Rex, that famous motion-picture house on the Champs Élysées where I never went. Its colossal appearance was to please those gentlemen as a temple fit for their reunions. In short, the bomb made one dead and several wounded, for whom we shall have to pay.

They expect a hard winter here. But what else can we do but suffer, when we cannot defend ourselves. If countries, as individuals, grow through trial, ours will be immense, after the war. But we must learn how to suffer with profit.

(*No further letters have been received from Madame X, mail to the United States being now prohibited.* — THE EDITOR)

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WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO JUMP

by GEORGE GOODRIDGE

1

7.30 — Company F, First Parachute Training Regiment, falls into formation in coveralls and with helmets. In fifteen minutes we are at the airport — fog this morning thick as English plum pudding. Our company jumps after Company E. We've got some time to kill.

8.30 — They take us for a short hike through a stretch of Georgian wastes. Good idea, we think. Keeps us on the move. Keeps us from fretting and fidgeting too much. We're given a fifteen-minute break. A crap game starts. Lose my spare change — twenty cents. The fellows are scattered in groups along the roadside. Conversational bits gleaned from random groups: "I read of a man that kept two wives for forty-six years." "Can't go home if I fail — all my friends and folks know I've got to jump to qualify." "The door of the plane is on the left side." "You're crazy as hell, man — it's on the right side." The groups fall silent. Only crap game bets are audible. They march us back to the hangars.

9.07 — The sergeant bellows out our numbers: 65, 66, 67, 68 — that's me. These are the bin numbers of our chutes. We line up accordingly and are divided into groups of twenty-four — a plane load. On the "double" to fetch our chutes. I have managed to keep cool and nonchalant up to this point; but things are going a bit awry — my legs aren't coöperating at all; my kneecaps twitch in the most unusual manner.

9.30 — We don our chutes. A group has already marched off to the runway to board a plane. Several are warming up. A hell of a racket. Chutes are inspected — both main and reserve. In front of my group are several others also ready and waiting. "Jump jitters," or call it what you will, has crept into me from head to foot. The plastic helmets we wear are passed on from one jumping class to another; they bear many souvenir scratchings. Can spot "Jump happy" on one, "Don't freeze" on another, and several sets of initials on practically every one of them. Here comes a plane ready to land. Another one's taking off. Her chalk name is "Too Late Now, Fuzzy-Ball." Hager and Higbee on my left are chatting away like a couple of washerwomen. Staunch men I call 'em. Gossert (nineteen years old) sits on my right — he's smoking and keeping strong silence. Everyone seems a lot cooler than I am. A group of twenty-four men wait at the runway for the next plane. Four sparrows loop by with a swish.

Hello! There's Patton on deck. He was picked up by M.P.'s eighty-seven miles from Fort Benning and locked up on two charges — he had no pass and was high-spirited. We, on the benches, are mighty quiet. Beg pardon, some sturdy soul pipes "Glory Hallelujah." It peters out — no choral support. Rescued one of those vest-pocket novels from a pile of barracks rubbish this A.M. Brought it along to help pass the time. I reach for it under my saddle straps and what do you suppose the title is? — *The Light That Failed*, by Kipling. Stop right there. My neighbors think the incident highly amusing. I think otherwise.

After being refused by both the Army and the Navy Air Corps, GEORGE GOODRIDGE, Wesleyan '38, was drafted and entered the Army on November 5, 1941. Eleven months later he graduated as a full-fledged paratrooper and is now ready for foreign service.

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9.50 — The "Linda Lou" swallows up a waiting group. She's off! Happy landing! The twenty-four men in front of us march off to a waiting plane. "Hey, Chuck, take it easy." "Good luck, fellows," from us to them. Looks like our turn next. It's swell jumping weather — hot sun and, best of all, very little wind.

9.57 — My group's off to the runway. The "Fogcutter" will accommodate us. Ye gods! Be still, my heart, be still. She turns about — her whirling props smother us with dust. No, it won't be the "Fogcutter" — she's scooting off empty. (Didn't like her anyway; patches all over the sides.) "How do you feel, Gohl?" I ask a near-by buddy. "Fine — just like a picnic," comes the answer. (I wonder.) "How about you, Haines?" "Feel like hell." "Hermantz, how about you?" He holds up his shaking hands and remarks, "I ain't sayin'." We can see them dropping from the plane. Looks so easy.

Waiting, waiting, waiting. Minutes seem like a noose around our necks. It's loose at first; but then it tightens and we've got to ease the pressure by running a finger inside the collar. There's Sergeant Burton, my parachute packing instructor, toting a portable wireless set, keeping in touch with the pilots aloft. Here comes our plane now! She's that "Too Late Now, Fuzzy-Ball." The men climb up her small ladder. The engines blow a windy hell. Golly! she's a big ship.

10.10 — We sit facing each other — twelve men on each side. I'm in the second group to jump. I strap my helmet on tighter. The plane rolls easily to the other end. Engines roar up a storm . . . she's speeding up . . . we're off the ground with a swoop. Don't feel any sensation of flying.

The jumpmaster (a sergeant) bellows out instructions: "After you stand to the door, each one of you jumps when I say 'Go.' The sooner you get to the door, the sooner you get out. If you don't go out, I'll help you. Anybody who stays in his seat and doesn't jump, walks out of this plane barefooted — with boots in his hand." Very little talking. Cigarettes light up.

The jumpmaster again: "Don't slide out of the door — you'll get hurt." The faces of the men look taut and strained. Their eyes are open, but they see nothing. Wonder what my face looks like. This is the time that tries a man's soul — waiting to jump after boarding the plane. My body is ice-cold. Can hear my heart thumping. My lips are bone-dry. Only my toes seem alive — they're wiggling and straining against the boots. "How do you feel, Haines?" I yell to a fellow on the other side. "Boy, I'm sure sweating this one out." Spoken for all of us. "How do you feel, Patton?" No reply — he just shakes his knees. The tenseness is terrific.

We seem to be waiting for an explosion from somewhere. Gardiner and Garrett in my group compare hands — both shake. "Everybody happy?" yells the jumpmaster. "Yeah," comes the universal reply. He adjusts his goggles, squats at the door, and eyes the ground for the marker. When the plane approaches this mark, things happen. Suddenly — "First squad, stand up! Hook up!" Twelve men rise like a shot and hook static line snap fasteners on cable. Their eyes are absolutely motionless. They seem to stare at everything and yet at nothing. "Check your equipment." Each man mechanically examines the pack of the man in front of him. "Sound off equipment check!" "Number 12 O.K."; "Number 11 O.K."; and so on to the Number 1 man. Jumpmaster's helper also inspects the chutes — especially the static line fastener and the man's hold on it. "Stand to the door." The twelve men close up — Number 1 has head and hands outside the door. What a look on his face! Like that of a man completely lost. Crouched, he seems ossified from some sort of inner terror. Yet nothing will stop him. His lips are parted. Eyes wide, staring straight ahead.

10.15 — "Are you ready?" pipes the jumpmaster. "Yeah." A slight tremor runs through the group. They move just a fraction of an inch. "Relax men — back up." Plane overshot the marker; must make another circuit. The twelve men seem to crumple and melt. Their bodies act alive again. More torturous waiting for them. The extra plane ride is terrific punishment.

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"Settle down, men," the jumpmaster booms. I look out the window behind me for the first time. The autumnal colors, brown, red, green, mauve, gray, yellow — they're all down there 1500 feet; a mass of blended beauty.

10.17 — The twelve men remain standing and hooked up. "Are you ready?" "Yeah." "Stand to the door." Twelve robots close up. "Remember, men — go when I say 'Go.'" "O.K. Go! Go! Go!" Twelve men shuffle up to the door, pivot on right foot, and are gone in about nine seconds. Can spot twelve bulging canopies bearing twelve happy men to the ground. Our turn next. I fidget, adjust my helmet. Wish I never started taking notes. Plane makes another circuit to get us over the marker. My heart stopped beating a long time ago. Jumpmaster squats at door, eyes ground. "Are you ready?" "Yeah," as usual. "Stand up! Hook up!" That means me too. See you 1500 feet below.

2

How did I feel when I jumped from the plane? That's a tough one to answer. I'm no Wilde or De Quincey. I yelled "Hal" the instant I jumped (this is the name of my guardian, to whom I dedicated my first jump). I know my eyes and mouth were wide open. I didn't count 1000, 2000, 3000 as I was supposed to, was not conscious of the fact that I had a body with arms and legs falling into space. I was dead except for my mind, which was concentrating on and waiting for the opening shock. Over my head I could hear the swish of silk. The prop lash and ninety miles an hour speed of the plane waste no time in whipping out the canopy, filling it the instant the static line rips the cover off the pack and releases it. The canopy filled with a jerk and for a moment I had no idea which end of me was up.

And let me tell you, my good people, when I looked up and saw that bulging heaven of silk over my head, every nerve in me tingled with sheer joy. Joy, not so much because the chute opened and checked my descent, but rather because I had the guts to say, "To hell with everything. Here I go" — and came out on top. A thousand million imps inside me had all yelled, "Don't be a fool. Don't jump!" over and over again. Call them what you will, — imps, elves, or devils, — they were there, as many a fellow who "freezes" at the door will tell you. Yet I was able to brush them aside and jump. This is the chief basis for my sweep of joy and that of the other twenty-three men who said, "To hell with everything — here I go." I can proudly call myself a man. Seldom in a man's life will he ever experience anything so momentous, so all-enveloping, so downright thrilling as a parachute jump from a plane.

The descent itself is a decided anticlimax even if it can't be called "duck soup." An eight-mile ground wind will raise merry hell with a man's body position just before landing and make him hit pretty hard. We all like to have the wind behind us so that we land in position to make a neat front tumble and so eliminate most of the shock. But then, we can't have this war dependent upon the ground wind most suitable for the landing of paratroopers.

As for the chute's not opening, this is, or ought to be, the least of our worries. Our chutes are well-nigh foolproof. I pity the paratrooper who doesn't have the utmost confidence in his chute. Chances are he'll quit eventually or else his existence will be a mental hell before each jump. Sometimes a malfunction occurs — such as one or two suspension lines settling over the canopy, thereby spilling a lot of air and causing a dangerously fast rate of descent. In most cases, the jumper can shake the lines loose. If this doesn't work, he's got his reserve chute right handy. If both the main and reserve chutes don't open — well, we are told to encircle the field three times and prepare for a crash landing.

In conclusion, if any of you folks have a friend who suffers from a nagging wife, a host of creditors, or a bad case of asthma, tell him to go to his nearest Paratroop Post and persuade the Commanding Officer there to let him make a parachute jump. It will make a new man of him — reborn, rejuvenated, and immensely proud of himself.

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SPY AT WORK

by JON B. JANSEN *and* STEFAN WEYL

1

"Underground work is a contest between the police and the revolutionaries; the smartest side wins."

That is the way a veteran of the Russian underground movement put it and he was right. The first essential of political activity under a dictatorship is not to be caught, not to be arrested. That may sound easy, but more than average intelligence, superior tenacity, and a high standard of self-discipline are required, only to fulfill this first prerequisite of not being caught.

We had a man in our organization in Berlin, a student at the university and still very young, who was the son of a well-to-do and respectable businessman. There were groups of young people at his house two or three times a week. They danced and chattered; often there was a bottle of wine. When he was at home the telephone rang constantly, mostly girls and young men of his own age calling up to make appointments or ask about mutual friends, all perfectly natural and innocent. In short, this student was one of our most valuable contact men.

In 1935 the film, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, was playing in Berlin, the famous story of an aristocrat and dandy, whose chief concern in life seemed to be his personal appearance, but who, on the side, was the leader of a secret organization to save French aristocrats who had been condemned to death.

It happened that it was the birthday of one of the servants who had been with our friend's family for twenty years. To celebrate the occasion, he took her to see *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. After the picture she said: "These movies are so fantastic and incredible. I'd as soon believe that you are involved in some dark conspiracy."

The fact was that he was involved in a "conspiracy" but he was a good conspirator. A person who had known him for years, who lived in the same house, had no idea what was behind the activities in which he was openly engaged under her very nose.

In fact, the term "underground" is completely misleading. It belongs to a time long past, if it is not completely a figment of the imagination of writers of fiction. Hidden vaults, the faint glimmer of candlelight, trap doors, sinister plotters with false beards, are all very well in the movies. In the sober reality of the Third Reich one would not get very far with such trappings. A prosaic office in a large office building is much safer than a romantic dungeon.

You can't hide from the scientific surveillance of a modern police state, but you can mislead the police. And the best way to mislead them is to live as conventionally and as openly as possible. The more you resemble a normal everyday citizen in every respect, the less likely you are to be suspected. And as long as you do not arouse suspicion and scrupulously observe a long series of rules of caution, you may be able to carry on underground work for years on end. Once you are suspected, even catacombs will not help.

Jon B. Jansen and Stefan Weyl are the pen names of two refugees now living in America and wishing to protect their relatives in Germany. Jansen was a metal worker active in his union and a leader among the young Social Democrats when Hitler came to power. Weyl had just completed his work for a degree in science. Both joined the underground movement and were active agents for several years before Germany got too hot for them. They have now collaborated in the writing of a book, *The Silent War*, which Lippincott is publishing.

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Thus, the first law of underground work is: Lead a normal life. Maintain in all circumstances the appearance that you are the same as other people, that you have an ordinary job, the usual family ties, friends, interest, habits. Be one among many.

2

But an underground worker is not "the same as other people" and he doesn't lead a "normal life." That is only on the surface. Every move that he makes must be thought out in advance. The innumerable little acts of everyday life that for others are a matter of course, he must consider and plan carefully. It is only on rare occasions that conspiratorial activity involves unusual daring or exciting deeds — but it always requires iron self-control, keeping little things constantly in mind, a continual war against the natural inclination to do the usual and the most convenient thing.

For example, you get up early in the morning to go to the subway station during the rush hour in order to make a short telephone call without attracting attention, although it would have been infinitely easier to make that phone call from home. Or you spend two hours traveling from one end of Berlin to the other, in order to give a friend a short message in person, although it would have taken only a minute to tell him over the telephone. Or you always keep the illegal material on which you are working in a safer house than yours and never give in to the temptation to keep it at home overnight, to save a long streetcar ride in the cold. To do these things day in and day out, year after year, never allowing yourself to think, "Nothing will happen this once" — that is the reality of conspiratorial work.

You must make a habit of punctuality. If the man you are to meet has to wait on the street corner for five minutes, he may arouse suspicion. If you miss him because you are late, it may be days before you can reach him by way of intermediaries — the homes of important underground functionaries must be kept strictly secret. Such a delay can have dire results.

Whenever you are engaged in work connected with the underground — an errand, a meeting with a friend — you must have a plausible explanation ready in case you are questioned. We had strict agenda for every meeting of two or more people. The first five minutes were spent deciding what the persons present would say if questioned about their reasons for being together and the nature of their contacts with each other. Birthdays and similar occasions were used when, contrary to usual practice, we wanted to bring a rather large group of people together. Once one of our members postponed his wedding for four weeks so that it could be held on a day when two of our important contact people from another city could come to Berlin. No journey could be made without providing a convincing "legal" excuse.

Our most important members had to devote all their energies to underground work, and did not have time for regular jobs on the side. However, you can't appear a normal citizen without a regular occupation. One of our leading men was an agent for an insurance company. That gave him an excuse to travel around the city, and if he was caught in a tight place he could always explain that he was selling a policy. Another member was a taxi driver and for a long time he was one of our best couriers. Another hung out his shingle as a genealogist. Genealogy is a respectable profession much in demand in the Third Reich, where everyone has to prove his Aryan ancestry. A genealogist or his assistant might easily have to make journeys into the provinces.

One of our underground "offices" was the home of a girl who happened to live near a large public swimming pool. Her chief associate went swimming every day, all summer long, so that after her swim she could have a cup of coffee with her friend. She carried the illegal papers needed for their business in the hem of her bathing robe. They were on "silk" paper and so she was relatively safe in case she was searched on the streets or in the subway.

The hobbies of our members also served organizational purposes. Underground workers joined philatelist societies and amateur photography clubs so that they could meet with other members without arousing suspicion.

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Even if he is ill, a member of an underground group cannot allow himself the privileges of the ordinary citizen. One evening a message came from one of our friends, who had been sick for some time, that he must see one of our leading members immediately. The trouble was that his illness had been diagnosed as acute appendicitis and he had to be operated on the same night. As an important official of the underground movement, he knew many names and addresses by heart; he had just remembered that once before under an anesthetic he had told wild stories for hours on end. He was terrified that this time he would give away important secrets, and didn't dare to go to one of the big hospitals for the operation as his physician had arranged. It was not simple, on a couple of hours' notice, to find a reliable physician who would agree to perform the operation safely in his private clinic.

But the most painstaking observance of the rules of conspiracy and the greatest conceivable foresight do not in themselves make an underground worker. He must at the same time be willing to let any rule go by the board, to attempt anything if the circumstances demand and the end to be achieved seems worth the risk. He must be able to make the decision himself whether to undertake the action in question. In making a decision, he cannot forget for an instant that not only his life, but even the very existence of the organization, may be the price if he makes a mistake. An underground functionary has often to make crucial decisions without any opportunity to consult his friends.

For example, he may have to decide at a moment's notice whether he should enter a house, about which he isn't sure, to warn an important man that the Gestapo is looking for him, knowing the while that the Gestapo may be waiting behind the door. He may have been sent from Berlin to Cologne on a special mission for the underground organization. Arrived in Cologne, he may learn that a potentially important contact can be made for the organization if he travels to Essen before returning to Berlin. His orders were to go to Cologne only; he alone can decide. If he goes to Essen, he is acting on his own and not in accordance with his orders; he may be running into some unforeseeable complication that will have grave consequences; on the other hand, if he does not go, he may be passing up an opportunity which he will not have again. All too frequently, a responsible underground representative has to decide on the spot whether or not a given person is to be trusted. Often one has no choice but to be guided by a hunch and to hope for luck.

Many of us really did have good luck. There is the story of the time the Gestapo knocked on the wrong door in an apartment house. For hours they searched the home of a completely innocent man while our friend, whom they were really after, heard the disturbance next door, realized what was up, and was able to flee. One of the girls in our organization was searched twice on the streets by Storm Troopers looking for illegal documents. The first time, she had the documents hidden under half a dozen eggs in a paper sack of groceries. The Storm Trooper was so afraid of breaking the eggs that he didn't find the papers. The second time, the Storm Troopers were satisfied with a careful search of her briefcase, with nothing in it but books from the Public Library. In her coat pocket they would have found quite different things.

In underground work accidents are numerous and unpredictable. A courier is hurt in an automobile accident; illegal material is found on him. A man feels so safe that he doesn't learn an address by heart, but writes it on a piece of paper and is arrested with it. In a dangerous situation a man loses his head and puts a suitcase full of incriminating material in a lake without weighting it down sufficiently; later the papers are washed up on the shore and given to the Gestapo. Or a man is burning incriminating documents in his fireplace, and a half-burned piece goes up the chimney and falls on the street.

3

It would be a bad conspirator, indeed, who did not rely on his luck. But, in principle, the rule must be to exclude chance as much as possible; not to depend on your guardian angel, but to develop methods of work

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which will enable you to prove smartest in the contest with the police. That is largely a technical problem. The same rules apply in the underground fight against the police of a totalitarian regime as apply in war. Just as it is absurd to try to fight tanks and dive bombers with shotguns, it is absurd to try to combat the power machine of a modern state, equipped with the best scientific techniques, with the obsolete arsenal of the conspirator of fiction.

Such methods of communication as invisible ink belong in a museum, not because all chemical combinations are known — at the beginning of our activity one of our members, a chemist, worked out an especially good formula which is still not known to the Gestapo — but what good are such things? When examined before a quartz lamp — a matter of course in every modern police laboratory — any paper will yield its secrets. Every secret ink falls down when tested with iodine vapor in a vacuum. The careful use of secret inks was some protection during the early days of the Nazis, but as the Gestapo perfected their technical facilities and enlarged their experience we had to abandon these methods.

Our solution of the problem of communications was microphotography. Several of our members became enthusiastic amateur photographers, and it was possible to rig up a private studio and darkroom in one of their homes. Eventually we were able to reproduce on a piece of film, measuring one-half inch by one inch, four, six, even eight typewritten pages. In this way long letters and reports of all kinds found their way over the frontiers, rolled up, sewed up, or soldered, in an amazing variety of objects. Because of the information we were able to get out of Germany in this way, our office abroad was able to supply the material published in *Inside Germany Reports* in the United States and in similar publications in various democratic countries of Europe. Organizational problems between the groups inside and outside the country could be dealt with adequately, and at the same time precious information was being transmitted in the same way to the isolated groups inside Germany.

One has to be ingenious and constantly discover new places to hide the material. Once the films were packed in a Teddy bear which was sent as a Christmas present to a little girl in Prague, but she, thrilled with the new toy, cried bitterly when the grown-ups eager for the news inside tore her Teddy bear's head off. One time we had to hold up for twenty-four hours the trip our secretary abroad was making to Berlin, because at the last moment, while she was packing, it was discovered that in bathing she had inadvertently used the sponge in which the report she was to take with her had been buried. Nothing was left of the film but a sticky mess. The photographer swore because he had to do his work over again, but "the packer" was justly proud. If even his fellow conspirators couldn't recognize the suspicious object, he was doing all right.

To avoid any device that could arouse suspicion was the fundamental principle that guided us in the use of codes. There are innumerable books about code systems, and there are codes without number that would have been adequate for our purposes — that is, codes that to all intents and purposes were proof against solution by the uninitiated. But our problem was to find a code which could not be recognized as such. The Gestapo would leave no means untried to find the key to a coded list of names and addresses. We know how many means are at their disposal — nothing could be worse than to have them find the key to such a crucial document.

After months of experiment we developed a system by which we could reduce our information to the form of tables of scientific data, such as a natural scientist might use. One of the girls in the organization was assigned solely to the task of keeping these tables up to date. Day after day she made complicated numerical computations, and in decimals and fractions we had an undecipherable record of names and addresses in Germany and outside, times and places of appointments, and other indispensable information.

A few weeks before the war started, friends in the underground in Germany succeeded in sending a pamphlet nearly a hundred pages long to their friends abroad. They had taken

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endless pains to assemble the material for this pamphlet, because they hoped it would give a real insight into the nature of National Socialism. Once the pamphlet was written, it had to be copied carefully on the kind of paper required for a good reproduction, with attention to margins, the absence of erasures, and other details. Then it had to be photographed in miniature with a homemade apparatus and the precious film concealed and sent abroad by a reliable courier. That was during the time of the Polish crisis. In order to warn the world of the enemy they knew so intimately from their own experience, these men and women of the underground worked for weeks in constant danger of their lives.

One day the police came to the apartment where one of our secret photographic studios was located, because they suspected that counterfeit currency was being manufactured there. The man whose apartment it was — in private life a division chief in a large firm — had sent his secretary to the bank to deposit money and some of the bills were found to be counterfeit.

4

Of course, that was pure chance. But our lives and our work depended on chance. We endeavored to plan exactly and to take advantage of the best scientific techniques. But almost all our efforts to achieve the maximum in technical perfection failed for one reason, lack of money.

We knew just how we should go about setting up photographic studios and offices. We knew the kind of storage places that would be safest for illegal papers. But we didn't have the money to do what we wanted. We used to envy the spies in novels. They always had the finest technical equipment; money miraculously seemed no object when the transmission of even the smallest military secret or the most insignificant court intrigue was involved. On the other hand, we who were fighting against a real enemy, whom we already knew to be the enemy of all, couldn't even approximate the technical facilities available to an ordinary money smuggler.

Professional smugglers, most of whom were working purely for financial gain, were in a better position than we. For example, every time a smuggler had a job to do he could employ skilled workmen to insert secret pockets in new suitcases. He could purchase any kind of special aid he wanted for his work. Of course, even the most skillfully contrived secret pocket is not 100 per cent safe, but such methods would be protection enough if one was not already under suspicion. And during the first years after 1933 it was those foreign exchange smugglers who drove the Gestapo to greater watchfulness and thoroughness and thus forced us to find more and more complicated tricks for our own conspiratorial work. But we didn't have the great sums of money that many of these people had. Month after month, we had to use the same toilet accessories bag till it began to look suspicious because of the many times it had been opened and sewed up again. A new one would have cost five dollars and that was a lot of money for us.

Most of the members of the underground organizations were workers. It is well known that the wages paid in the Third Reich are small. Moreover, during the first years of the Nazi regime there was still much unemployment. Our people contributed what they could, but it wasn't much. Intellectuals and professional men with larger incomes who were in sympathy with our work, especially those who were Jewish, left the country in the first months and years of the Hitler regime. Moreover, it should be remembered that anyone found guilty of contributing money to underground work was seriously punished. In the early years of general uncertainty and anxiety it required real courage to have anything at all to do with a person whom one suspected of membership in the underground movement.

To give him money seemed much too dangerous for most people. No one was willing to go to a well-to-do friend and say: "I am a member of an underground organization. Will you give me some money for our work?" Ordinary methods of raising money were eliminated, first on grounds of secrecy, and second, because people able to give considerable amounts would have nothing to do with the underground movement. Only for sup-

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port of the families of arrested men did we find it relatively easy to collect money. It was impossible ever to make a proper budget or to count on having specific funds in hand. For this reason alone, time and again, carefully prepared plans had to be discarded.

No underground organization can maintain itself on its own strength alone, nor ever could. It must depend on financial help from outside. The underground movement in Germany was supported from abroad. But there were substantial differences in this respect between the various groups.

5

The greatest danger to the underground groups came from those who broke down after arrest and turned state's evidence. Sometimes the police forced such people to do jobs for them — perhaps take a trip, visit certain people, or write a letter. Such people are not spies. They are usually decent average people who simply are not strong enough to resist the threats and torture of the Gestapo. Anyone who has ever fallen into Gestapo hands knows that it is impossible to say in advance with certainty how one will hold up under torture. You cannot vouch for yourself beforehand, and it is even less possible to vouch for your friends. The real and the only test will come in the Gestapo's chamber. If a member of an underground organization does not stand this test, it is usually too late for his colleagues to defend themselves. Only too frequently, through their merciless torture, the secret police were able to destroy whole groups.

It was a case like this that came within a hair's breadth of wiping out all the most important people in our Munich group. A courier had gone from Munich to Cologne. As customary, it was agreed that word of his arrival would be sent back immediately. Several days passed with no news, and the Munich group had to assume that Neumann — the courier — had been arrested. The usual precautions for such an emergency were taken by the group: all the people whose names were known to him retired from active work, were "isolated." No one could be sure how Neumann would stand up under questioning, and certainly no one could know what the Gestapo would do. Several of our Munich members had to go into hiding. One man had to give up his job.

About a week after his disappearance Neumann turned up in Munich again at the home of one of his friends, a man who had only a distant connection with the organization but knew a number of the active members personally.

Neumann told this story. Just before the train arrived at Cologne, he had been arrested with others in a Gestapo raid. However, in the crowd at the Cologne railroad station he had been able to get away from his captors. He had gone into hiding for several days and now had to flee from Germany. He asked the man to put him in touch with one of our local functionaries — we shall call him Wiener — who would give him money and tell him how to get over the border.

The message was sent on to Wiener and he discussed the matter with the other members of the Munich committee. They were suspicious of Neumann's story. It was decided that Wiener should not see Neumann, but that money and the necessary information should be given him in a roundabout and safer way. An appointment was made, but Neumann did not show up.

The next day one of our people happened to see him on the street. He was with two men, unmistakably agents of the Gestapo. The committee members had been quite right in their caution. It was apparent that Neumann had "broken down."

The situation was very disagreeable and, to make it worse, that same evening Neumann came again to his friend and told a fantastic story about why he had not been able to keep the appointment to get his money. Again he asked to be put in touch with Wiener.

The leading committee of the group had a difficult decision to make. Apparently Neumann had not yet given in entirely to the Gestapo; he appeared to be trying to gain time. If the group refused to have anything to do with Neumann, and did not help him to escape, then he would have to continue down the path on which he had already started. In that case the fate of the entire

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Munich group was sealed; little as Neumann knew about the leading personalities in the group and their present addresses, he knew too much. But if someone went to meet Neumann, he was risking immediate arrest.

The final decision was to take the risk. The plan, after careful preparations, was to get Neumann to come to a certain place, ostensibly to meet important people of the group, and when he got there to take him across the border, whether he liked it or not.

This kidnaping scheme worked. We cannot tell the details, but one of the reasons it was successful was the professional jealousy that existed between the Cologne Gestapo and the Munich Gestapo. They had entirely different sets of plans for Neumann. One group wanted to make a series of immediate arrests with his help, and the other wanted first to observe the organization over a period of time so that they could find out about as many members as possible. Our friends profited by this conflict. Luck like that was unusual. As a rule, a "Neumann case" led to the destruction of an entire group.

To repeat: our real danger was not from spies and not from renegades. The chief enemy of underground work is the inadequacy of the human being, the very banal fact that one is dealing with people and not with perfect material. That is why it is so tremendously important that underground leaders have a knowledge and understanding of people. The rules of conspiracy have to be maintained, but at the same time the confidence of the members must be won and kept by a reciprocal show of trust in them. Iron discipline is required, but the initiative of the individual must not be destroyed.

Sometimes it is necessary to tell a new member more than might seem proper according to pure conspiratorial principles, just to demonstrate that you trust him. If you know that a friend or colleague has come under Gestapo suspicion, you cannot simply drop him, although the safety of the group may seem to demand that contacts be discontinued. You must use tact and consideration, not just suddenly isolate him completely from the organization which probably was the most important thing in his life, or he will become bitter and depressed and will be lost to you forever.

What about safety first? Of course. But the surest way of avoiding trouble and arrest is to do nothing. The maximum observance of the rules of conspiracy is often identical with complete passivity. Everything that you do in underground work, sooner or later, leads to danger. You cannot escape from this circle.

You can conceive of a perfect underground organization, but you cannot achieve one. Time and again, reality will destroy your best plans, and stubborn dogmatic adherence to a perfect organizational scheme will lead to ruin just as certainly as will negligence in observing rules.

The underground organizations had to learn how to survive the blows of a much stronger enemy, to carry on after the heaviest losses. No one was spared the terrible fate of seeing his friends go to prison or to their deaths because of his own mistakes. There is not one underground group that can boast that it never had an "accident" in the course of its work. Many groups were completely destroyed by the Gestapo. Yet others, in spite of arrests in their ranks, succeeded in reorganizing and maintaining the continuity of their work.

Through bitter experience, the underground workers had to learn that there was no absolute safety for them. As a German revolutionary once said before a military tribunal, they are "dead men on leave." Anyone who works underground in Germany — not one who simply reads an occasional leaflet and passes it on, but anyone who pits his entire strength in the fight against the Nazi regime — knows that his space of life is limited. Two years, three years — perhaps, in an exceptional case, five years. The underground workers in Nazi Germany know that most of them will not be able to escape their fate. Nevertheless, there have always been men and women who were ready to take up the unequal fight and carry on.

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THE LITTLE LOCKSMITH

by KATHARINE BUTLER HATHAWAY

17

LOVE laughs at locksmiths. The adage had a twisted and a rueful meaning for me. I thought that Love laughed at me because my body was shaped like the locksmith's.

When we were all young there was much gay talk and speculation concerning the current love affairs and the probable sentimental fate of my brothers and sister and their friends, but nobody ever said, "When Katharine gets married . . ." or "Why hasn't Kitty got a beau yet?" I lived inside my cage, close to the others, among them, touching them, laughing and talking with them, yet by an unspoken understanding it was taken for granted that I was not to have what was apparently considered the most important experience in grown-up life. Nobody ever put this feeling into words. Nobody explained the reason why. The reason was so obvious that no explanation was necessary. The reason was there in every mirror for me to see.

Sometimes a worm will sew a stitch in a young leaf, and even though the leaf may partly unfold, and partly grow and live, it will always be a crumpled and imperfect leaf. My body, like the leaf, represented that mysterious element of imperfection in nature which allows the worm to maim the leaf; I represented the flaw which exists side by side with a design which appears to be flawless. Because the worm had sewed a stitch in me and made me forever crumpled, I belonged to the fantastic company of the queer, the maimed, the unfit. It was understood that I could not play a part in the ordained dance of love, in obedience to the design. I was obliged, therefore, in a certain sense, to skip in my life all the years and all the force and strength which other women gave to love and to the bearing of children — to become, while I was still young and joyous, the equivalent of an old woman, a detached, sexless, meditative observer.

Because I knew nothing at all about the psychology or the physiology of sex I never connected my deprivation and the silence which surrounded it with the almost intolerable malaise that I felt continually when I was young. I didn't know what was the matter with me. I only knew that my body never felt at rest, my mind never peaceful. I didn't feel at home in human life. I observed that there was a simple mindless ease and contentment which appeared to be the normal condition of other people. Things happened to them; they were worried and distressed by their difficulties, but they were always at home. They talked, worked, worried, did errands and planned meals, and everything they did came natural to them as if, by an instinct I did not possess, they trusted and understood something that was behind it all. And when they were not worried or busy they could always sink at once into a pleasant relaxation of body and mind.

They could listen to rain and be deliciously lulled. I would listen to the divine pouring of rain on a spring night and wonder, in

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It was with sadness that the *Atlantic* learned of the death of its contributor, KATHARINE BUTLER HATHAWAY. On Christmas Eve the heart which had borne her so valiantly in her long struggle against invalidism was still. Her autobiography, of which this is the fifth installment, will be published this spring. In it she tells of her childhood in Salem and of that magical self-possession which was hers when she came to live in Castine, Maine. The *Atlantic* has published approximately two fifths of the book to come.

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silent terror, if nothing was ever going to soothe me, ever going to make me feel quiet and easy in the world. If the beautiful sound of the rain's lullaby could not lull me, nor my soft bed and my family's love for me, I felt that I must be incurable. I remember two particular times when something made that feeling of despair cut into me so deep that it left a scar. The wound healed long ago, but the mark remains in my memory of those two things.

We went down the river in our canoe, my brother Warren and I, one afternoon in early spring, when the first thing happened. Canoeing was one of my brother's favorite recreations and he liked to have me go with him. After he had paddled for a little while that day he drove the canoe against the bank and we got out and sat on the soft ground. It was the first warm day in April, the first time we had sat out of doors and smelled again the curious sharp smell of the spring earth and felt the sun so warm. I ought to have been able to enjoy it. I ought to have felt an immediate response to it in my bones and flesh and nerves and mind, the way every other human being in the world, I believed, except me could do. But even with the sweet sun on my face and with my fingers touching that fragrant earth, I was still tormented. The powerful anesthetic of nature could not work on me and make me forget my chronic malady. It only made it more painful than usual.

I sat up, stiff and shy, near my brother. I watched him. I could see how he was responding. To him the spring sun on his body was like a magnetic and beloved hand that had come back after being gone for a very long time away from him. When he turned to look at me he blinked his eyelashes with a lazy, enjoying smile as the sun's humorous fingers played over his face. He was a happy animal, in harmony with the earth and at home there. His smile showed me that he was in the secret.

Oh, why, why couldn't I be in the secret, too? I could only watch him and sedulously pretend that I too felt at home. As usual I tried to conceal my despair. My queer suffering meant that I was an uninitiated outsider in human life; it made me ashamed and I would have done anything I could to pretend not to be. I stretched out on the ground, pretending to be easy and relaxed, while I was perpetually wondering if I should ever in all my life find anything to do with the huge tormenting, pushing load of passion that was in my chest.

My brother spoke to me, almost in a whisper.

"Look!" he said. I followed his glance. A big turtle was lying on the bank quite close to us, just beyond my brother. He was staring at it, and he motioned to me to move nearer so that I could see. I crept around close to the turtle, and stretched out on my stomach and leaned on my elbows. The turtle lay with her hind part at the edge of a smooth hole in the earth. She had dug the hole and shaped it to suit her purpose. It was a small opening like a tunnel that led down into a round shallow room below. A little heap of earth lay beside the hole. She had made her preparations and now she waited, utterly still. We waited, with our bodies still, scarcely breathing, and our eyes intent.

Presently an egg dropped down the tunnel. Then we saw her stretch a hind foot slowly out and reach down into the little cave and place the egg just as she wished it to lie. There followed a long interval during which we all were still. With no haste, no motion, no struggle, with only a deep, deep stillness and tranquillity, she waited. Then she dropped another egg into the earth. Again her skillful hind foot came out from under her shell and reached down and rolled the egg into place.

I envied the mother turtle. It was an envy that hurt me so much that I have never forgotten it. Unlike me, she was submitting mindlessly, in tremendous leisure, to the great tranquil scheme that contained her and governed her. I couldn't imagine any happiness to match it. We lay and watched her for perhaps two hours, until the last egg had fallen into the hole. Then we saw the knowing hind foot reach out and with delicate skill brush the loose earth back into the hole until it was all filled and covered over, and then we watched her pat the surface and

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make it all smooth and firm exactly as if nothing had happened there. When she had finished at last, she drew her foot under her shell again and lay still. I thought that if I could feel ever, even for a few seconds, a satisfaction like hers, I could endure my life.

The other thing also happened on the river, one summer day. It was a companion piece. My brother took me down the river saying he had found something the day before, when he went down alone, that he wanted me to see. It was something fascinating that he thought I could write a story about, he said. He wouldn't tell me what it was. He guided the canoe down the river in the midst of the blazing sunny marshes and fields, among dragonflies and big arrow-root leaves, and into the shady woods below the fields. He stopped beside a grove of pine trees and we got out of the canoe.

He led me up over the steep riverbank, and we came into a place that was like a room. The branches of a giant pine tree made the ceiling. The smaller trees of the grove crowding round it made the walls. It was a spacious, dim, cool room with a red floor of pine needles. On one side we saw a fireplace built of field stones laid in a ring, recently blackened by fire, and a blackened kettle lying among charred sticks where the fire had been. On the other side we saw a low wide bed, made of pine boughs. We also saw two rain-draggled garments, one lying on the bed and the other hanging over one of the branches of the tree. They were fancy-dress costumes — the costumes of Pierrot and Columbine.

My brother and I stared into the deserted room. It was like something in a short story by Thomas Hardy. We imagined a boy and girl at a gay country dance in one of the near-by villages, in Boxford, Middletown, or Topsfield, the villages whose farms and woods and marshes lie on each side of the river. A boy and girl, suddenly in love at a dance, too enthralled to go home after the dance was over and take off their fancy-dress and go back to the ordinary humdrum of existence, had had the beautiful simplicity and daring to follow an impulse that was like a poem and led them to do this extraordinary thing. They had lived together in a secret room of boughs beside the river.

Then they had gone, leaving behind them the evidence which told their story as simply as the words of an old English ballad would have told the same kind of story, in the same spirit, merry and bold. While we looked we talked about it as if it were a mysterious fragment of manuscript we had found, conjecturing as to how it should be completed, the lost parts filled in, by our literary imaginations. I responded to my brother's fascinating discovery as I knew he expected me to do, seizing with an artist's delight the problem he had presented to me.

But inside myself I felt something quite different. This was not a ballad, nor an idyllic ballad-like story by Thomas Hardy or by me. It was real. That was what moved me. It had happened only the night before last, and it made all our literary fancies seem prim and ridiculous. Something wonderful and real had happened in that room, and I wished, with a heart full of rebellion and desire, that I had been that daring, joyous girl.

Those two scenes, the turtle laying her eggs and the deserted room, are like two full-page illustrations in color, illustrating the book of my youth. The text is gone, the words forgotten, but those two pictures on the river remain as vivid in my mind's eye as if I were holding the book in my hands. Just like an imaginative child who stares at the colored illustrations in his storybook and recognizes in them with explicitness and certainty things he has seen nowhere else before but has known intimately in his most secret dreams, I stared, in a speechless, motionless trance of recognition and I became the mother turtle busy with the act of creation, I became the boy and girl swept up in their amorous escapade.

In these two marvelous scenes I could feel a huge governing force in action. Those other enviable ones were in league with a divine will, they were in the secret, and because they were yielding to that mystery and obeying it, they were all going forward in a rhythmic dance. I longed to be seized by that mysterious will, and be contained by

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it, too, and made obedient and humble to it. Watching them, I could hear and feel the great rhythm of life almost touching me, too — almost, but not quite. Through force of imagination and desire, I could imagine myself taking part in that great dance, but I knew from the evidence of my family's silence and from the evidence of the mirror that I was inside a cage where I must stay all my life, and I could never, I thought, partake of those moments of deepest happiness which were designed for everyone to partake of. They were designed for me especially, I believed, because in those two scenes they called me with such unbearable sweetness. They called me the way the Pied Piper of Hamelin called the children, but I could not go. I was the lame child who could not follow. So I stared at them without speaking.

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Having seen and surmised this much of what life held for those who could receive it, I angrily rejected the insipid substitutes which were offered to me. When my mother wanted me to settle down into a docile life at home, taking an interest in the meetings of the Danvers Historical Society and playing my mandolin in the Mandolin Club of the village ladies, and making little excursions on the trolley car to the Salem Athenaeum, where I would sit, soberly and precociously reading the *Hibbert Journal*, the prospect filled me with rage. I insisted on going away from home, I didn't know where. If I could not have intimate personal experience equal to the strength of my desire, then my instinct made me seek some kind of distraction which would be strong enough to equal it.

I found relief for the time being when my mother sent me to live in Boston, as a pupil at a boarding school which occupied a tall brownstone house overlooking the Public Garden. I loved novelty, and the novelty of these surroundings enchanted me, and before I realized what had happened the load was gone. I became happy and eager as soon as I was there. The city was full of a romantic feeling. I loved the rushing cataract of sound in the streets, of horses' feet and cabs and motor horns and policemen's whistles on a late winter afternoon, the sense of movement and life, the surprises and the possibilities.

I used to walk in the Public Garden and sit on a bench and watch the passers-by. For me, fresh from our country town, it was as exciting as the Rue de la Paix. Just to be there in the city, myself a part of the crowd, sharing with everyone else the brisk rhythm of the street, and that undercurrent of romantic expectant feeling in the air which made the city such a different place for me from the town of Danvers, where the silence and emptiness of the streets was a deathly torpor. The city gave me the illusion for the first time in my life that I was mingling, participating. I used to look eagerly at one face after another in the quick-stepping throng on Boylston Street; I stopped to look at all the delightful things in the shop-windows, and at the same time I learned carefully not to see my own reflection in those sheets of plate glass.

At the end of my first year at the school, my teacher in English literature and composition, Lucia Briggs, who was the daughter of President Briggs of Radcliffe, otherwise famous as Dean Briggs of Harvard, somehow made certain mysterious arrangements so that I could be allowed to enter Radcliffe as a special student taking the course in composition given by Professor Charles Townsend Copeland.

I arrived at Radcliffe shy and countrified and naïve, from Danvers and my unfashionable school, and yet from the moment when I first looked around at the other girls I loftily scorned all the other shy, dowdy, obscure girls like myself and picked out with no hesitation the most interesting and distinguished-looking girls in sight, whom I wished to have for my friends. Lucia Briggs, on depositing me at the Radcliffe gates, appointed Catharine Huntington as the senior who would look after me, a freshman.

Catharine Huntington was one of those I had already chosen for myself when I saw her standing on a platform making a speech to some other girls, as head of some dramatic or literary society. She was beautiful and distinguished and talented. And even then

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when she was so young, she already showed the talent which was to affect all the rest of my life so much, as well as the lives of many other people. This was her talent to discern in an obscure person something which was rare and important and to make other people see it too — above all, to make the person in question feel it and be it.

She could hold an utterly unprepossessing person up in a certain light, like a collector showing a rare piece, and the person, in her hands, would suddenly receive a value and importance which made those who were watching the transformation wonder how they could have been so blind as never to have seen it before. She worked the magic of transformation as I had never seen it worked before. She worked it upon places and upon experiences, upon everything that she saw or knew about. There was no coercion, no conscious, egotistical insistence in her attitude.

And this strange thing happened. Not only Catharine Huntington but the others of her circle treated me as if there were something wonderful and rare about me. It was not simply that they perceived a person of talent hidden inside a misshapen body and inside a great shyness: they amazed me by actually liking my appearance. They praised my long, thin hands and my face. They looked at me with the fresh unconventional eye of artists and they spoke about me to each other before me with the impersonal authority of artists — as if I were someone in whom everybody with any eyes at all could see the things to admire that they saw. They encouraged my passion for beautiful clothes, which I had always considered an incongruous passion that it would be best to keep under control. They amazed me; they took it for granted that I should think of myself as a romantic figure.

19

But at the end of three years I had to go back to Danvers. I didn't wish to become one of the perennial special students we all laughed at, those dowdy, sad-looking, middle-aged and elderly ladies who seemed to be spending their otherwise empty lives taking course after course at Radcliffe. When my friends left I was ready to go.

I went back to Danvers and sat down at my table with a block of paper and a pencil in front of me. I wanted to begin. I had written a poem which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and also a story called "In No Strange Land," which had brought me a letter of praise from Mr. Sedgwick, and which Professor Copeland had read to his class, saying, "I sniff a future for that young woman."

But I had received too much praise. I had no idea of the patience and humility required of the kind of writer who sits down at his table every day. I did not know how to do it, and I suffered an agony of chagrin and frustration. Then a kind of cosmic loneliness began to descend on me every evening, and it became so queer that it was like a sickness.

The horror that had darkened my childhood came back and closed in around my mind again, and it spread swiftly until it swamped me. My physical surroundings seemed unsubstantial to me. The only things that seemed real were the unthinkable mysteries of space and time, and all through the day and the night the thought of those two question marks would flash through my mind like bolts of lightning until they shriveled and destroyed everything around me that was near and human. I began to be afraid to go out of the house; soon I was afraid of seeing my friends, even my family, just as in my childhood I felt myself sinking in a hopeless quicksand of pure terror. My happiness and great hopes were gone, mired and ruined with me, and I knew I could not live without them.

I tried to bury myself in my bed. I refused to get up or speak or look at anybody except my mother, who used to hold me in her arms. My mother engaged a nurse to take care of me, and our old crusty bachelor doctor came and sat in my room, helpless and silent, every day. I astonished myself by crying, even in front of our doctor — I who had always been so controlled and so fiercely unwilling to be pathetic and pitiable, I who had never cried even when I was alone, because of my mother's example of stoicism. My mother was all warm and tender toward

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me, and now she anxiously urged me and encouraged me to cry. She seemed to want me to let loose all my tears at last, as though she understood better than I did what was the matter with me and wanted me to cry.

But since crying didn't cure me, a new doctor came from Boston to see me, and he leaned over my bed like a soothsayer and he said crucial words to me. He spoke to me like a general urging his men into action; he challenged me to be brave enough to disregard and so disarm the terrors which, if I let them frighten me, would eventually paralyze my body and my mind.

That doctor's military treatment resuscitated me, and under its power I got up trembling and pale and went to Atlantic City, as he had ordered, with my mother. But for a long time, two years at least, the terror closed round me again at intervals, and the doctor's military treatment lost part of its effectiveness. I could never forget his challenge, and it prevented me from ever burying myself in my bed again, but his order to me that I was to ignore the inward fear and suffering, although it helped me, did not cure me. Sometimes when I was walking along a Salem street the sense of mysterious unearthly dread would suddenly take hold of me, and bring panic and loneliness and a feeling of imminent disintegration. I felt as if, exposed there on the street, my face were going to fall apart in a wild scream of horror, and my body collapse from sheer fright on the sidewalk; and with this coming over me I knew I should be unable to speak to any acquaintance who might appear at that moment, with the normal easy smile and the terribly bright, cheerful remarks that people usually make to each other on the street.

I thought that even people who didn't know me would notice me and would be startled by the strange look that I felt must be on my face. They would think I was crazy, as perhaps I was. I felt cruelly exposed. I thought, "They ought not to let me go out alone in such a condition. They ought to keep me where nobody can see me in this piteous state." But the doctor had insisted that I must do just this: I must go out in the street alone and risk the coming of this panic, and conquer it. I was willing and glad to obey anybody who spoke to me with such authority as he had, and so I forced myself to go on walking even when I felt as if I were on the brink of hell, and sweat poured out of me and my mind was whirling in confusion.

20

Then one day I found somewhere, on a page I have since forgotten, three words which had greater power than even the doctor's words. When I began to feel the horror coming on, I said to myself, "God within me. God within me. God within me." While I was saying those three words I felt and I knew that I was no longer alone. All of a sudden, because of those three words, I could walk along the street without fear. Saying "God within me" brought me an inrush of quietness and sweetness, a feeling inside me of dignity and wholeness which was not I at all, but something greater than I was, against which the horrors were powerless. Just by saying over and over, and believing as I said it, "God within me, God within me," I could send entirely out of myself the quick-spreading toxic fear and the disintegration it created.

It was wonderful to recover self-possession in the midst of disintegration, but the ability to walk calmly along a street in Salem was not enough to satisfy a person with such fierce desires and ambitions as I had had before this breakdown came. The horrors attacked me at home, not only on the street, and I could not spend my whole time saying "God within me." "God within me" was like a hand which took my hand and prevented me from falling. But I had to do more than not fall down. If I was going to live, I must go somewhere. I must proceed.

And I discovered at that point another essential thing which showed me where to go. I discovered one of the things I had known in my childhood and had forgotten in my confusion. It was that I had eyes not only for crying, or for staring in blind fear, but for seeing. I discovered also that the visible world is inexhaustible. My eyes need never starve.

After I had discovered my eyes, I taught

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myself to remember them whenever the horrors struck me. No matter what might be happening to me, no matter how crazy and frightened I might feel, there was always the great visible world before me, and I could look at it. When a moment of terror came, I could look at a chair, or at a table, or at a door, and by deliberately and faithfully looking at it, and really seeing it with my whole attention, with the intense and humble and selfless concentration of an artist, of a child, of a van Gogh, I could realize and see the chair, or the table, or whatever the object happened to be that was in front of me, and it became for me in that moment an object of love, full of mystery and meaning, because the entire visible world became, when I really looked at it, lovable, mysterious, and significant. An ecstasy filled my hand, and I began to work.

And so I found out where I was to go. For by setting myself to work with the aim of translating my wonderful delight and realization of things into words and sentences, I could deliberately cultivate the delight and prolong its visitations until it became the element within which I lived, safe at last, happy and invulnerable. With my eyes and my hand I could save myself, by the grace of God, every time the powers of Evil attacked me inside the darkness of my head. I had substituted the invulnerable passion of art for vulnerable human passion.

21

Then at last the time bomb went off which transported me to Castine, made me mistress of a house in which my three great wishes of love, art, and aunthood were to be fulfilled, and launched me on my great dream of what I was going to do. After buying the house and paying for the repairs, I planned so that I should have enough money left over to give the house a few rich touches.

By using restraint in most things I intended to be joyfully unrestrained in a few. I tried to weigh and balance each improvement in its relation to the whole, in order to make each expenditure count its utmost and make my limited sum of money go as far as possible. This was my favorite way of doing things. I could never work with great spirit in any material unless I knew that the amount of it was limited. I had to be hedged in by a boundary of either space or material in order to awaken the feeling of creative excitement.

I kept faithfully turning back and forth from drunken exultation in the unlimited possibilities of my new treasure to sober concentration on the limits represented in my bankbook. This duality, self-imposed, gave me a wonderful feeling of exquisite equilibrium, like walking perfectly calmly in mid-air. It was not the same magic as making something out of nothing: this was a new magic on a larger scale. But even so, one had to remember that it was magic, and that equilibrium was involved and therefore one had to step carefully.

Although I was in sole command of everything concerning the purchase of the house and the changes I was making in it, I realized that in the matter of its furniture I should have to defer to my mother. We had a houseful of furniture in the Salem storage warehouse, including a number of American antiques which my mother had lovingly collected. It would clearly be a kind act to rescue all these from the tomb and bring them to a house where they could come alive again in rooms which would make them look more beautiful than ever before.

My mother consented to this plan, and a huge mover's truck drove into Castine in the dead of night near the end of October, and stood at the foot of my brick path while the men unloaded the things and carried them in. I had dressed hurriedly and gone over from Lorna's where I was sleeping. The movers were strange nocturnal beings and they insisted on unloading at once. They needed me to stay by the front door and tell them where to put each piece of furniture as it came along the path.

It was about two o'clock when they began to take the tarpaulin off their load and untie the ropes that held it. The night was mild and cloudy, with vague moonlight among the clouds. I stood waiting, and felt the soft night wind blow against me, and I looked up at the sky and all around me to find out how my domain would look and seem to me at

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that hour. At first I found it peaceful and amusing. I could see the tall, dark truck towering up into the horse-chestnut tree, with mysterious figures and flashlights moving over it. The scene might easily have been that of some nocturnal adventure out of Hardy, with me for the Hardyesque solitary observer.

I watched them come along the path, one after another, the intimate and familiar objects which had surrounded me and all of us during our whole childhood and youth, and I felt guilty and scared, because this, as far as I saw, was not nature: it was only I. What had I done? Something monstrous, I thought. What a piece of egotism and effrontery, I said to myself fearfully, as I saw again, after their five-year banishment from our sight, my mother's dearest, most intimate possessions, my father's books, the engravings my mother and father had bought in Germany, the three darling Hepplewhite chairs from Baltimore that my mother had always loved so, the long mahogany Empire sofa, the sideboard, and all the trunks filled with more treasures.

There in the middle of the night I caught a glimpse of a buttercup painted by Warren when he was four or five, an apple sewed in cardboard with red wool by Lurana in kindergarten — these childish things had been kept and treasured by my mother. And they now survived the present upheaval with the almost unbearable irrelevant intimacy of personal trifles washed ashore after a shipwreck. When I saw all these sacred objects being so unceremoniously handed out of the mountainous truck beside the horse-chestnut tree and rushed along the brick path into a strange house in this far-off unknown place which was wholly unrelated to our past life and to the other members of the family, and all of it being done in docile obedience to my wild adventurousness, my force and desire, I was aghast at myself.

Then I remembered that I couldn't let fear decide things for me, when there was no reasonable ground for being afraid. Every step I had taken during the last few years appeared now to have been leading me to that door. Each of those previous steps had been accompanied by an often groundless fear of injuring someone else or of interfering with other people's plans and desires. But in opposition to the fearful misgivings, there had always been something else, quite different, working in me — the thing I first began to be conscious of when I decided to buy the house and which I then began to think of as my magic or "my little voice," and in which I believed just enough more than I believed in fear and diffidence so that I had chosen it instead of fear. With almost every vital decision I had chosen magic, and every time I chose it, the magic in me grew, so that the next time it was a little stronger and more willful than the fear.

So I told myself, standing in front of my house, it wasn't a monstrous act, it wasn't effrontery and egotism which had brought me there. I had started out long ago with a predicament to solve, and in order to solve it I had gone forth on a lonely voyage of discovery. Other people could go forth openly in plain sight into the world of experience to do well or badly, but I had gone out unseen, in the little boat of my imagination, seeking in solitude and by reflection more knowledge and understanding of human experience, hoping that they might give me the wide horizon my eyes longed to behold, and that they might give me also the feeling that in my solitary boat I was voyaging through real seas, like the others.

Now in my search, magic had intervened. My little voice had guided me and in obedience to it I had come to an unknown, unexpected island. When I beheld it suddenly there in front of me I fell in love with it, and in excitement and joyous surprise I climbed ashore and pushed away my faithful little boat. I had reached at last the period of adorable, actual experience into which my quiet life was going to explode — that fascinating little volcanic island, almond-shaped, which lay across the fate-line in the palm of my right hand.

(*The End*)

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» Are Americans beginning to lose hope in the new world to be reconstructed after this war? Read this blueprint and make up your own mind:

TARIFF OR NO TARIFF

by DAVID L. COHN

1

THERE is a general impression among our people that this country will become a responsible member of, if not a leader in, a post-war world community. In my opinion, we are just as likely to revert into a sleep-walker's isolationism.

It is apparent from our history that, while we may have learned much of the nature of war, we have learned little of the nature of peace; that we are abler warriors than peacemakers; that the aims which we profess before or during a war are abandoned when the war is won. The North defeated the South and preserved the Union. Then, although Mr. Lincoln had said that a nation could not exist half slave and half free, for fifteen years after the Civil War the conquerors so conducted themselves toward the conquered that this country did exist half whole and half crushed. We went imperialist into the Spanish War. Yet we sickened of imperialism almost before we had shattered the last remnants of the ancient Spanish Empire, clung to our island booty in inertia, and in the third decade of the twentieth century decreed the independence of the richest item of plunder — the Philippines — at the behest of domestic sugar and vegetable-oil interests.

We fervently entered the First World War and even more fervently walked out on the world peace. Then came Warren G. Harding with his "normalcy," or a perpetual place in the rut; and since that was what the nation most deeply desired — a well-upholstered, centrally heated rut — that is what it got. The people turned the job of keeping the peace over to Rotary International, begged Congress for God's sake to stay at home and quit monkeying with business, and entered into the tinsel wonderland of the 1920's all compact of bathtub gin and seats selling on the New York Stock Exchange for $500,000. Finally, as befits a nation often afflicted with spells of gigantism, we produced the most dazzling period of prosperity and the most dismal period of depression that had ever been known in modern times.

Prior to our entry into the First and the Second World War, we endured years of doubt and uncertainty; in both cases we tried to insulate ourselves from the conflict by oratory and statutes. But when we took the plunge in 1917 we took it with a deep-rooted conviction. We would end all wars forever; we would make the world safe for democracy. These aspirations animated the people and were nobly voiced by Woodrow Wilson. We know the bitter and shameful end to which they came.

It is notable that we entered the present war without any convictions whatsoever. We are at war because we had to go to war. We made no attempt to will our destiny; whatever it may be, it was thrust upon us. Considering the state of public opinion in the autumn of 1941, there is no reason to assume that even now we should be actively in the war if the Japs had not attacked us. Yet, although we entered the First World War with definite convictions and then miserably failed to win the peace, the im-

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DAVID L. COHN is a Southern Democrat who has fought long and hard against two American bugbears: isolation and high tariff. He faces us with a question which will have to be answered by every thinking American, be he industrialist, labor leader, or of the rank and file; and on that answer will depend in large measure our influence in the post-war world.

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pression now prevails that even if we entered the Second World War with no convictions whatsoever we shall win the peace this time. This is to say that a people without strong convictions as to what ought to be will nonetheless exercise the prodigious effort that is necessary to bring it about.

2

Mr. Willkie, after a hard tussle, has achieved the feat of getting the Republican Party to commit itself against post-war political and economic isolationism. The President, the Vice President, the Secretary of State, and the Under Secretary of State have all made pronouncements on the nature of the post-war world. From these it appeared that we would put an end to war; trade barriers would be leveled; all would have equal access to raw materials; colonial peoples would no longer be regarded as "natives" but as human beings; economic and political independence would become universal; colored men would be looked upon as equals of their former masters and oppressors. At the same time Mr. Thurman Arnold, looking forward to the day when monopolies and cartels would be one with the woolly elephant, saw a post-war era of cheap merchandise and booming domestic business.

All these gentlemen displayed a gratifying grandeur of vision, but even as they spoke there were disturbing factors present which cause one to doubt whether we shall enter easily into the promised land.

This is not a "popular" war. Its unpopularity arises from a complex of causes, but none more potent than that we did not enter the war to bring about the kind of world we believe men ought to live in, but were forced into it in order to preserve any kind of world in which we might be able to live at all. Furthermore, having gone to war for purposes of self-defense, and no other, we are eager only to discharge the purpose for which we were forced into it as quickly as possible so that we may return to our own affairs. In the third place, the mercurial temperament of a people who swing with dazzling rapidity from mood to mood causes one to doubt that we shall be sufficiently stubborn, tenacious, patient, and undogmatic to win the peace in the face of the jealousies, rivalries, hatreds, and unparalleled complexities that will confront those who aspire to make the peace and keep it.

We have never, during the lifetime of this Republic, made even an approach to solving our most complex and important problem: the problem of our spiritual and material relations to Europe and the rest of the world. We are whole-time isolationists by preference, and part-time internationalists only by compulsion. Time after time we have demonstrated this by our economic, political, and military policies; our actions during the period 1919–1942 bear it out. We have clung to the illusion that we are in the world but not of it; that the acts of other nations constantly disturb us while our acts disturb them not at all; that peace is indivisible and wars started anywhere may ultimately spread until they threaten the peace and prosperity of the United States, yet the peace of the world hinges in no wise upon the actions of the world's mightiest power.

Against the weight of evidence, we have assumed that we are self-contained, and a quarter century of preaching to the contrary by scholars and economists did not even fracture the surface of our hard, glacial smugness. We built, for example, an instrument — the automobile — which depended for its mobility upon imported rubber, geared our national life to it, and assumed that we were self-sufficient. We lived on the shores of one-way oceans, tried to conduct one-way international trade, did not prepare for war and did nothing to preserve the peace, looked at the tortured, heaving, revolutionary world through eyes habituated to the spectacle of a rich, peaceful continent, and assumed that nobody would fight because "war would destroy civilization." But this time, it is said, we shall have learned our lesson. We shall collaborate with our associates to make the peace and keep it. Shall we?

3

If the war should be shorter than we suspect, then we are likely to turn our backs on the world. For this will have confirmed

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our fondest beliefs — namely, that we are the world's most powerful people, the biggest manufacturers of the best weapons; that one American can lick twenty Japs; that when we get under full steam nothing can stop us, and therefore no one in the future will try to stop us. Consequently, we can settle down to what really concerns us — our own business.

But if the war proves to be long and hard, then it is even more likely that we shall withdraw from the world. As a people we are earnest but not impassioned; volatile but not tenacious; believing but with little faith; inquiring but escapist; quick to anger and quicker to cool off; long on action and short on memory. The Biblical story that the Lord made the earth in six days and rested on the seventh appeals to us. It is evidence of a big job well and quickly done. The fact that it took thirty million years for the Eohippus to evolve into the horse bores us. We are not interested in slow processes; our gods spring full-panoplied from the assembly line. If, however, we are to enter upon the gigantic and complex task of reorganizing the world and preserving the peace, we shall need precisely those qualities which we now lack.

Our returning soldiers will have seen much of the world and it is assumed in some quarters that this will give them a world outlook. But the effect of their travels may just as well be that they will acquire a distaste for the world and their allies; that they will be the more eager to stay at home physically and mentally. In any case, it is difficult to indoctrinate with a world outlook a people who have never had it, who have no potentially powerful neighbors, and who inhabit a continent which still seems remote from other countries despite the airplane. As for the airplane, we may argue that if we deny it to "dangerous" countries and keep a strong defense force of our own we shall be safe.

The returning soldiers will be tired and understandably anxious to take up the threads of their broken lives. There will be wives and children to greet, whom they have not seen for a long time; women to marry; jobs to be resumed or to be sought. The civilian population will also be tired and eager to relapse into the warm grooves they knew before the war. The car, the radio, the phonograph, the electric refrigerator, will have worn out; the house will need repairs; there will be billions of dollars in banks to buy the myriad sensible and senseless things that we desire. Men will want all kinds of new things except new ideas and new adventures. These ideas will have to make their way against a great inertia, not only for the reasons stated but also for another reason. Men suffer a profound fatigue when the tasks in which they are engaged are unrelated to the spirit — when they proceed, so to speak, from the periphery of the eyelids outward. That is why our entry into this war without convictions may prove in the end to be catastrophic; and while we are prosecuting it grimly and courageously, the light in our eyes is dim.

Let us consider the facts of life with brutal frankness. This is no time for exquisite evasions. The inborn distaste of Americans for the world, as well as their belief that others are wicked while we are virtuous, may be increased by the inevitable post-war wranglings and conflicts of aim among the former allies. It was not design but necessity which brought so many diverse peoples together under the banner of the United Nations. Once the dread has been removed, each nation may well try to get all that it can for itself. If they do not, the millennium will have arrived.

These nations will observe that the United States came late into the war; that it is the richest and strongest nation in the world, its people well fed and clothed, its machinery intact and its productive capacity enormously increased, its techniques improved by the accelerations of war. They will be envious and, in some quarters, a little fearful; but nonetheless it will be expected of us, in the reconstitution of the world, that we shall take a role proportionate to our stature and assume burdens proportionate to our strength. It may then appear to Americans that we are being asked to make undue sacrifices, and out of a complex of motives, fears, jealousies, and misunderstandings compounded by our reluctance to assume a

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role which we have never wanted and for which we have never been prepared, there may be bitter quarrels among the former allies.

It is the history of wars fought by allies that men find it easier to die together than to live together. Consequently, when the war which brought them together has been won, they part company. Europeans have had long experience of this and are not dismayed by it, but it is dismaying and shocking to a people like ourselves, who are not only shiningly naïve and splendidly generous but who are likely to see themselves as rescuing angels — an attitude highly obnoxious to the rescued. Furthermore, we shall be faced abroad with staggering problems and questions of bewildering intricacy, while at home we shall confront other problems less staggering and intricate only by comparison with those of the world. In these circumstances, since we are an impatient and mercurial people, sometimes orgiastically evangelical and sometimes childishly petulant, we are just as likely to retreat from the whole mess as we are to remain and clean it up.

4

There is little in our national experience to suggest that we shall undertake the task of reconstituting the world. It is true that from time to time rumors that plans for the post-war era are being formulated by our government drift down from on high to the underworld of the taxpayers. The government may think it injudicious to discuss peace plans now, or feel that the people who are fighting the "people's war" are incompetent to discuss the people's peace. Once the war has been won, however, it may be too late to talk about the peace, and especially one phase of it which, if it is not now determined upon at least in principle, may wreck all the plans that are being made on both sides of the Atlantic. This is the question of post-war trade. It is overwhelmingly important because America is (1) the world's largest exporter of raw materials; (2) the world's largest importer of raw materials; (3) one of the world's largest exporters of manufactured goods; (4) the world's richest and most compact market.

It will be our post-war purpose, says Washington, to assure a free flow of international commerce. But our past is not reassuring upon this question. No sooner was the First World War over than (1919) we passed an emergency tariff act. This was followed by the Fordney-McCumber Act (1922); and the rates rose to unparalleled heights in the Hawley-Smoot Act of 1930. Americans during this period were permitted to eat from free-list tin in cans; to gape at free-list Titians in museums; to worship at free-list altars; and to be hanged with free-list manila cordage. On nearly everything else they paid higher and higher duties. Imports were stifled and exports diminished while our efforts tended to drive the world toward autarchy and nationalism.

We countered by making loans and attending disarmament conferences, and paid no attention to the processes we had set in motion. These were: —

1. Our prohibitive tariffs fostered nationalism among other countries, and they set up equally prohibitive tariffs.

2. Our actions and their counter-actions bred economic depressions and created unemployment.

3. Rifles were put into the hands of the unemployed. Then they were in an army and unemployed no longer.

4. Idle factories were put to work turning out rifles for the former unemployed, while the unemployed making rifles were now employed and thus everybody was at work.

5. Since, however, these acts led to even greater economic depressions, the circle could be burst only by going to war. The goal was world domination at the maximum, or the domination of rich markets and raw-material areas at the minimum.

This is not to say that our 1919–1930 tariff policy was the proximate cause of the Second World War, or that war is simply the product of economic conflict. It is to say that violent international economic competition based on the short-term view drives nations in the long run toward nationalism, that it breeds depressions and unemployment, that these cause intolerance and hates, that this situation played into the hands of men who desired to regiment their people,

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that such people were easy to lead in the paths of war, that we did much to initiate this process and nothing to stop it.

It is true that the process was somewhat decelerated by Secretary Hull's trade agreements, but the effort came too late and was too little effective. If we do not go much farther toward liberalizing world trade after this war, we shall make a continuing peace difficult if not impossible. The world can prosper only through trade; real wealth — goods and services — can reach impoverished peoples only through trade; and since we constitute so great a part of world trade, it is obvious that the future state of the nations will depend largely upon what we do or fail to do. This means that we shall have to buy as well as sell, and it is precisely this that we have stubbornly refused to do since 1919. We ought to retreat from our position, but shall we?

There is space here to consider only one or two of many factors. Organized labor, for example, has long believed that high tariffs and high wages are interrelated. It retains this belief although studies show that high-tariff industries tend to pay low wages, while low-tariff industries tend to pay high wages. The reason is clear. A high-tariff industry is frequently so incompetent that it must be artificially protected by high tariffs and artificially propped by low wages. But the low-tariff industry is competent, proves its competence by its ability not only to dominate the home market but also to export in competition with foreigners; it does not rely upon a tariff subsidy, and so pays high wages. The automobile industry is an example.

It is not apparent, however, that labor has shifted its position, while in the coming struggle its voice will be more potent than ever because it is stronger than ever before in the nation's history. One may indeed expect that labor and powerful sections of industry will jointly oppose the liberalizing of international trade, and their principal argument will sound extremely convincing. It is this. Every country is now mechanized, or will soon be. The experience of this war has shown that so-called backward peoples soon learn to use machinery efficiently. Their standard of living is far below ours. If, therefore, Chinese getting twenty-five cents a day and using modern machines are permitted to ship goods here, American workmen receiving wages twenty times higher cannot compete with them. When such an argument is used, the exaltations of war give way to the peculations of peace. We shall then need the voices of earnest, impassioned men who are able to simplify one of the most complex questions in economics, while the whole subject will have to be hammered out at many a shop and crossroads assembly.

The task is to make men see that the American workman gets high wages solely because, as an efficient man operating efficient machines, the *unit* cost of the things he produces is low although his wages are high; that while he is a producer he is also a consumer and if, therefore, the things he buys are high in relation to the wages he receives, his real wages, as opposed to his nominal wages, are low. That millions of Americans in the services and professions, and all those with fixed incomes whether derived from investments or salaries, are ground down by high tariffs since they are unorganized and hence cannot demand and get greater fees or salaries or interest return while they are also denied the subsidies of tariffs or governmental handouts. That importing goods — provided international cartels are made inoperative — offers the quickest and surest way to break domestic monopolies and so force down the price of goods. That imports actually enrich a country because they not only offer a wide variety of merchandise otherwise denied the consumer but give employment to men in shipping, insurance, transportation, and distribution. That imports, moreover, while they may detrimentally affect a given industry, do not decrease the totality of industry in a country because, when commerce flows freely, every import automatically produces an export since goods are paid for in the long run not by gold but by other goods, and the creating of these goods gives employment to workers in export industries. That no one country can remain prosperous while all other countries remain poor; that

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nations live and can live only by trading with one another. That the object of international trade is not profit-making but to get from the other fellow something which you want and do not possess while he in turn takes something from you that he wants and does not possess. If each country had everything that it wanted within its borders, obviously there would be no international trade; but since no country is in this position, it follows that international trade is the only peaceful method by which nations may satisfy their desires for goods.

The task will be, further, to show that if a billion depressed Oriental people raise their standard of living through machinery, they will demand the specialties we create and so help us to maintain our standard of living. That by virtue of ingenuity, skills, techniques, experience, machinery, or patents, and raw materials, we make some things better and cheaper than foreigners, while by the same token they make other things cheaper and better than we do, and it is therefore common sense to exchange our products. That we cannot sell to others unless we buy from them, because goods are paid for with goods. That if high tariffs produced prosperity, we should never have descended into the depression of the 1930's, while Sweden, for example, a low-tariff country, never suffered our woes. That a pound of trade is worth a ton of homilies in creating international good-will. That you cannot indulge in political internationalism without indulging in economic internationalism. That the world of yesterday was interdependent and the world of tomorrow will be more interdependent, while its functioning will depend upon the smooth meshing of all its parts. That men live by trade, but when they can't live they will rebel and move toward war; and wars once started anywhere may spread until they threaten the peace of the United States. That our past political and economic policies have been catastrophic failures so great as to bring the nation to the brink of the grave, and all experience shows that the only truly self-contained communities in the world are the cemeteries.

This is the task and it is the more urgent because trade is vital to the nations and nothing more directly affects the average citizen. It would seem wise, then, for all concerned to meet now, to state their positions to the country, let them be debated by the people, and so have a great body of informed public opinion ready when the peace conference assembles. If this is the people's war, there must be a people's peace and it may be lost if, at the eleventh hour, the people are not informed and are misled by special pleaders.

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THE JOSEPH NOVELS

by THOMAS MANN

1

IT IS, perhaps, not a matter of indifference to those who listen to an address to know the inner circumstances and the feelings of the speaker standing before his audience. Let me begin, therefore, with the statement that this is a precious and great, a festive and stirring hour for me. To speak here, not as a stranger or outsider, but, to a degree, in an official capacity, as a member of the staff of the Library of Congress — that is a great honor, a great joy for me.

It is a fortunate coincidence that the topic on which I am to speak is in itself a festive topic, not only because all art as such has, or should have, a festive character, but because a literary work is to be discussed whose very object is the idea and nature of the festival.

You have been told, of course, that I am to speak about *Joseph and His Brothers*, a tetralogy of novels, or epic in prose, of which the final volume, *Joseph the Provider*, is just about to be completed. Let me say first that I was quite startled and disconcerted when Archibald MacLeish suggested this book to me as my topic for tonight — I was much more inclined to refuse than to accept. Would it not seem terribly presumptuous, vain, and egocentric if I talked today, and here, about my own affairs, my own work — in other words, about highly personal and private matters instead of general and important ones, of the great cares and hopes of our time, of the war and its objectives?

This is a time when it makes almost no difference what we talk about — we always talk about one and the same thing. Categories crumble, the borderlines between the different spheres of human thought become unessential.

Once it was possible to distinguish between a "purely aesthetic," "purely philosophic," "purely religious" sphere and the sphere of politics, of human society, of national and international community life, and to declare that we were interested in the one but not in the other. This is no longer possible. We are interested in the whole or we are interested in nothing. "Totalitarian" is an oppressive word in its strictly political meaning; we do not like to hear it because it signifies the voracious absorption of all things human by the state. But then, we are indeed living in a totalitarian world, a world of totality, of spiritual unity and collective responsibility, before which all sovereignties have to abdicate. Unity is the word of the historic hour. The world wants to become *one*, all the way, in practical reality, down to economic matters. It is a world of infinitely mutual *implications;* and to talk about belletristic literature, about a novel, is not necessarily insipid infidelity toward the great and burning concerns of our time, and toward the plight, the struggle, the longing of humanity. Of course, it depends a little on the novel.

I have often been asked what induced me to transform the Biblical legend of the Egyptian Joseph into a broad cycle of novels requiring many years of work. In answering this question there is little importance in the circumstances which prompted me, almost a

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Germany's most distinguished novelist and winner of the Nobel Prize, now living in exile, THOMAS MANN divides his time between his writing in California and his research at the Library of Congress. Recently he was asked to tell a small group in Washington of the creative work which went into the Joseph Novels, and this is what he said.

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decade and a half ago when I was still in Munich, to reread the story in my old ancestral Bible. Suffice it to say that I was delighted and that immediately a preliminary probing and productive searching began in my mind as to what it would be like to renew and to reproduce this charming story in fresh narrative and with modern means — with *all* modern means, with the spiritual ones and the technical ones.

2

Almost immediately these inner experiments significantly associated themselves with the thought of a tradition: the thought of Goethe in fact, who relates in his memoirs, *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, how he as a boy had dictated the Joseph story to a friend and in doing so had woven it into a broad narrative. However, it soon met the fate of destruction because, in the author's own judgment, it still lacked too much in "substance." As an explanation of this youthful and premature venture the sixty-year-old Goethe observes: "This natural story is highly amiable; only it seems too short, and one is tempted to carry it out in all its details."

How strange! Immediately, these words from *Dichtung und Wahrheit* came to my mind, in the midst of my reveries. They were in my memory, I did not have to reread them, and indeed they seem most fitting as the motto for what I then undertook. They furnish the simplest and most plausible explanation for my venture. The temptation which the young Goethe had naïvely followed — namely, to carry out the short legendary report of Genesis in "all its details" — repeated itself in my case at a stage of my life when the poetic execution could obtain definite human and spiritual substance as well. But what does that mean? It is exactness, realization; it is to draw into proximity something very remote and vague, so that you believe you see it with your eyes and grasp it with your hands, and you think that finally you have learned the definite truth about it.

I still remember how amused I was, and how much of a compliment I considered it, when my copyist in Munich brought me the typewritten copy of the first volume, *The Stories of Jacob*, and said: "Now we know at last how all this actually happened." That was touching — for, after all, it did not happen. The exactness, the realism are fictional — they are play and artful illusion, they are realization and visualization forcibly brought about by all the means of language, psychology, presentation, and in addition critical comment; and humor, despite all human seriousness, is their soul. What above all is inspired by humor in the book is the analysis and scientific research, which are, just like the narrative and the descriptions, a means of establishing reality; and the command to the artist to create forms and not to talk is invalid in this case.

The reasoning also is playful; it is not really the language of the author but of the work itself; it has been incorporated in its linguistic sphere; it is indirect, a stylized and bantering language, a contribution to the pseudo-exactness, very close to persiflage and at any rate to irony; for scientific treatment of wholly unscientific and legendary matters is pure irony.

It is quite possible that such secret charms played their part at the time of the earliest conception of the work. But this does not answer the question as to how I came to select this archaic subject matter from the dawn of mankind. Different circumstances, some of a personal and others of a general temporal character, contributed to it. The readiness is all. As a man and as an artist, I must somehow have been in *readiness* to be productively attracted by such subject matter, and my Bible reading was not mere chance. The various stages of life have different inclinations, claims, tendencies of taste — as well as abilities and advantages. It is probably a rule that in certain years the taste for all purely individual and particular phenomena, for the individual case, for the "bourgeois" aspect in the widest sense of the word, fades out gradually. Instead the typical, the eternally human, eternally recurring, timeless — in short, the mythical — steps into the foreground of interest.

The attainment of the mythical viewpoint is of decisive importance in the life of the narrator; it signifies a peculiar enhancement

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of his artistic mood, a new serenity in recognizing and shaping which, as I suggested before, is ordinarily reserved for the later years of life: for the mythical, it is true, represents an early and primitive stage in the life of humanity, but a late and mature one in the life of the individual.

There, the word "humanity" has been pronounced — in connection with the ideas of the timelessly typical and the mythical it automatically made its appearance. I had been in readiness to feel productively attracted by a subject matter like the Joseph legend because of the turning of my taste away from the bourgeois toward the mythical aspect. But at the same time I was in readiness for it because of my disposition for generally human feeling and thinking, — I mean a feeling and thinking in human terms, — a disposition which was not only the product of my individual time and stage of life but that of the time at large, and in general of *our* time, of the historic convulsions, adventures, and tribulations by which the question of man, the very problem of humanity, was presented to us as an indivisible whole and imposed upon our conscience as hardly ever to a generation before us.

I believe that the sufferings and stirring adventures through which humanity has been going now for decades will bring forth a new, deepened feeling of humanity, indeed a new *Humanism*, remote from all shallow optimism but full of sympathy, which will be only too necessary for the work of reconstruction that will confront us after the tremendous moral and material devastations, after the collapse of the accustomed world. In order to build up, or at least lay the foundations for, the new, better, happier, and more social world, freed from unnecessary suffering, which we want our children and grandchildren to have — the City of Man, as I should like to call it — we shall need a binding and all-determining basic pathos, guiding us all the way to detailed and practical matters; we shall need sympathy for it, and love. And with all this the mythical novel has something to do which was conceived in 1925 and of which I am speaking to you: it is by no means an out-of-the-way, evasive, extra-timely product, but inspired by an interest in humanity transcending the individual: a humorous, ironically softened — I am tempted to say a "bashful" poem of man.

Rather, it turned out that way unintentionally; for the author was far from attributing it this quality in the beginning. Once again it came to pass that a work developed a much greater aspiration than was inherent in the rather skeptical and by no means ambitious nature of the one on whom it imposed itself, and from whom it exacted efforts far beyond all plans and expectations.

3

To begin is always terribly difficult. Until one feels oneself master of a subject, until one learns the language it speaks, and can reproduce it, much courting and laboring, a long inner familiarization, are required. But what I planned was so new and unusual that never did I beat about the bush longer than this time. There was the need of establishing contact with a strange world, the primitive and mythical world; and to "make contact" in the poetic sense of the word signifies something very complicated, intimate — a penetration, carried to identification and self-substitution, so that something can be created which is called "style," and which is always a unique and complete amalgamation of the artist with the subject.

How much of an adventure I considered this mythical enterprise of mine is indicated by the introduction to *The Stories of Jacob*, the first volume of *Joseph and His Brothers*, which forms the anthropological prelude to the whole work. Entitled "Descent into Hell," it is a fantastical essay which seems like the cumbersome preparation for a risky expedition — a journey down into the depths of the past, a trip to the "mothers." The overture was sixty-four pages long: that might have made me suspicious in regard to the proportions of the whole, and did so to a degree — especially as I had decided that the personal story of Joseph alone would not do, but that the primeval and original story, the history of the world, demanded to be included at least in perspective. The stories of Jacob filled a heavy volume. In mingled or-

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der, anticipating and reverting, I recited them, strangely entertained by the novelty of dealing with human beings who did not quite know who they were or who knew it in a more pious, deeply exact way than the modern individual—beings whose identity was open in back and included the past with which they identified themselves, in whose steps they trod, and which again became present through them.

Novarum rerum cupidus—this characteristic fits the artist better than anyone else. Nobody is more bored than he by the old and worn out, and more impatient for the new, although nobody on the other hand is more bound to tradition than he is. Audacity in confinement, fulfillment of tradition with exciting news—that is really his calling and his business, and the conviction that "such a thing has not been done before" is the indispensable motor of all his industry. I have always needed this spurring conviction in order to accomplish anything; and it seemed to me that I had never experienced it more strongly than this time.

The Stories of Jacob and its successor, *The Young Joseph*, were completed while I was still in Germany. During my work on the third volume, *Joseph in Egypt*, the break in my outward existence occurred: the trip from which I could not return, the sudden loss of my life's basis—the larger part of *Joseph in Egypt* is work born in exile. My oldest daughter, who dared to return to our already confiscated house in Munich after the revolution, recovered the manuscript and brought it to me in Southern France; and slowly, after the first shock of my new, uprooted situation, I resumed the work which was continued and completed in the Swiss refuge which we enjoyed for five years.

Now, then, the narrative enters into the highly developed and sophisticated cultural sphere of the Nile Empire, which through sympathy and reading had been familiar to me since the time of my boyhood, so that I knew more about it than even the teacher who during Religion Class had questioned us twelve-year-old boys as to the name of the holy steer of the ancient Egyptians. I showed that I was eager to answer, and was called upon. "Chapi," I said. That was wrong in the opinion of the teacher. He reproached me for having raised my hand when I knew only nonsense. "Apis" was the right name, he corrected me angrily. But "Apis" is only the Latinization or Hellenization of the authentic Egyptian name which I had given. The people of Keme said "Chapi." I knew better than the good man, but discipline did not allow me to enlighten him about it. I kept silent — and all my life I have not forgiven myself for this silence before false authority. An American boy would certainly have spoken up.

Occasionally I thought of this early incident while I was writing *Joseph in Egypt*. A work must have long roots in my life, secret connections must lead from it to earliest childhood dreams, if I am to consider myself entitled to it, if I am to believe in the legitimacy of what I am doing. The arbitrary reaching for a subject to which one does not have traditional claims of sympathy and knowledge seems senseless and amateurish.

Because of its erotic content, this third volume is the most novel-like part of this work which, as a whole, had to make of the novel something different from what is generally understood by this term. The variability of this literary genre has always been considerable. Today, however, it almost looks as though nothing counts any more in the domain of the novel except what is no longer a novel. Perhaps it was always that way. As far as *Joseph in Egypt* is concerned, you will find that its novel-like erotic content too has been turned into the mythical by stylization, despite all psychology. That holds true particularly for the sexual satire which is centered in the figures of the two dwarfs: the asexual one in his kindly nothingness, and Dudu, the malicious and procreative midget. In a humorous spirit a connection is shown here between the sexual and arch-evil, a connection which must help to reconcile us to Joseph's "chastity," his resistance to the desires of his unfortunate mistress, as given by the Biblical model.

4

This third of the Joseph novels grew under the constellation of my parting from Ger-

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many. The fourth grew under that of my parting from Europe. *Joseph the Provider*, the final part of the work, which brings its length to over 2000 pages, came into being entirely under America's sky — in fact, largely under the serene, Egyptian-like sky of California.

Now Potiphar's demoted favorite slaves as a prisoner in a Nile fortress commanded by a good man — so good a man that Joseph later makes him his major-domo, accepting him into the divine story as a helpful friend. In the fortress Joseph is commissioned to act as a valet to the distinguished servants of the royal court who arrive one day as prisoners under investigation: the baker and the cupbearer. Now the dreamer interprets dreams, and the day comes when he is taken from the prison in haste and stands before Pharaoh. He is thirty years old then and Pharaoh is seventeen. This hypersensitive and tender youth, a searcher after God like Joseph's forefathers, and enamored of a dreamy religion of love, has ascended to the throne during the time of Joseph's imprisonment. He is an anticipating, a premature Christian — the mythical prototype of those who are on the right way but are not the right ones for that way. It is a widely ramified sequence of chapters in which Joseph gains the unlimited confidence of the young ruler, and at whose end he receives the ring of power.

Now he is viceroy, takes the well-known measures of Providence for the coming famine, and enters into a matrimony of state with Asnath, daughter of the sun priest of On-Heliopolis. But here the story returns from the Egyptian soil to the theater of the first and second volume, to Canaan, and a complete long short-story is interpolated which gives to this volume its outstanding female character, as the first volume had it in the person of the lovely Rachel, the third volume in the fruitlessly desiring Mut-em-enet. It is Thamar, the daughter-in-law of Juda, a figure of grand style, the female paradigm of determination whose spiritual ambition scorns no means that might help her, the pagan child of Baal, to get on the path of Promise and to become a forebear of the Messiah.

Now the famine assumes reality, and dramatically the well-known action takes its course, which is nothing but a precious childhood memory, and for which the curiosity of the reader can be captivated only by the most detailed presentation and visualization of every how and why. The arrival of the brothers, the meeting with the prescient Benjamin, the play with the silver cup, the great scene of recognition, the scene in which a musical child sings to the aged Jacob that his son Joseph is alive and lord over the land of Egypt — in minute detail we learn (and some day my Munich copyist, too, will probably learn) how it all really happened. The novel extends to the solemn passing away of Jacob, the father, in the land of Goshen. And with the tremendous procession which brings home the body of the patriarch, so that he may rest in the twofold cave with his fathers, ends the whole work which through one and a half decades of outer stress was my steady companion.

Some people were inclined to regard *Joseph and His Brothers* as a Jewish novel, even as merely a novel for Jews. Well, the selection of the Old Testament subject was certainly not mere accident; most certainly there were hidden, defiantly polemic connections between it and certain tendencies of our time which I always found repulsive from the bottom of my soul: the growing vulgar anti-Semitism which is an essential part of the Fascist mob-myth, and which commits the brutish denial of the fact that Judaism and Hellenism are the two principal pillars upon which our Occidental civilization rests. To write a novel of the Jewish spirit was timely just because it seemed untimely. And, it is true, my story always follows the dates of Genesis with semijocular faithfulness, and often reads like an exegesis and amplification of the Tora, like a rabbinical Midrash. And yet all that is Jewish throughout the work is merely foreground, just as the Hebrew cadence of its diction is only foreground, only one style element among others, only *one* stratum of its language which strangely fuses the archaic and the modern, the epical and analytical.

In the last book is a poem, the song of annunciation which the musical child sings

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for the aged Jacob, and which is an odd composition of psalter recollections and little verses of the German romantic type. That is an example of the character of the whole work, which seeks to blend a great many things, and because it conceives and imagines everything human as a unity it borrows its motives, memories, allusions, as well as linguistic sounds from many spheres. Just as all the Jewish legends are based on other, timeless mythologies, and made transparent by them, so Joseph, the hero, is also a transparent figure, changing with the illumination in vexatory fashion: he is, with a great deal of consciousness, an Adonis and a Tammuz figure; but then he perceptibly slides into a Hermes part, the part of the mundane and skillful businessman and the intelligent profit producer among the gods; and in his great conversation with Pharaoh the mythologies of all the world, the Hebraic, Babylonian, Egyptian, and Greek, are mingled so thoroughly that one will hardly be aware of holding a Biblical Jewish storybook in one's hands.

5

There is a symptom for the innate character of a work, for the category toward which it strives, the opinion it secretly has of itself. That is the reading matter which the author prefers and which he considers helpful while working on it. I am not thinking in this connection about factual sources and material research, but about great works of literature which in a broad sense seem related to his own effort, models whose contemplation keeps him in the right mood, and which he seeks to emulate. All that can be of no help, does not fit, has no reference to the subject, is hygienically excluded — it is not conducive at the moment and therefore disallowed. Well then, such strengthening reading during the last Joseph years was provided by two books: Laurence Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* and Goethe's *Faust* — a perplexing combination, but each of the two heterogeneous works had its particular function as a stimulant; and in this connection it was a pleasure for me to know that Goethe had called Sterne one of the finest intellects that had ever lived.

Naturally, it was the humorous side of the *Joseph* which profited by this reading. Sterne's wealth of humorous expressions and inventions, his genuine comical technique, attracted me, for to refresh my work I needed something like this. And then, Goethe's *Faust* — this life's work and linguistic monument developed from a tender, lyrical germ cell, this enormous mixture of magic opera and mankind's tragedy, of puppet show and cosmic poem. Time and again I returned to this inexhaustible source — especially to the second part, to the Helena scenes, the classical Walpurgis Night — and this fixation, this insatiable admiration, indicated the secret immodesty of my own endeavors, they revealed the direction in which the ambition of the Joseph story pointed — its own, for the author as usual had at the outset been quite innocent of such ambition.

Faust is a symbol of humanity, and to become something like that in my hands was the clandestine tendency of the Joseph story. I told about beginnings, where everything came into being for the first time. That was the attractive novelty, the uncommon amusement of this kind of fable telling — that everything was there for the first time, that one foundation took place after the other, the foundation of love, of envy, of hatred, of murder, and of much else. But this dominant originality is at the same time repetition, reflection, image, the result of rotation of the spheres which brings the upper, the starlike, into the lower regions; carries, in turn, the worldly into the realm of the divine so that gods become men, men in turn become gods. The worldly finds itself pre-created in the realm of the stars, and the individual character seeks its dignity by tracing itself back to the timeless mythical pattern giving it presence.

I dwelled on the birth of the ego out of the mythical collective, the Abrahamitic ego which is pretentious enough to assume that man should serve only the Highest, from which assumption the discovery of God followed. The claim of the human ego to central importance is the premise for the discovery of God, and from the very first the pathos for the dignity of the ego is connected with that for the dignity of humanity.

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At the same time, these humans remain confined in the mythical, the collective, to a large extent of their being. What they call spirit and culture is just the conviction that their lives are the embodiment of the myth; and their ego detaches itself from the collective in the same way that certain figures of Rodin wrest themselves out of the stone and awaken from it. Jacob, weighty with stories, is also such a half-detached figure: his solemnness is still mythical and already individual; the cult which he devotes to his feelings, and for which he is punished by the jealousy of the Highest, is the bland but proud assertion of an ego which loftily feels itself the subject and hero of its stories. It is still a patriarchal and respectable form of human individualization and emancipation.

It grows far more bold and daring in the complicated case of his son Joseph. There is one who has not only discovered God, but knows how to "treat" Him; one who is not only the hero of his stories, but also their director, indeed the one who poetically "adorns" them; one who it is true still participates in the collective and mythical, but in a banteringly spiritualized and playful, purposefully conscious manner. In short, we see how the ego in the process of its emancipation soon becomes an artistic ego, attractive, delicate, and — endangered; a tender concern for the respectable father, but with inborn possibilities of development and maturing that have not existed before. In its youth the artistic ego is of inexcusable egocentricity: it lives under the dangerous assumption that everybody must love it more than himself. But because of a sympathy and friendliness which nonetheless it never renounces, it finds its way into the social, while it matures, and becomes the provider and benefactor of a foreign people and of its own. In Joseph the ego flows back from arrogant absoluteness into the collective, the common; and the contrast between artistic and civic tendencies, between isolation and community, between individual and collective, is fabulously neutralized — as, according to our hopes and our will, it must be dissolved in the democracy of the future, the coöperation of free and divergent nations under the equalizing scepter of justice.

6

A symbol of humanity — in a certain way my work was entitled to this secret opinion of itself. After all, from the original and simple, the typical and canonical, it led to the complicated, involved, late. The way from Canaan to the Egypt of the New Kingdom is the way from the piously primitive, the God-creating, God-contemplative idyl of the arch-fathers, to a highly developed and sophisticated culture with its luxuries and absurd snobberies in a land of the grandchildren, a land whose atmosphere is so much to Joseph's taste because he is himself a grandchild and a late soul.

The feeling for the way, the advancement, the change, the development, is very strong in the book; its whole theology is connected with it and derived from it: namely, from its conception of the Old Testament "bond" between God and man — from the conviction that God and man are mutually dependent upon each other in common aspiration for enhancement. For God too is subject to development; He too changes and advances, from the desert-like and demoniacal to the spiritual and holy; and He can do so without the help of the human spirit as little as the human spirit can without Him.

Were I to determine what I, personally, mean by religiousness, I should say it is *attentiveness* and *obedience* — attentiveness to the inner changes of the world, the mutation in the aspects of truth and right; obedience which loses no time in adjusting life and reality to these changes, this mutation, and thus in doing justice to the spirit. To live in sin is to live against the spirit, to cling to the antiquated, obsolete, and to continue to live in it because of inattentiveness and disobedience. And whenever the book speaks about the "concern with God" it speaks about the just fear of this sin and folly. "Concern with God" is not alone the creating of God in one's thoughts, and determining and recognizing Him, but principally the concern with His will with which ours must coincide; with the demands of the present, the postulate of the aeon, of the world hour. It is the intelligent listening to what the world spirit wants, to the new truth and necessity, and a special,

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religious concept of *stupidity* follows from that — the stupidity before God which does not know this concern, or complies with it as clumsily as Laban who still believes that he must slaughter his little son and bury him in the foundation of his house, a custom which once was quite beneficial but is so no longer.

Must I add that we owe the tribulations which we now have to endure, the catastrophe in which we are living, to the fact that we lacked intelligence toward God to a degree which had long become criminal? Europe, the world, was full of stale and outworn things, of evident obsolete and even sacrilegious anachronisms which had been clearly outdistanced by the world will and which we permitted to continue, in dull mind and in disobedience to this will. It is understood that the spirit is always ahead of reality, that reality follows it clumsily. But never, perhaps, had there existed before such pathological, such unmistakably dangerous tension — in the social, political, and economic life of the peoples — between truth and reality, between things long reached and accomplished by the spirit and between things which still took the liberty of calling themselves reality; and foolish disobedience to the spirit or, religiously speaking, to God's will, is undoubtedly the true cause for the world explosion which stuns us. But explosion is equalization, and I think that here in this hall is quite the right place to express the hope that after this war we — or our children — shall live in a world of happier equalization between spirit and reality, that we shall "win the peace." The word "peace" always has a religious ring, and what it signifies is a gift of intelligence before God.

You understand I am eager to prove that it is not wholly vain and idle to speak about my private work at a moment like this instead of general and important matters. I may tell myself that there are connections between my work and general and important matters — indeed underneath all badinage that is its secret motor. In a discreet and unpathetic manner, the case of mankind is tried in it; and therefore the manner in which this book treats the myth is so different from a certain contemporary manner of employing it — a malevolent and anti-human manner whose political name we all know.

After all, the word "myth" has a bad reputation nowadays — we only have to think of the title of the book which the "philosopher" of German Fascism, Rosenberg, the preceptor of Hitler, has given to his vicious textbook *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*. So often in the last decades had the myth been abused as a means of obscurantic counter-revolution that a mythical novel like the *Joseph*, upon its first appearance, inevitably aroused the suspicion that its author was floating with the murky stream. This suspicion had to be discarded, for at a second glance a process could be observed similar to what happens in a battle when a captured gun is turned around and directed against the enemy. In this book the myth has been taken out of Fascist hands and humanized down to the last recess of its language. If posterity finds anything remarkable about it, it will be this.

In the idea of humanity, the human idea, the sense for the past and that for the future, tradition and revolution form a strange and, to my mind, infinitely attractive mixture. The slogan of the "conservative revolution" has played a pernicious part; Fascism has seized it as it seized the myth, and has pretended to be the conservative revolution. Its nature is fraud. But what better formula than just this "conservative revolution" could be found for the spirit and meaning of that famous speech which an American opponent of Fascism, Henry A. Wallace, Vice President of the United States of America, held before the members and guests of the Free World Association on May 8 of this year? This speech, "The Price of Free World Victory," is, I think, a beautiful example of the unification of tradition and revolution in the sphere of the Humane, the stirring proof that today the conserving and the revolutionary will are one and the same, are simply the *good* will.

May I say that my composition is of a somewhat similar nature? It bases its concept of piety upon the idea of time, of change, of development, of advancement toward perfection — an advancement for which God and man ally themselves; but at the same time

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the idea of tradition plays in it a thematic part of the first order. I related to you how a Goethe memory, a word of his about the Joseph tale, entered into my first reveries when I tried my hand at this subject; I also told you of the secret reference to Goethe's *Faust* which my work dared to take while it grew. That was playful boldness which sprang from the sense of tradition and succession and corresponded to the inner nature of my task, a mythical task. For what else is myth but succession and recollection, the forming and coining of the present with the past, the childlike identification with an admired idol — in short, tradition? Myth is tradition, and to live in tradition means to live in the myth.

7

An artist's life is a life of *experience,* in manifold ways; when it strives to follow the great, it also becomes a means of experiencing greatness — not like the scientist, nor like the historian; not objectively and from without, but in a subjective, practical, productive way. Three times, at different stages of my life, have I lived under the prolonged tension of tasks which had a certain affinity to greatness: at the age of twenty-five, when I tried my hand at the novel of the German bourgeoisie, *Buddenbrooks;* at the age of fifty, when in *The Magic Mountain* I made a friendly *alter ego* pass through the adventures of European intellectual controversies; and between sixty and seventy, when I told mankind's fairy tale of Joseph and his brothers. To participate playfully in the consciousness of great creativeness and to acquire thereby the right to a more familiar celebration of greatness than the wholly inexperienced and uninitiated possess — that is something, that is worth a life. "That a man entertains himself and does not spend his life like dull cattle," I have my Joseph answer a critic of his mythical temerity, "is after all what matters most; and what heights of entertainment he is able to reach — that is what counts."

And now let me finally return to the fact which seems to me to have a certain symbolic value, after all — namely, that the mythical play of Joseph and his brothers, begun in Germany, continued in Switzerland, transplanted to America, was completed here, in contact with the American myth. For there is such a thing; you, too, live in a tradition here, walk in footsteps, in paternal footsteps, which you call your "Way of Life." The pioneer-like optimism and hearty faith in man, the mental youthfulness, the benevolent and confident ideas and principles upon which the Union was founded by the fathers, amount to the American myth, which is alive today.

In his biography, Goethe speaks about an "alleviation for humanity" effected by the American war of liberation; and the European emigration to America (which finds its way into the final parts of *Wilhelm Meister*), sprang from the constant desire to participate in this alleviation — it was the pilgrimage to a pure fountain of health. But the measure and the significance which this flight and migration has assumed at present are something new. The diaspora of European culture which we are witnessing, the arrival of so many of its bearers, representatives of all categories of science and art, to these shores; their more or less involuntary decision, transformed however into an *amor fati,* to complete their work in the American air of life — that is something very strange and unprecedented; it opens unexampled possibilities of exchange and equalization and may be supremely helpful in creating the new feeling of humanism of which I spoke. Our emigration thus assumes an entirely different significance from that of any former emigration: the significance of the coalescence of the hemispheres, of the unification of the earth. "Europe wants to become one" — that is long obsolete; the *earth* wants to become one. "Unification" is the word and command of the world hour, and the future belongs to the union of knowledge *and* hope; of profundity *and* courage; of faith *and* labor in the face of all doubt, and despite all doubt.

(*Dr. Mann and the* Atlantic *wish to thank Mr. Konrad Katzenellenbogen for his excellent translation of this address.*)

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NATURALIST AT LARGE

Panama

by THOMAS BARBOUR

1

I THINK nine friends out of ten, if asked to speculate on the best job I had ever done in my life, would agree that the help I was able to give the Barro Colorado Island Laboratory ranks first.

The story is not without drama. It began in a drab, bickering meeting of scientists in Washington, and was followed by the organization of an "Institute" which existed only on paper and which apparently was unlikely ever to serve a useful purpose. Then, with the flooding of Gatun Lake in Panama, came the realization that an island was created out of what had once been a tropical hilltop. James Zetek, Richard Strong, and William Morton Wheeler persuaded Governor Morrow to set the island aside for scientific purposes, and thus in 1923 imaginations began to kindle. This letter of Dr. Wheeler's tells its own story: —

WASHINGTON, D. C.
July 7, 1923

MY DEAR FAIRCHILD: —

I have just returned from Woods Hole where I had a long talk with Dr. Schramm in regard to the Barro Colorado laboratory. On my return to Boston I also talked over the matter with Dr. Barbour. Both of these gentlemen feel, and I heartily agree with them, that it would be advisable for the Tropical Plant Research Foundation to incorporate and take this laboratory under its wing as one of the places in which researches in tropical botany and zoology could be carried on. We also feel strongly that you ought to take over the supervision of this laboratory and probably other tropical laboratories, such as the new marine laboratory which President Porras is founding in Panama City, and let us help you in developing them. . . .

I take it that students of plant diseases and the economic entomologists would be glad to have a number of stations in which they could carry on investigations under different conditions in the American tropics. The zoologists have usually taken the lead in the development of marine stations but have always made room for the botanists who desire to carry on investigations in these institutions. Since botany and zoology can no longer be separated, I believe it would be admirable if the botanists could take these various tropical laboratories under their wings and let the zoologists come in to help them. This seems to me to be the more proper because the plant life of the tropics is such a tremendous and basic affair and so essential to the development of all animal life in those regions. . . .

I do hope that you will think favorably of this matter, which I should like very much to present to you in greater detail. This would be best accomplished in conversation. I am so glad to learn that you are enthusiastic about the Barro Colorado proposition. We can get Mr. Zetek to look after the laboratory when no investigators are there. I contemplate going to Panama during the summer of 1924 with one or two of my students, and was delighted to hear that you are thinking of being there with your son. Dr. Barbour and I have arranged with Zetek to have one of the Canal Zone buildings taken down and put up on the island, so that probably within a few months the station will be open for work. Even at the present time Mr. Shannon of the Bureau of Entomology in Washington is living

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DR. THOMAS BARBOUR, who graduated from Harvard in 1906, carries on the tradition of Louis and Alexander Agassiz. Director of the Agassiz Museum in Cambridge, he is a scientist whose knowledge of reptiles, birds, and insects is rivaled only by his delight in human nature. This is the fourth of a series of papers drawn from his reminiscences, which will hold the fruition of his forty years' experience as a naturalist and traveler.

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in a shack on the island and doing work on mosquitoes for Dr. Dyar. We may say that the laboratory is actually operating. It is now up to you and the Tropical Plant Research Foundation to give it a good boost.

With kindest greetings to yourself and Mrs. Fairchild, I remain

Yours sincerely,
W. M. WHEELER

The fact that Wheeler planned to be in Panama the summer of 1924 meant that, if any building was to be done, then was the time. I was in Panama that spring and James Zetek and I put our heads together. The idea that this marvelous stand of virgin forest, nearly eight square miles in area, might be made permanently available for biological studies fired us both.

There was no appropriation, but gifts of cash came in from David Fairchild, Barbour Lathrop, and others. For my part, the building was made possible by the fact that I was particularly flush in 1923. In those days, if you were willing to speculate you could make money, and I had quite a lot on hand at the time — enough to buy out the settlers who had homesteaded and started to grow bananas on the island, and also to put up the buildings, lay a track, and set up a hoisting engine to carry supplies up the 362 steps from the lake shore to the Laboratory at the crest. A tremendous amount of credit goes to Zetek for his ingeniousness and foresight. He and I bought an amount of material from the Panama Canal's obsolete stores. The begging and borrowing we did from the Army and Navy as well as the Canal officials — borrowing especially in the shape of brains — put us in debt to many people.

The question in the beginning was how we were to receive the Federal recognition which was necessary if we were to operate efficiently in the Canal Zone. Someone remembered the paper "Institute for Research in Tropical America," and the Barro Colorado Island Laboratory was tossed into its lap. From then on, the annual reports were made to and circulated by the National Research Council, and to all intents and purposes the Laboratory was the Institute.

This arrangement made it possible for us to give visiting scientists commissary privileges, hospital facilities, railroad passes, free entry through the customs, and the right of residence in the Canal Zone. It also made possible the purchase of ice and all other supplies and their delivery at the Frijoles Station of the Panama Railroad by the Commissary Department of the Panama Canal. If it had not been possible to devise this quick tie-up, the whole development of the Laboratory would have been long delayed.

2

The Laboratory and its work have now become widely known. Thousands of people have read *My Tropical Air Castle* by Frank Chapman, the great ornithologist. My pride in having built the castle is very deep, not because it provided the setting for Chapman's matchless stories, nor because at least four hundred scientific papers have been based on studies made there, but for an entirely different reason. The building of the Laboratory has made it possible for the teacher of biology with a small salary to have the thrill of Wallace, Bates, or Spruce when they first set foot in the Amazon jungle.

Our incomparable forest, within a hundred feet of the Laboratory door, is as fine as anything to be seen in Brazil. The great espavé trees tower up almost out of gunshot to where their side branches stretch out and interlace with those of other trees, each branch as large as a giant white oak and covered with a garden of ferns, orchids, and bromeliads. Near the spot which I have in mind there is a giant bombacopsis tree, its trunk supported by natural flying buttresses, making stalls where one could stable elephants.

To see these trees and to walk our carefully marked trails provides all the illusion of exploration, but with this great difference: we have pure drinking water. By carefully testing the blood of our employees, we can keep malaria off the island so that students can walk our trails at night with a headlight. If one is ill, our launch crosses the Canal in forty minutes to Frijoles Sta-

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tion on the Panama Railroad; there is a hospital car on every train, and less than an hour's ride is Gorgas Hospital at Ancón, as fine as any in the world. Our establishment provides comfort but not luxuries. Our food is simple, hence served at a small cost. A high school teacher of biology who had saved up $250 before the war could go and live in the midst of the jungle, with monkeys, parrots and toucans, trogons, motmots, and innumerable other denizens of the lowland tropical rain forest easily observed on every hand.

Strictly speaking, the Canal Zone of Panama is not a possession of the United States. It is, however, a perpetual leasehold, and differs from all other American interests in the tropics in that it is on the mainland. There are two bits of mainland tropical rain forest in the possession of the United States: one is Barro Colorado Island and the other is the forest reserve which I persuaded Governor Harry Burgess to set aside along that stretch of the road from Summit to Madden Dam which is within the Canal Zone. The rest has been cut down to provide room for cultivation. The climate at Summit is somewhat drier than it is on the island, and the two spots of forest are quite different, botanically and faunally.

Until a year ago the Laboratory was supported by table fees, small sums paid by ten or a dozen institutions to enable officers and students serving them to stay at the Laboratory at special rates. The Governor of the Panama Canal allowed us railroad passes, the right to purchase at the commissaries, and hospital privileges. But a year or more ago the island was taken over by the government and renamed the Canal Zone Biological Area. The Institute is now an independent entity like the National Academy of Sciences and the Smithsonian Institution.

We are no longer tenants at will who could be ousted by an unsympathetic governor, and we have a permissive appropriation of $10,000 a year which Congress quite characteristically fails to appropriate. Now, of course, the institutions, being eager to save a dollar wherever possible, have tried to welsh out of paying their table fees, on the ground that we are on Easy Street financially. Just the reverse is true, and it looks as if the old familiar pastime of making up deficits might continue. The island is now governed by a board consisting of the Secretaries of War, the Interior, and Agriculture, and three naturalists, with the President of the National Academy of Sciences as chairman of the board. If it were not for the amazing wizardry with which Paul Brockett weaves his way through the intricate maze of Washington red tape and the equal skill with which James Zetek treads the same path in the Canal Zone, my unpaid job as the Executive Officer of the Canal Zone Biological Area would be a far more arduous pastime than it now is.

3

I was in the Canal Zone two or three times a year between 1916 and 1936 and was often included when parties were made up to visit the Chilibrillo Caves on the headwaters of the little stream of the same name. These caverns were the objective of many a pleasant picnic. I went several times with Meriwether Walker and his wife, Edith, when he was Governor of the Canal. We assembled at Gamboa, took a police launch, went up the Chagres River, then the Chilibre, and so into the Chilibrillo and to the caves.

My hosts allowed me to wear old clothes, and I collected in the caves while the picnic luncheon was being prepared. Of course on these excursions I had first-class electric lights, one on a headband and one portable. The unbelievably large bat population in these caves was extraordinary, not only for the number of individuals but for the tremendous variety of species. In fact, on every visit I found a bat or two that had not been taken previously.

The caves were unbelievably noisome and hot, and I was certainly a mess at the end of each sortie. I recall that one day I rode back on top of the launch because I was in no wise fit company for the ladies inside. The Governor joined me on the roof, and we sat looking at the scene of exquisite beauty which unfolded itself as we passed bend after bend of the Chagres River. The

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little clearings were not conspicuous, and great stretches of apparently untouched tropical forest billowed away on either hand. The guayacan trees were in bloom and the whole scene looked as if some giant had passed over it with an overflowing bucket of molten gold, big blobs representing giant forest trees and little spatters the lesser trees poking their heads up through the roof of the jungle. This is one of the most spectacular shows staged by nature anywhere in the world. It is a pity the bloom lasts only a few days.

Looking out at this scene, the Governor said to me, "If only this country were not cursed with malaria." That remark set me thinking. There we were, riding on the river whose very name is synonymous with pestilence. I suppose there must be thousands of people who have heard of Chagres fever but who have never heard of the Chagres River.

If only malaria had not come to America, how different everything would have been. Is it not a fair assumption that when Alexander's army brought it from India to Greece the light of Greece waned? Is it unreasonable to suppose that the same thing happened with Rome? Whether it reached America with Columbus or not is very doubtful. I am not a medical historian, but it is quite obvious that Cortez, equipped as he was and with the number of followers that he had, could never have marched from Mexico City to where Trujillo in Honduras is now, if malaria had stalked abroad in the land.

No other disease in the world causes so much suffering and incapacity as does this one; and for the untold number with whom quinine does not agree, the use of this drug, either as a prophylactic or as a curative agent, means suffering almost as bad as that of the disease.

One dreads the temptation which some day is going to come to many people to motor over the Pan-American Highway when it is completed. They little realize the misery which will be theirs from carelessness or lack of knowledge in warding off this disease. It can be done, but it cannot be done easily.

4

Probably the fault is entirely mine, but the published reasons that moved the Peabody Museum to excavate at the Sitio Conte in Coclé, Panama, are not correctly set forth in the Memoirs describing the finds. The matter is not important, but it illustrates in a peculiar degree how chance governs all sorts of things besides our digestion. My family and I were in Panama in August, 1928. Rosamond and I were house guests of Meriwether and Edith Walker. I remember the question of shopping came up one morning at the breakfast table, and I said to Rosamond and Edith that I hoped they would stay out of shops in the congested center of Panama City because there was an epidemic of severe influenza running riot at the time.

Fortunately they paid no attention whatever to my advice and, poking about, they went into the funny little rat's nest of a curio shop kept by an old German named Peter Hauck. It was the most slovenly, messiest little hole in the wall that anyone ever saw. But Peter Hauck, for all his squalor, was a shrewd, intelligent person. They bought a few objects as ornaments. I recall an interesting little stone figure which Rosamond gave to Edith as a memento of our visit. At noontime I admired this and asked where it had come from. I was told, and Rosamond added that she had seen an extraordinary little stone pelican, partially ensheathed in gold, which looked utterly unlike the gold figures which are frequently dug up in the Province of Chiriqui and are even more frequently faked for sale to tourists. She said that Hauck had a number of other things from the same locality, but that he would sell them only to a museum and that he did not want the collection dispersed.

Well, I could not wait to get to Peter Hauck's shop after luncheon was over. I found that he quite obviously was securing material from a region that promised to be a rich treasury. I bought the collection and had it shipped to Cambridge. My address being given in care of a museum, he was entirely willing to dispose of it at a quite reasonable figure.

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When the specimens arrived and were examined, considerable correspondence ensued with Mr. Karl Curtis, an ardent amateur of archaeology and an old employee of the Panama Canal, a warm and sterling friend of us all. He it was who found that the floods of 1927 had washed deeply into the sides of the river in the pastures of Don Miguel Conte, near Penonomé in the Province of Coclé. Dr. Edward Reynolds, then Director of the Peabody Museum in Cambridge, persuaded Professor Tozzer and Professor Hooton to go to Panama, to visit the Conte family and to draw up a contract allowing the Peabody Museum to carry on explorations. These excavations produced vast stores of pre-Columbian objects in pottery, stone, gold, and even emeralds — and the whole discovery was the result of not taking my advice about Panama City and the influenza epidemic. I may add, also, that no one got influenza.

The Laboratory is now closed, maintained by a skeleton crew in charge of Mr. Zetek. The tropical forest is so intolerant of the invasion of its realms by man that all vestiges of our occupation would disappear in a short time if we did not keep a crew there. Even our "graveyard" would soon disappear. This consists of stumps of wood prepared with all sorts of materials supposedly or actually useful in protecting the wood against the ravages of termites, the greatest scourge affecting wooden buildings in the tropics. These test sticks, planted in the ground at exactly the same depth, under the same conditions, and carefully watched, are now, after fifteen years of Mr. Zetek's penetrating observation, beginning to produce information of great value.

I don't know whether I shall ever see Barro Colorado again, but I certainly hope that I may, if only to sail by it through the Canal in the month of March, when the guayacan trees lift their lofty heads above the forest top, each as glittering as a golden dome, while the purple jacarandas, the pale pink almendros, and the palo santo with flowers as crimson as arterial blood make a scene of incomparable splendor.

SONNET

by JOHN BUXTON

I LISTENED in the night: you spoke to me
Softly, so very softly, one quiet word,
Still sleeping, and your gentle breath I heard
Moving with the rhythm of the distant sea.
Moon-shadows like the shadows in a tree
Fluttered about your breasts, or like a bird
Flitting among green leaves; and then you stirred,
And oh! I saw your eyes, or seemed to see.
But seemed, oh! too beloved ghost, but seemed,
For though I think I never saw more clear
Your throat, your lips, your cheeks, your eyes that teemed
With longing, the crisp hair about your ear,
The very way you waked, I merely dreamed
And you are still alone, and nowhere near.

OFLAG VI B
August 4, 1942

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OPIUM SMOKING

by WALTER DURANTY

1

I WISH I had seen those days, those wonderful hundred days when the armies of America and Britain with its Dominions and the French stormed on to their goal, the battle of August 8 which Ludendorff said was the one that decided the German defeat, because then for the first time the Allied troops in line broke German troops in line without any great bombardment; it was then that our troops broke deep through the German lines. I ought to have seen it all; my credentials were accepted to go to French Headquarters as a regular correspondent. That was in '18 — in August, '18. I'd ordered my uniform and even tried it on; it was ready for me to wear. And then, in a Paris taxi, there in the Rue Montmartre, one morning about eleven, the silliest of things: my taxi driver was killed as the big truck thundered upon us. I lived, but my hip was broken.

There is nothing worse than pain. To lose a child that you love, or a mother who loved you, yes indeed, that is bitter and sad. To lose money and comfort and hope, and your friends and the golden girl, all that is sorry and hard; but not so cruel as pain when it aches and goes on aching, and there is nothing to do; when your monstrous sciatic nerve — which is thinner than a thread — pulses and beats and burns and you don't know what to do. When you know that death would be rest but somehow you don't want to die. Pain can destroy your pride and sap your resolution; and that was what happened to me when Clifford Hawtrey suggested the thing which De Quincey called "just, subtle, and potent opium."

I was living in Saint-Tropez, at that time a little port unknown to tourists or kings. It looked more Italian than French, the little square port and its harbor, with houses clustered around, more like Rapallo than France. Hawtrey lived up on the hill, in a villa with two old servants. A tall, bent, wraithlike man with a white beard and pale blue eyes. I met him one day in the bar that abuts on the mole of the harbor. He was English and fiercely patriotic, and told me something which stunned me. He said, "I am sixty-five and always have hated women. I hate the smell of women and their affected ways, and the clothes they wear and their looks. I always have hated women. But now I wish I had loved them; I wish I had loved eighty women and had sons by every one of them, so that now they could fight for England."

My leg was aching like hell, and I felt very sad and low. I thought I could kill this old man who talked such nonsense as that. I thought, "What a bloody fool to tell me such nonsense!" His hands were withered and thin, with the dryness that comes from age. I didn't like his hands, and I thought what he said was silly, but I rather liked his voice. He said, "Please don't think me impertinent, but you suffer rather, don't you?"

I said, "Yes, it hurts like hell and is hurting at this minute."

WALTER DURANTY was distinguished for his correspondence from Soviet Russia in the early days of the post-war regime. Globe-trotter, raconteur, his *I Write as I Please* was something of a landmark in the journalistic field. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and he tells us that he might have become a dealer in rare china had the pull of newspapering been less insistent. This *Atlantic* memoir deals with a bizarre episode of his earlier days in France. He is living at present in California.

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He sipped his glass of milk and said, "You know, whiskey won't help you."

I said, "There is nothing that can help me."

His faded eyes came alight. He said, "Oh, indeed there is. Let us see, it is four o'clock — another fifteen minutes. Oh yes, there is something which helps!"

Thus I found opium. I was desperate and didn't care.

He took my arm and helped me to his car — it's not fun to hobble on crutches, when the damned bone won't unite and link and get strong again, and that monstrous sciatic nerve — It did, of course, get better, just as the doctor said, after a lapse of time. It left me with a limp, and sometimes hurts me now when the weather is damp and chill. But then I thought it would never — I thought it would never get healed and let me live like a man and have freedom once more from pain.

In his house was a little room with two mattresses on the floor. One big, soft Chinese picture, a tiger in the snow, with trees and a hill behind it, and small, gay Chinese pictures of ugly dancing monkeys and slim delightful girls.

The place had a curious smell, like toasted nuts and chocolate. Hawtrey said, "You lie there; is the pillow high enough? I know how your leg must hurt, but now I will make you a magic to conjure the pain away."

Oh yes, De Quincey is right, so potent is that drug.

He lighted a tiny lamp and said, "This is coconut oil. Olive oil isn't bad, but coconut oil is better."

The lamp had a chimney of frosted glass with butterflies painted on it — a chimney which sloped to a peak like the pictures of Fujiyama. Like volcanoes, a hole at the top.

He took out a bamboo tube, heavy and black with age, and said, "Look how heavy it is. Some people like silver pipes, or ivory or gold; but that is affectation. Bamboo absorbs the savor and essence of the drug."

He fitted a shining thing, red and convex, of terra cotta, into a hole of the pipe, and said, "This we call the bowl, and — wait, you can watch and see."

He dipped a long steel needle in a jade pot of dark-brown gum — it looked like gum to me, looked just like dark-brown gum. He took a drop of the gum and held it over the lamp and twirled the needle around. The drop of gum bubbled and swelled and was brown at the top of the lamp. There were tiny puffs of smoke which smelled like toasted nuts.

Then he twirled the plastic mass on the convex bowl of the pipe, until it became a cone, and quickly stabbed the central hole in the bowl of the pipe, and pulled out the needle and left it, and said, "Now you breathe it slow; you inhale it, slowly and slow." He held the pipe over the lamp and said, "You inhale it slowly."

The little cone fizzed and bubbled as I drew its smoke to my lungs. What a strange unforgettable taste, the infallible opium smoke! What refuge and cease from pain! What beauty and what heaven! What lack of all desire but release from fear and pain! I have lived and seen death and life, and a woman bearing a child, and war in its ugliest form, and famine that takes young children and bloats them until they look like dropsical little spiders. I have seen some unpretty things, and enjoyed many lovely things, but opium is the best. It's a shameful thing to say, and saying it now I'm ashamed, though De Quincey wasn't ashamed, and wrote English as good, or nearly as good, as the Bible.

Do you know that passage of his about "sempiternal Tyre"? No, it wasn't that at all, it was Babylon; no, it wasn't, the word was grander than that, the word was *Hekatompylos*, the seven-gated Thebes. He wrote about the splendor of "Babylon and Hekatompylos," and said that was opium's gift, to bring them before your eyes, those cities of the Past.

You like it or you don't; it makes most people sick, but so does a cigarette, or the first cigar you stole from the big black box in the corner where your father kept his cigars. They say it's a dangerous drug. They prohibit it everywhere and even put you in prison if you own it and smoke it at home. The very word is accursed; they say opium is a crime and a sin and a horrible thing — none of which is true. It's a mild and pleas-

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ant intoxicant, with the unusual faculty of sharply intensifying any thought or emotion which you happen to have at the moment. That's what it really is, a terrific intensifier. Alcohol can't do that, or hashish, or Indian hemp. Cocaine is a deadly thing which can steel the weak hand of a coward and send him out to kill. Cocaine is a deadly drug; but opium eases pain and allows you to relax.

You can float on a rosy cloud, and if you want sleep you can sleep, if you want to talk you can talk, if you want to read you can read, if you want to hear others read — perhaps that is best of all — you hear them reading and see the cities of which they read, or the shining bay under the mountains, or the lovely gold-skinned girls. Or anything you want; it gives you a magic carpet on which you can fly and travel and visit the unknown lands, the lands which lie east of the Sun and the lands which lie west of the Moon, the immortal lands of fancy, the unattainable lands. The Irish have said it best from a thousand years ago when they talked about blessed isles somewhere distant in the West, and the Greeks with their Isles of the Blest where golden apples grew. But the Irish did it best, and even to this day the poverty-stricken fishermen of the Aran Islands still talk of those blessed isles and believe that somewhere, out where the sun sinks down, there is a lovely land where there is no more sorrow or pain. Lord Dunsany, who is Irish, has brought us this mystic hope, this hope which is not of heaven, but for something here on earth, some place to which we can go and find whatever we call it. Call it Tahiti or Bali, call it man's endless hope — the place in which roving men can at last reach their heart's desire.

That is what opium can do for a second-rate reporter with a busted hip. At least it did for me, and by God, I don't regret it.

2

That rascal-genius Claude McPherson wrote a few startling lines which may give a glimpse of my picture. He wrote, I have to admit, about morphine, which is the 10 per cent derivative of opium, and from which there is no escape. He wrote: —

Only the prick of a needle, born of a wizard well,
Is this sufficient to wheedle a soul from heaven to hell?
Was man's spirit freed from fear of its ghosts and gods
To fawn at the feet of a fiend, is it such terrible odds?
The heir of ages of wonder, the lord of earth in his hour,
The master of tide and thunder, against the juice of a flower.
Aye, 'mid the roar and the rattle of all the armies of Sin:
This was the only battle man never was known to win.

High-falutin declamatory verse, like Macaulay if you don't like Macaulay, and Byron if you don't like Byron, but horribly true if you know about morphine. What they call a "habit-forming drug," and only those who have formed that kind of habit can understand what I say. I knew a girl who broke it, because she loved a man. She was hopped right up to the neck, and he said, "My dear, you must choose. I can't have a wife like that, a dope fiend, a slave to this stuff; I can't have a wife like that, so, my dear, you've got to choose." She chose and tore herself free. But her motivation was love, than which there is nothing stronger. Love and death — you have to admit that those are the ultimates.

Hawtrey read me a curious book by Claude Farrère, who at that time was a popular and successful French playwright. The book was called *Opium Smoke*, a collection of short stories. I did not perceive it then, but discovered later that this book epitomized and symbolized man's commerce with the poppy. It began with attractive legends about China, tender, fanciful fairy tales — painted junks on a sapphire sea, men like heroes, and lovely maidens, the literature of dreams. That is the initial stage. Opium doesn't give dreams, but it aids your imagination. You lie and think of things — the things you'd like to do, the places you'd like to go, the heights that you wish to conquer.

We all can do that; but after you've been smoking, such flights of imagination are more vivid and more real. You think, "Suppose I were rich, or president, or a king." The drug intensifies your imagination so much that for a moment you *are* rich, or president, or king. Mind you, there's no delusion, no crude intoxication. You know that you're lying there, that you're awake and sane, but the drug is schizophrenic

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in the sense that your mind can wander, can get away from your body and travel to distant lands and scale insurmountable cliffs. With what clarity of perception, what novelty of vision, what keen unexampled enjoyment of the sights your fancy pictures, or the words that someone is reading — that is the charm of the drug, the clearness and sharp intensity of all your mental sensations. It doesn't hinder your work, dull your mind, or thicken your speech. You don't reel or fumble or stagger, like the sot who is steeped in liquor. After you've smoked your pipes you enjoy a deep dreamless sleep and wake up without a headache or queasiness of stomach. That's perhaps where the danger lies: the stuff is so seductive. It gave me release from pain, and happiness of mind, and a vast new world to explore.

Then one day I found I was caught, like a fly with its feet in the horrible gooey stuff they put on what are known as "flypapers" in England. They never thought of screens to keep flies out of their homes, but used these disgusting papers covered with something I believe is called birdlime. Darkish-green, and viscous, and utterly sticky. What evil creatures are men, how black is the pitch of their souls! I have sat there and watched a fly with its poor little feet in this mess. Its effort to pull one out only plunges the others deeper. How vainly it beats its wings in its struggle to escape! No hope; you are caught, little fly. Oh pity, those dreadful words, "You cannot escape us now." Perhaps the fly prays to its god. Perhaps the fly says to its god, "Oh, God, won't you come to save me?" It flutters its fragile wings, but its god is asleep or afar. Or doesn't care about flies, although the Good Book says that God has regard for sparrows. But the Good Book also says that the god of flies is Beelzebub, who is not a kindly being.

3

That stopped my opium smoking, that "You cannot escape us now"; because, as I said, you get caught, and your feet are stuck in the glue, and your lovely and fanciful dreams change suddenly to nightmare. That, if you wish to know, is the horror and damnation of poor little human flies that are caught in the syrupy gum which oozes in the spring from the fat round bud of the poppy.

The opium poppy is white, but before the flower has blossomed they make nicks under the bud. They nick it with a knife under the fat green bud where the stem swells up to the bud. White stuff like cream comes out; they leave it there overnight, and in the morning it's brown. That's poppy juice, that's opium.

It has to be cooked before it's fit to smoke. You take the brown drops of gum and cook them in a pan. You bring the brew to a boil, but only just that and no more. Just when the water boils, then you take it away from the fire and strain it through a cloth. If you let the stuff go on boiling, you'll never be able to smoke it; there'll be bits of leaf or something, or dust, or I don't know what, but you won't be able to smoke it. It is, as De Quincey said, "a magic and potent drug," which you must respect and serve. You wait for the boiling moment, you strain it through a cloth, and then you let it simmer until the excess water is removed and the residue has a dark syrupy consistency, like the stuff they put on flypapers to catch the small feet of flies.

Yes, indeed, it caught me too, and that book of Farrère's was right, which began with fanciful stories, then advanced to clear French stories — the clarity of the drug — which de Maupassant might have written. And then made a further advance, or a dreadful retrogression, when the fly knew its feet were caught and fluttered its wings in vain.

Farrère's approach to the final stage, of nightmare which leads to madness, is strange and almost mystic. He tells how the spirit of smokers who have sunk too deep in the drug is loosened from their bodies, and walks before they are dead in the company of ghosts. The living amongst the dead; because they too are lost, and their spirits grown so fragile that they hardly live any more as men live who see the sun and hear birds twitter at dawn. Their life is the life of the dead. Farrère has a story like that, which he wrote in Trebizond, of the smoker who left his body and walked with the ghosts

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of the Past, the ghosts of the cruel Turks who killed because they were cruel, and the ghosts of Tamerlane's Tartars who killed because they were Tartars. As the story recedes in time there comes the ghost of a dog, a little skeleton dog trotting behind his master, a king who had died by torture. Last of all, in the furthest distance, the ghost of a lovely woman whose features are ravaged by pain as she looks at the ghosts of two children gliding along beside her. This was Medea of Colchis, the disciple whom Hecate loved — Hecate, goddess of witches. Medea killed her children as vengeance on Jason, their father, when he cast her aside for another.

That is the nightmare stage which leads swiftly to the end, the horror of madness and death. From the last I escaped in time, but narrowly, as I know; and, strangely, it was fear, fear of a dreadful dream, which saved me on the brink. I had had that dream as a child, as an echo from reading Dickens with Cruikshank illustrations, because in my dream I fled from four men dressed in black Cruikshank clothes. A childish dream, half-forgotten; but now it recurred again with added pangs of terror, because, as it came more often, I found it each time less easy to wake myself from its clutches.

To this day I shudder to think of those four black men. One was tall and one was a dwarf; their faces were ugly and evil and their eyes were cruel as daggers. It always happened like this: a party with lots of people, big rooms and lots of people, amidst whom the four would appear and make their way towards me. They never said a word, but closed in, and I'd leave my food and the girl with whom I was talking, and move to another room. There they would follow me and again move close, and again I would slip away. I'd evade them from room to room, but at last there was one little room with books around it, and no other door or outlet, no rescue or escape.

Everyone has had nightmares which proceed to a climax of terror and the sleeper wakes gasping for breath. But with opium you don't — you are drugged and you can't wake up. At first I found a defense. When I reached the inner room I would dive my head into the books, and that would wake me up, that was my way of escape. I did it several times, and rose up out of my sleep, away from the dagger eyes and skinny, grasping fingers. Then one time I didn't escape. I fell back from the shelf of books, and then the tall one spoke, the first words he had uttered, "Burrow away, little mouse. You cannot escape us now."

I dived again at the books, threw my head against the shelves, and came up to my bed, my own bed in my home, to feel the sheets in my bed and know that I was not there alone in that dreadful room with those creatures closing upon me. My God, what relief that was! I hit my hands on the wall, hit them and hit and hit. Something to keep me awake! Something to save me from Them. The pain of it kept me awake, to get up and drink strong coffee. The wall was covered with blood, and my knuckles were cut to pieces, but I was saved from damnation, from Nodens and the Chaos, the powers of the Abyss. Do I believe in devils? Or in what do I believe? I don't know what I believe or what I disbelieve; but they were with me that night, the creatures of the Dark.

Kipling once wrote the same story, though perhaps he didn't know it; and a ghastly story it is, called "At the End of the Passage," or just "The End of the Passage." An Englishman down in the plains of Central India in the hottest time of the year had a recurrent nightmare of walking along a passage with a great oak door at the end. Behind it there lurked, he knew, a greedy and fearsome vampire, awaiting the destined hour when he must open the door. That, as he told his friends, was the essence of his nightmare; every time it recurred he was nearer the end of the passage before he could awake. Some day the door would open, and then, he knew, he was lost.

For some reason it happened, said Kipling, that their usual weekly visit was delayed by a day or two. They found the man dead in bed with agonized staring eyes. When they examined his body, there lay behind it a big, sharp cavalry spur, which had torn and roweled his back like the

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flanks of a racing horse. He had placed it there, they were sure, to save himself from sleep and the door at the end of the passage.

Kipling does not mention opium, and implies that the case was one of heat fever, insomnia — which seems an incongruous note — and the obsession of the dream; but I am convinced that my interpretation is the true one, because it happened to me, or as nearly as made no matter.

From that night I was done with the drug; I had been too fearfully scared. I couldn't stop it at once; its hold is too strong for that. Once it has caught you tight, you must have your daily ration, more needed than daily bread. Sudden severance racks your nerves beyond any power of bearing, with savage, incessant pains in forehead and solar plexus. I didn't smoke any more, but slowly with opium pills I graded down the daily doses, until at last I was free — gaunt, yellow, and haggard, but free. Three months longer I lay in the sun and bathed in the warm blue sea, until I was fit and well. One thing it seemed I had gained, apart from some baleful knowledge: my hip didn't hurt any more, and never has bothered me since, except of course for a limp, and an occasional twinge in damp or chilly weather.

4

Several years later, in China, a dealer told me of treasure trove in a desecrated temple or tomb in the "Red Spear" country, south of the Yellow River near Lo-yang. Not frescoes, he thought, but old jade. That suited me well because I wanted to visit that section. I wanted to find out about the "Red Spears" — were they Communists or not, and what was their contact, if any, with Russia? Secondly, Chang Tso-lin had recently sent an army down the railroad a little further east across the river into Honan, under the command of his son, Chang Sui-liang, the Young Marshal. Many of the foreign observers in Pekin had an idea that they were going to drive south towards Hankow and challenge Chiang Kai-shek. I thought they were out on a limb.

I met a German boy whose father had been in charge of an arsenal at Lo-yang. He had worked before for Krupps, and took his wife and baby son with him to China just after the war. The youngster when I knew him was about twenty-one and spoke the local dialect, which had indeed been his first language, and German and English as well. A tall, strong kid with nice manners and good nerves. He was undismayed by reports current in Pekin that the Red Spears had an unsavory trick of sitting people on pointed bamboos. This is an old Asiatic custom which Egypt and Russia and China preferred to the Roman penalty of crucifixion. They say it takes you thirty-six hours to die, which didn't frighten me much because I knew my heart would stop beating long before that. But the German boy might have lasted forty hours, and so I thought he was brave in agreeing to go there.

I also had a talisman with me. There was a French drugstore attached to the Grand Hotel at Pekin, and the druggist said to me, "If you are going down to the Red Spear country, I think you'd be well advised to take two half-grams of morphine. When they sharpen the bamboo, you swallow the first half-gram; and when they sit you upon it, you swallow the second. Then you can laugh at them, because morphine makes you feel good, and moreover that will be an excellent thing for white prestige." I thought this was a sinister remark, but I thanked him and took the poison with me.

We went to a place named Changsha, south of the Hwang Ho, as they call the Yellow River. Across a most rickety bridge which shook my heart up to my throat, so dangerous it was. This was a close, quick danger, whereas the Red Spears — I have always found that the danger around the corner is less terrifying than the danger under my nose, and that physical dangers like shaky bridges or bombs are worse than the possible risk of enemies catching you and disliking you and treating you rough. Courage is relative. Some men are brave in their hearts; and the greater the danger, the more bravely they rise to meet it. Some men are devoid of fear, without that swell of courage, but just don't feel afraid. They say, "If it comes, that's that," but they

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do not feel afraid. I always feel afraid, but only of things that bang and quiver, like a bridge, representing immediate danger.

I don't pretend that I'm brave, but I say that I do not fear the moral, impalpable dangers, the what-may-happen-tomorrow, the uncertain or unknown. To express the whole thing simply, I have armor in my mind against dangers my mind foresees, but my body is weak and frail against actual factual risk. I have sat and watched my own knees shaking with fright in an air raid. I couldn't stop them shaking, although I retained enough common sense and free will to know that I could walk down a lot of stairs and get myself into a cellar where the danger was diminished. Why didn't I run downstairs? Oh, the answer is easy enough. Because I had a piece to write and couldn't write it in the cellar. Any reason's good enough; the point is that you have to beat yourself to conquer your own fear.

But with this Red Spear trip I didn't have any fear. That shows what a fool I was, because, of all the silly and reckless things I've done in my life, this was the most foolish. The Red Spears weren't dangerous because they were bad or cruel, but simply because they were frightened.

It was about nine-thirty in the evening when this German boy and I set out for the Red Spear country. We rode for two hours on a motor rail car, until the driver said he wouldn't go any further and we must continue on foot. He was a bright young Chinese mechanic who talked English, and he said to us, "Good-bye. No need to wish you luck, because I shall not see you again."

Young Hans, my German interpreter, said, "When that one sees us again I'll ask him why he soaked us twenty dollars for this run, although his boss said fifteen."

I said, "Oh, what is money? But it's yours if you can get it."

Here was something interesting, which perhaps goes deep into the psychology of nations. Hans in reality was a mercenary, just working for me for thirty dollars a week. He knew the country and its local language, but he'd nothing much to lose or nothing much to gain. Except of course his life, for which he seemed to care little. He was willing to take a chance, and beyond that — he didn't care. I had three good motives for doing what I did. I wanted to find out, to know what the Red Spear movement was — was it connected with Russia, or was it something else? Secondly, I wished intensely — and this went back to my childhood — to see and touch and acquire the jade or other treasures of a tomb that was as old as Christ. Third, I was driven by an inner recklessness which I can only translate into words by saying it was the drive to go ahead and see for myself, and a sort of indignant rejection of what I'd been told by people sitting safe and comfortable in the Pekin Club.

We trudged for an hour along the empty railroad tracks; then someone yelled in the darkness, and before we could answer back a bullet buzzed past our ears. Hans shouted, and we went on to meet a young Chinese in threadbare khaki uniform. Hans told him, "How dare you shoot at us? We are coming to see your leaders. Where are they? Take us to them."

That's one of the differences between Chinese and Westerners. This sentry had shot at us because he thought we were enemies. His shot missed, and then he found that we were apparently friends. So he said as a matter of course, "The center of our camp. You go ahead down this lane . . ."

"Come on," said Hans, "it's all right," and led me through the dark to a small, square wooden house with a Chinese outer door which keeps devils away. He kicked at the outer door. From one side came a burly Chinese peasant with a ten-foot spear, on the other side a soldier in uniform with an automatic pistol. Both of them shouted something in Chinese, but Hans paid no attention. He walked straight toward the man with the gun, — you might almost say straight through him, — telling me to follow along. We crossed the courtyard, and Hans boldly opened the door of the building beyond.

5

I have heard it said that no one who has not nearly died or approached the gates of death should be permitted to have authority

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and rulership. This may be true or nonsense, but one thing you *do* get from close approach to death's door is a certain indifference at critical moments which may stand you in good stead.

At any rate, when I came into that room my first instinctive reaction was through my nose. I smelled it, and that was that. I turned to Hans and said, "Tell them I like the stuff they're smoking; it smells much better than any we can get in Europe. Go on," I said quickly, "tell them! You don't have to understand, but tell them what I say."

There followed some Chinese jabber, and Hans turned back to me. "This is bad," he said. "These people are lunatics. They are going to kill us because we are foreigners."

Meanwhile I'd been thinking, and there was an older man smoking his opium pipe on a mat in the corner. I had caught the smell of opium and suddenly understood that Hans was no more good to himself or to me. I walked over to the corner and looked at the old man and said quite simply in English, "That smells good; I'd like to smoke it," and held out my hand for the pipe, with no evidence of fear.

That of course is the secret. You can sit in a lion's den, and if you don't seem afraid the lion will lick your boots. To be honest, I wasn't afraid; I'd forgotten to think of fear, I was so profoundly interested in it all and so fascinated by the fumes of opium. You folks who read this won't understand what I mean; but I can smell it now in my nostrils, this curious smell like burnt chocolate, which is better than that and which means so terribly much.

Anyway, the old man motioned me with his hand to lie down, and handed me his pipe. Then he himself twirled the opium gum above the lamp and made the little cone for me to smoke. As I sucked the smoke into my lungs I felt double satisfaction: the restful delight of the drug and the feeling that I was saved because I lay defenseless beside another smoker.

Somewhere in the Bible it says that "he that loseth his life shall find it"; and the Russians have a proverb that you only get by giving. I don't know what this means, but that night with the Red Spears I was perfectly at ease, devoid of alarm or distress. I lay there smoking the pipes which the old man cooked for me, with Hans lying across my knees, talking to them gently. Some of the other Chinese were clustered round the old man, not smoking, they nor Hans.

I have wondered what was the secret of that night. Was it the freemasonry of opium whereof De Quincey speaks? Or was it that among these poor wretched devils, whose hand was against every man and every man's hand against them, we came like gods from a cloud, who were not afraid or hostile?

I hadn't smoked for some years, so the effect of the drug was strong upon me. I don't remember clearly, but three things I do know. The Red Spears were not Communists at all, but only unhappy peasants whose homes and women had been looted by soldiers of different armies, until at last they revolted and went out to fight by themselves against all soldiers and armies. Second, they were my friends. And third, I had to go back. Although they were my friends, they would not allow me further.

I told them about the tomb with its ancient jade. They simply shook their heads and said they were sorry, but — The truth was they were frightened, with every man's hand against them. They *dare not* let me go further.

As I lay there in the corner, opium's magic power of imagination and picture showed me suddenly something dreadful. The series of German prints published after the Thirty Years' War which cost Germany half the lives of all its population. Terrible pictures they are, the wolfish figures of peasants tearing the soldiers down and hanging them in pieces. The Red Spears were just the same, a maddened revolt of peasants against soldiers.

The next morning I said good-bye, still grumbling that they would not allow me to go on towards the place where this ancient tomb had been discovered. They bade me farewell in friendship, and we passed out of their lines.

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THE HORSES AT BORDEAUX

by LORNA LINDSLEY

1

QUATORZE CHEVAUX EN LIBERTÉ! There are posters of them in every department of France. They greet you on factory walls in the towns and on barn doors in the country. Sometimes the posters are newly pasted up and highly colored, sometimes they are ragged and faded. It depends on how long it was since the circus passed that way.

There were fourteen horses in the Cirque Lamar, all light bay with long tails and flowing manes. They weren't particularly handsome, they wore no brass or leather or plumes to dress them up, but they were very intelligent because they did their act in the circus ring *en liberté* — that is, without rein or whip to guide them.

In May the Lamar Circus had been working its way slowly north from small town to small town. When they neared the Loire the war was at an end and they turned and fled like everyone else. A lion and a tiger in their red and gold cages, the family wagons of the circus people, and the fourteen horses in their two trucks, packed in close together so that they couldn't hurt each other and with their chins resting on the sides of the trucks so that they could watch the landscape go by. And for some reason the circus followed the Government — it went to Bordeaux too, as if for orders.

I first heard about the circus from a friend of mine whom I met in a café on the Place du Théâtre, waiting, as all France was waiting, to know her fate. My friend was a *doyenne* of the Comédie Française. She had been many years on the stage and she had the large gestures and the deep voice of all the Racine tragedies in which she had played. She had found shelter on the outskirts of Bordeaux in a small château which belonged to a winegrower. The picture of the château was on the bottles of one of the lesser vintages of Bordeaux, but the owner was rich enough to have interested himself in race horses — in a modest way, of course, but he did have, in a field near his château, an enclosure with a small training course inside it.

When the circus retreated to Bordeaux it had a hard time finding adequate space on which to come to rest, for most of the land around the city was planted in grapes. Then a gendarme directed it to the racehorse owner's château and he let them install the lion and tiger cages in an empty shed and told them they could pasture their horses in the race-track enclosure. There the fourteen horses remained and nobody bothered with them except to water them and to throw in an occasional bale of hay to supplement the grass of the track. My friend forgot about them too, after admiring them the first day and enjoying the way they kicked up their heels at their unusual freedom.

Then a week later she happened to pass by the track and she noticed an extraordinary thing. The horses weren't grazing or galloping around the field: they were trotting in a

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A native of Dedham, Massachusetts, LORNA LINDSLEY has spent much of her life traveling. In 1938 she covered the Civil War in Spain; the year following she was in Palestine at the time of the Arab riots. Paris is one of her best-beloved headquarters, and there she has lived in the days of freedom and during the captivity of 1940. Her new book, from which this episode is taken, will appear this spring under the title of *War Is People.*

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circle, nose to tail, with that short circus trot. As she watched them they stopped as if at some unspoken order, for no one was there; and swinging their heads up and over the tails in front of them, they turned in close formation and trotted around the circle in the other direction. She went closer to look, and saw that they had already worn the June grass down to bare ground. The circle they had made was exactly the size of the circus ring.

People came to see the horses after that; it was a comforting sight, with all that was going on in France, to see such order and such discipline. The horses liked being watched too. They expected applause, and one day when they had finished their drill and heard a burst of clapping from the people who had wandered in from the vineyards, they actually took a bow before scattering over the field.

My friend was much moved by the horses. She wanted to buy sugar for them in Bordeaux, but of course could not find any; she would have to go back to the château empty-handed.

She lifted her head grandly in the true Comédie Française manner and with one of her wide gestures swept the square in front of our café. The square was crammed with dusty overloaded cars. People were sitting on the running boards of their gasless cars and wondering what to do next. The sidewalk tables were filled with people drinking one *café crème* after another so that they could keep their seats and rest. No one had anything to do, and there were little explosions of anger and tears and hysteria in every corner.

She looked at all this confusion with a certain contempt and said: "The horses are better, they are disciplined people. Like actors, they have the tradition of the stage; for us and for them the show must go on. For myself I am happy that I learned that early in life."

When we separated we said good-bye as if we might never meet again, which was extremely probable in those days, and she regretted that I could not come to the château to see the horses. Animals were better than men, she said.

2

In Paris five months later I ran into her again. I asked eagerly for news. What had happened to her? Had she left Bordeaux when the Germans came in, and what had happened to the circus and the *Quatorze Chevaux en Liberté?*

She told me that she had not been able to leave Bordeaux at that time. She had stayed on in the château, and the circus people had stayed on too. The horses had become more and more of a comfort to her, for it had not been nice to see the German *Kommandatur* take over the château next door and swarm over the country like the green potato bugs they were.

I said, "Did the horses perform for the Germans too?" and she replied, "Alas, yes. They performed for them too. But I tried not to take it too hard. After all, circuses are international."

"Did the Germans behave well in Bordeaux?" I asked. "Did they drink up all the wine?"

"Both," she said. "They did not behave so badly, but they drank up all the wine. They were 'correct' with the people, but we had a little trouble with the elephants."

"Elephants!" I exclaimed. "You didn't tell me that there were elephants with the circus."

"Only three," she said. "They were called 'Monsieur, Madame, and Bébé.'"

Then she told me the story of the elephants. One night the High Commandant was giving a dinner in the requisitioned château next door. The High Commandant was in the château because it was the finest to be found near Bordeaux — owned by one of the richest women in France, and the wines and tapestries were of the first order. The Germans sent word to the manager of the circus that they wanted the horses to come and perform for them on the lawn of the château. The circus owner excused himself — he said it couldn't be done. But what he really wanted was not to perform for the Germans. They sent a soldier back to ask the manager to send over the tiger and lion in their cages — they would look nice at the château entrance on each side of the gate.

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Other officers were coming from Bordeaux; it would be a fine party. The manager again refused. He said his lion and his tiger were sick and mangy beasts and would be a credit to nobody. The Germans were angry then. They sent the soldier back to tell him to send over the three elephants or they would come and take them themselves.

So Monsieur, Madame, and Bébé were led over to the big château by their Indian elephant boys. The manager followed anxiously, but he would not go into the château; he waited in the garden outside.

The dinner was a great success, and after they had all drunk a good deal the Commandant decided he wanted the elephants brought into the dining room to parade around the table as the officers ate. The elephant boys came reluctantly. The marble floor of the entrance hall was very slippery and Bébé balked at crossing it, and the dining room when they entered it was covered with broken glass, for the guests did not wait to have the wine opened, but knocked off the heads of the bottles in true conqueror style. The elephant boys with their charges trod warily around the long table against a background of lighted candelabra and Beauvais tapestries.

Two of the officers wanted to ride the elephants, so the boys made the elephants kneel and the men climbed up on their shoulders still holding their bottles of wine. Bébé was small, so he didn't have to kneel; a tall officer straddled him and beat him around the table with the flat of his sword. The ride didn't last long, Bébé slipped at a corner and the officer fell off onto the dining-room table with a crash of crystal glasses and a flood of spilled wine.

When the officers had had enough of this they decided that the elephants were pretty good fellows, so they drank their healths. Then they said that the elephants might like a drink too. One of them started to pour a bottle of wine down Monsieur's throat. This was too much for the elephant boy; he rushed outside to call the manager. The manager hurried in and remonstrated. He told the officers that it would make the elephants sick, that they were valuable elephants, nowhere in France were there such fine elephants, and he did not want them hurt. The officer brushed him off and tried again to pour the wine down Monsieur's throat, so the manager appealed to the Commandant. He told him with tears in his eyes that besides being bad for the elephants it was a great waste of good wine. Over at the other château the circus people did not have good wine like this; they had never in their lives tasted wine like this; where they were, it was only a *petit cru*. Instead of giving it to the elephants, who could not appreciate it, why not give it to the poor circus people who could?

The Commandant laughed and told an orderly to bring up two dozen of the best from the cellar and to give them to the manager and the elephant boys; and after that the manager and the boys and Monsieur, Madame, and Bébé were allowed to go.

When the manager reached home and had seen his elephants safe in the barn for the night, he came up to the château to see if by chance Madame, the *artiste* of the Comédie Française, was still up. He wanted her to come down to the circus wagons and join his party. He was offering a *petit vin d'honneur*. After all, did they not belong to the same profession, the people of the circus and the people of the stage? My friend went down to the wagons with him where the troupe was collected, and he uncorked the precious wine carefully and smelled the cork and nodded satisfaction, and he poured it into tin cups and they all drank a toast to the Circus and the Comédie Française; and they drank to Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé, and to the lion and the tiger, and to the *Quatorze Chevaux en Liberté*. And they kept drinking to the *Chevaux en Liberté* all evening, for they liked the sound of the word in their mouths.

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THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

Exploring the Dangerous Trades

The autobiography of

DOCTOR ALICE HAMILTON

CHAPTERS XVII–XXIV

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From a drawing by
NORAH HAMILTON

"Protection of workers in the dangerous trades," writes Dr. Alice Hamilton, "is the chief but not the only subject of this book. Other things have played a great part in my life. I should never have taken up the cause of the working class had I not lived at Hull-House and learned much from Jane Addams, Florence Kelley, Julia Lathrop, and others. Living as I did with Jane Addams, I could not escape being drawn into the peace movement and the efforts to reconstruct Europe after the Armistice. So that too enters into my story. I have tried to paint a picture of life as I have seen it under the period of passionate and hopeful idealism in the nineties; of slowly increasing disillusion culminating in the shock of war in 1914; of the war years with their intolerance and bitterness and wave of reaction; of the 'giddy twenties' where, underneath the surface froth, I saw unemployment and exploitation; the soberer thirties with the increasing movement toward social justice. During those years I saw Europe at war, I saw the result of the starvation blockade of Germany and Austria, and the Quaker work of relief; I joined the League of Nations committee to fight disease; went to visit Russia under Lenin; took part in the Sacco-Vanzetti case; saw Germany under the early months of Hitler's rule, Germany and France during the 'Munich betrayal.' All these go to make up my book."

Thirty-two years have passed since young Dr. Alice Hamilton began her exploration of industrial poisons. From her sheltered childhood in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and her study at Miss Porter's School, she emerged with that scientific bent and that blazing courage which she needed as a pioneer. She took her M.D. at the University of Michigan, did graduate work in Germany and at Johns Hopkins, and then went as an ardent young recruit to Hull-House. Her life at Hull-House gained her the confidence of the immigrant communities and aroused her interest in industrial diseases. Then in 1910 Governor Deneen appointed her to a Commission to investigate white-lead poisoning in Illinois — and her lifework had begun. . . .

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EXPLORING THE DANGEROUS TRADES

by ALICE HAMILTON

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While the Illinois survey was still in progress the Commission decided to send me to Europe to attend the International Congress on Occupational Accidents and Diseases, which was to hold its fourth meeting that summer in Brussels. Dr. Henderson suggested that I take time also to visit lead plants in England and on the Continent. This was an important journey for me, not only because it taught me much in the field of preventive hygiene, but even more because it led to my taking up this new specialty as my life's work.

The Brussels Congress was a very interesting experience for me, meeting and hearing the famous authorities I knew so well from their writings: chiefly German and English, but also French, Austrian, Dutch, Belgian, Italian. But for an American it was not an occasion for national pride. There were but two of us on the program: Major Bailey Ashford, with a paper on hookworm infestation in Puerto Rico, and I, with one on the white-lead industry in the United States. My paper revealed only too clearly the lack of such precautions as were a commonplace in the older countries. It was still more mortifying to be unable to answer any of the questions put to us: What was the rate of lead poisoning in such and such an industry? What legal regulations did we have for the dangerous trades? What was our system of compensation? Finally, Dr. Glibert, of the Belgian Labor Department, dismissed the subject: "It is well known that there is no industrial hygiene in the United States. *Ça n'existe pas.*"

There was one man in attendance at the Congress who felt as keenly as did Major Ashford and I the deplorable impression our country made; and being in a position to do something about it, he resolved that he would. This was Charles O'Neill, Commissioner of Labor in the Department of Commerce, for there was no Department of Labor till 1913, only a Bureau. Soon after I had come home and was again absorbed in the Illinois survey, I received a letter from him asking me to undertake for the Federal government a similar survey, of the lead trades first, then perhaps other poisonous trades. The investigation was to cover all the States, taking one trade at a time, and it must be understood that I had, as a Federal agent, no right to enter any establishment — that must depend on the courtesy of the employer. I must discover for myself where the plants were, and the method of investigation to be followed. The time devoted to each survey — that and all else — was left to my discretion. Nobody would keep tabs on me, I should not even receive a salary; only when the report was ready for publication would the government buy it from me.

I accepted the offer, and never went back to the laboratory. Often I was homesick for the old life, but I had long been convinced that it was not in me to be anything more than a fourth-rate bacteriologist. Interesting as I found the subject, and pleasant as I found the life, I was never absorbed in it. Hull-House was more vital to me by far, and I had no scientific imagination — one problem did not suggest another to my mind. I shall always be thankful for the training in scientific method I had under Dr. Hektoen, but I never have doubted the wisdom of my decision to give it up and to devote myself to work which has been scientific only in part, but human and practical in greater measure.

My service with the Federal government was thus quite free from any red tape; it was really pleasant and independent, perhaps because the chief under whom most of my work there was done came to Washington from the faculty of Princeton, with traditions of university procedure. Dr. Royal Meeker was the Commissioner of Labor Statistics in the new Department of Labor, appointed by President Wilson, and I look back to my service under him with pleasure

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and gratitude. He gave me a free hand, but was always ready to help in any difficulty; he never edited my stuff, and when nervous manufacturers asked to see it before publication, he would arrange a conference with them, call me in to defend my statements, and stand by me. Also he refused to yield to requests for my dismissal during the war because I was a pacifist.

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Already in my Illinois survey I had made the acquaintance of the sanitary-ware trade and had convinced myself that porcelain enameling was on a par with such dangerous trades as lead smelting and oxide roasting and corroding white lead. As to the prevalence of lead poisoning among enamel grinders and enamelers, I had an opportunity to decide that question for at least one group before I left Chicago. A strike was declared in a large sanitary-ware enameling works and it occurred to me that here was a chance to meet the usual working force, not only the invalided men, and to see if any of them were leaded. I went to A. F. of L. headquarters and there learned that the strikers were meeting in a Polish saloon and that Frank Fitzpatrick was trying to organize them. He was willing to take me along; so while he harangued the men in the front room, I interviewed them one by one in the back room.

Nowadays the making of a diagnosis of lead poisoning is an elaborate affair. Besides the usual physical examination, it includes examination of the blood, both chemical and microscopic; quantitative chemical tests of excreta; and delicate tests for nerve response. None of such aids were available to me; my methods were as crude as those of Tanquerel des Planches. I adopted a rigid standard. I would not accept a case as positive unless there was a clear lead line in addition to a typical history, or, if there was no line, a diagnosis of lead poisoning made by a doctor on the occasion of an acute attack.

The lead line is very rarely seen nowadays. It is a deposit of black lead sulphide in the cells of the lining of the mouth, usually clearest on the gum along the margin of the front teeth, and it is caused by the action of sulphuretted hydrogen on the lead in these cells, the sulphuretted hydrogen coming from decaying protein food in the mouth. Of course if a lead worker has a clean, healthy mouth, he will not have a lead line, and I have not seen one in over ten years, but in 1910 I looked on it as a common sign.

Among the 148 men I examined — all Slavs, many of them powerfully built peasants — there were 35 who fell into the first class, lead line and typical symptoms; 10 more not only had a line and present complaints but had been treated by physicians for colic; 9 had symptoms of chronic plumbism but no typical lead line because their gums were inflamed and sloughing, with continual loss of surface cells, although they often had bluish spots on the inside of their cheeks. These 54 cases I accepted, but refrained from adding 23 who had a clear lead line but only slight or vague symptoms, and another group of 15 who had symptoms but no line. It would be simply impossible to find nowadays in this country a group of lead workers revealing such a condition, and after an exposure averaging less than six years. The proportion of 54 out of 148 is more than one third.

Because enameling was notoriously hard, hot, and dangerous work American men shunned it. I found in Pittsburgh and the surrounding towns, in Trenton and Chicago, foreign-born workmen — Russians, Bohemians, Slovaks, Croatians, Poles. I remember a foreman saying to me, as we watched the enamelers at work, "They don't last long at it. Four years at the most, I should say. Then they quit and go home to the old country." "To die?" I asked. "Well, I suppose that is about the size of it," he answered.

Only one employer was taking any notice of the lead dust. In all the other enameling rooms, this would be the picture: In front of the great furnaces stood the enameler and his helper. The door swung open, and with the aid of a mechanism which required strength to operate, a red-hot bathtub was lifted out. The enameler then dredged powdered enamel over the hot surface as quickly as possible. The powder melted and flowed to form an even coating. His helper stood beside him working the turntable on which the tub stood, so as to present all its inner surface to the enameler. The dredge was big and so heavy that part of its weight had to be taken by a chain from the roof. During this procedure the men were in a thick cloud of enamel dust, and were breathing rapidly and deeply because of the exertion and the extreme heat. I found that I could not stand the heat any nearer than twelve feet, but the workmen had to go much closer. They protected their faces and eyes by various devices — a light tin pan with eyeholes and a hoop to go around the head, or a piece of wood with eyeholes and a stick nailed at a right angle so that the man could hold it between his teeth.

When the coat had been applied, the tub was swung back into the furnace and then usually there would be a few minutes of respite, for the man to relax, to go to the window for a breath of air, or to take a bite of lunch. There was never

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any break in the six- or eight-hour shift, so the man had the choice between fasting — and an empty stomach favors lead poisoning — or eating his lunch with lead-covered hands in a lead-laden atmosphere. I saw plenty of sandwiches lying on dusty windowsills, and plenty of hasty lunches taken between two bouts at the furnace; and women told me of finding white powder in their husbands' lunch boxes.

I visited many of the homes of these workers. The enamelers are skilled men and their homes were well kept, yet they stayed only a few years in their well-paid jobs. I secured full histories of 186 cases of lead poisoning; 38 of these men had worked less than a year, 137 less than ten years. Lead poisoning and consumption both were notorious in those neighborhoods; I was told of them not only by the men but by doctors, priests, apothecaries, shopkeepers. And I found an unusually high proportion of severe forms of plumbism among these cases. From doctors and from employers I gained the details of 177 cases; of these, 28 had palsy, 8 had the brain form of plumbism, and 7 died.

Seventeen years later, in 1929, I made a second survey of this industry, this time with special regard to the dust hazard. Silicosis had by then become the most important of the industrial diseases and I knew that in making porcelain-enameled sanitary ware not only the enamelers but many other workmen were exposed to silica dust. The lead hazard was still there, but I knew it had lessened during those years, and indeed I found the work of the enamelers not nearly so bad as it was before. In the first place no plant was using so much lead as it had in 1912, and three out of ten used none at all for ordinary enamel. There was also far less dust both in the grinding room and in enameling. The enamelers' work was much less heavy; mechanical devices had been introduced for opening and closing furnaces, for lifting ware and controlling the turntable. The heat was still as great as ever, the workday still unbroken for lunch or rest, and many double furnaces had been introduced, which meant that the men must work without even the few moments' break while the ware was heating. Even when the day was cut to six hours, the work was more exhausting than on the single furnaces.

But the department that interested me most in this second study was the one where the iron ware is prepared for coating with enamel. As the tubs come from the foundry their surface is smooth and enamel will not stick to it, so in order to roughen it a blast of fine sand is turned on it and the million particles of sand make millions of tiny dents in the metal so that it is frosted all over. Every industrial physician knew this to be one of the most dangerous jobs in all industry, and the National Safety Council had appointed a committee, of which I was a member, to study sandblasting and to suggest how the danger might be controlled. So I had seen a good deal of this process in other industries but never anything approaching what I saw in sanitary-ware manufacture.

Imagine a great room filled with men clearing mold sand off the tubs from the foundry. At one end, through a thick fog of dust, one can dimly see eight lamplit little rooms open to the big room, in each of which a grotesque figure is manipulating a sandblast which, with a deafening roar, shoots sand at something, one cannot see what. Great clouds of sand come eddying out into the room, filling the air the cleaners must breathe. Some attempt is made to protect the sand blaster, none at all to protect the cleaner.

This was the worst plant I saw, but three others were almost as bad, all in States where no compensation law for occupational disease existed. The others were all much less dangerous and one was excellent in every respect. This was the Kohler plant in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, or rather in the charming village of Kohler. I remembered it from 1912, for Walter Kohler was then the only manufacturer of sanitary ware I met who was seriously concerned with the problems of lead poisoning and of dust. In the intervening years he had done away with the lead and had brought the dust under control. In some of the other plants I saw excellent conditions, but Kohler's stood at the head in 1929. What Mr. Kohler had done was to make the sandblast chambers dust-proof, so that no man outside was endangered, and to provide the sand blaster with pure, dust-free air fed to him through a pipe which led to his respirator. And of course a physician kept close watch of all these men.

Enameling sanitary ware is still a dangerous trade, for only the greatest precautions can prevent silicosis in sand blasters and enamelers, and even if there is no lead in the enamel, the excessive heat is harmful. But compared with the situation in 1912 the trade has made enormous progress, aided, no doubt, by the passage of a law in Pennsylvania awarding compensation for occupational disease.

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The potters' trade is a very old one and from earliest times men have known that potters suffer from consumption, or phthisis, a disease of the lungs accompanied by wasting, more than ordi-

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nary workmen do. Silicious dust is not the only danger in the potters' trade; lead is there also, and for a long time, before much was known about silicosis, the lead poisoning of potters was notorious, especially in England and Germany. It is in the glaze and in some forms of decoration that lead is used. The addition of lead makes a glaze more fusible, less heat is needed in firing, and as a consequence, firing is cheaper and less harm is done to colors than would occur if greater heat were used. The peasant potteries of Germany, Russia, Hungary, where lead glaze and lead colors were used in the home and the firing was done in a primitive kiln, were the cause of dreadful forms of lead poisoning even in the children.

Pottery is fascinating work, far the most attractive of all the trades I have studied, and it is full of old associations that come to mind as one beholds the "potter's wheel," the "clay in the hand of the potter," the power of the potter over the clay, "of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour." Next to the shaping, the decoration fascinates one. Much of it is done by means of transfer papers — decalcomania — just like those we played with as children. Then there is tinting or color spraying, which means applying the color by means of an atomizer and compressed air. Ground laying is seen only on expensive ware, those plates and platters which have a wide solid band of color along the edge. To make this, dry color is dusted on a prepared surface with a pad of cotton. Of these three methods, decalcomania is devoid of any danger; both the others may poison the air with fine lead dust.

At the time of my survey, firing the ware was done always in the great kilns one sees as one passes through New Jersey and Southeastern Ohio. The dangerous features in pottery work are to be looked for in the dust: silicious dust (flint) that is mixed with the clay and with the glaze, lead dust in glaze and colors. Control the dust and you have made the place safe.

In mixing clay and glaze, no effort whatever was made to prevent escape of dust. Lead was added raw to the finished glaze, never before fusing. Dipping rooms had wooden floors impregnated with glaze dust, swept dry by the women helpers. The excess glaze was removed after it was quite dry, often not till the following day, by brushing, scraping, blowing. Everything was white with dust, and there was no wet cleansing anywhere. Usually the only washing facilities were small sinks with cold water: hot water was rarely supplied, soap and towels never. No medical care was given, except for some accident or for violent colic or convulsions occurring in the plant.

It was dreary work looking for cases of lead poisoning in Trenton, and even more dismal in East Liverpool, where I spent most of the month of March. There was plenty of lead poisoning, and for the first time I was discovering numerous cases in women and girls. It was the first organized trade I had studied, except for rather hasty surveys of printing and painting in Illinois, and I enjoyed very much the novelty of being able to question the men right before the foreman and to know that they felt perfectly at liberty to tell me everything. But I did not get the help from them that I had expected; in fact, the union men resented my effort at investigation. They said the insurance companies were discriminating against them already and this would make it worse. I gained a very strong impression of the aristocratic spirit of the craft unionist. Women were not eligible to membership in the union, nor were grinders and mixers — only dippers and kiln men. When I asked why, I was told that those people had no skill, they were not union material.

These workers were all Americans, easy to interview. The doctors were none of them employed by the companies and they were willing to tell me all they knew. The manufacturers too were ready to show me everything, with no slightest suspicion that there was anything to be ashamed of. Some pictures rise up before me as I write: one of a tile works, so dusty that the wooden floor was velvety to the foot. There were piles of dust in the corners; walls and windows were coated with it. Dipping and decorating was done with lead glaze containing 50 per cent white lead. I lingered after the work had stopped, to see what sort of cleaning would be done, and saw the dust swept into piles and shoveled into barrows. When I suggested a slotted floor and flushing, the foreman retorted, "Why, that would spoil it. You must remember, this dust is valuable." Yes, I thought, the *dust* is valuable.

The other picture is an "art" pottery in Zanesville, then the center for such products. Art pottery meant — perhaps it still does — bowls and vases and umbrella stands and plaques and spittoons, decorated with colored glazes rich in lead. This particular pottery had one great room stacked with "art" spittoons which had been decorated with colored glazes containing 40 per cent white lead. That seemed to me the most striking illustration of an industrial civilization gone a little mad. Here were thousands of hideous objects which never should have been made, and in the making of them men and women had been exposed to painful and crippling disease.

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My search resulted in the uncovering of a number of cases — not nearly all, of course, for very few doctors could give me individual histories and I could not do anything with vague statements. But even so, I found enough to make a record of one case of lead poisoning in men potters to twelve or thirteen employed in a year's time, and of one to seven among women.

Here was an industry far more difficult to deal with than white lead or smelting because it had no big, rich companies which could put in drastic changes without going bankrupt. These potteries were mostly medium-sized or small, and suggestions as to needed reforms were taken as appalling, impossible. Yet pottery manufacture was one of the highly protected industries, and I could not help thinking that an industry which was actually subsidized by law should be made to submit to public control.

The argument that the tariff "protected" the American potter made no impression on me who had seen the conditions under which potters worked and lived. The Underwood tariff was in process of making at that time, and the pottery manufacturers were in Washington demanding higher rates. I wrote to Senator Underwood arguing that they should not be given a subsidy unless they were willing to give something in return, and that Americans should not be forced to buy inferior goods made under bad conditions. I included a brief description of English and American potteries and of the amount of lead poisoning present in the two. Senator Underwood read my letter at a hearing, but it met only fierce denials from the manufacturers, and nobody was there to defend my side.

I left the pottery field deeply depressed and hopeless as to any way of helping matters. But almost ten years later, in 1921, the United States Public Health Service, which by that time had an excellent division for industrial hygiene, made a thorough study of the pottery trades, with examination of over 1800 men and women, and analyses of the air to determine the amount of soluble lead dust. This extensive and thorough study showed that matters had not improved since 1912 and that there was much lead poisoning even in the large and newly constructed plants. An amount of lead dust was found in the air which far surpassed what was then thought to be the safe limit, and the cases of lead poisoning were numerous in proportion to the dustiness of the premises. The rate for men and women was 22.8 per cent, whereas the comparable rate in English potteries was 0.9 per cent.

This report had a very decided influence, since by 1921 both Ohio and New Jersey had greatly improved their factory inspection services. Whenever I visited a pottery center after that, I found conditions much better, sometimes surprisingly good. "Fritting" the lead — that is, making it insoluble by adding it to the glaze before it is fused — began to be a common procedure. I have since gone over one of the largest potteries in the country, the Onondaga in Syracuse, where all the glaze contains less than 5 per cent soluble lead. With this change there is no longer any need to take elaborate precautions to prevent lead poisoning.

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There are several great lead smelters in Southern Illinois and refineries in the northeast corner of the State, so I had been obliged during the Illinois survey to familiarize myself with the complicated processes of lead metallurgy. Other methods came to light as I journeyed from the Atlantic Coast to Montana for my Federal survey. Smelters are huge concerns; they require a large outlay of capital and therefore their number is comparatively limited, but refineries can have a much simpler equipment — indeed they run all the way from little junk shops, which undertake to recover lead from all kinds of scrap, to huge plants which refine the products of smelting in Mexico.

In smelting, the danger comes from lead dust and lead fumes, and practically every process, from grinding the ore down to pouring the pure lead into molds, produces dust or fumes or both. I have never seen this done in such a way as to protect the workman completely. On the whole, there is more danger from fumes than from dust in a smelter, except for the periodic flue cleaning, but in a refinery it is the dust especially that must be controlled. This is because refineries — and junk shops — handle all kinds of lead scrap, some of it very dusty.

The great smelters were in Illinois, Missouri, Colorado, Utah, Montana, and along the Atlantic Coast. I went first to Southwestern Illinois for a second inspection of the great plants down there where the dangerous Scotch hearths are used, and then on to Western Missouri, to what is called the Tri-State area, a region of zinc and lead mines, concentrating mills and smelters, situated where three States come together — Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma. We think of it now as one of the chief centers of silicosis. This disease comes from breathing silica-containing dust, such as sand, flint, feldspar, granite, much of the ore in metal mines, some of the dust in anthracite mines. The silica sets up a hardening process

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in the lungs which may lead to tuberculosis. Back in 1913 we knew only vaguely about that occupational disease, and it was the smelting of lead that sent me to Joplin, the chief city of that region. A large smelter and oxide-roasting plant not far from the city was being run by three young men who were in a desperate hurry to make money, but they had a great pride in their plant and had urged me to visit it.

I got there on a bleak day in January, with a heavy, gray sky overhead, mud and slush underfoot. It struck me as a good plan to explore the village first, so I spent a day on Smelter Hill. It was the dreariest, most depressing community I had ever seen, with ramshackle, hastily built wooden houses, unpainted, sagging; and around the village not a tree, only great heaps of tailings, — "chat" as the people called it, — the refuse from the concentrating mills, which formed huge pyramids of ground rock and wide stretches of fine sand as far as the eye could see.

The villagers were quite as depressing. They were hill people from the Ozarks or Western Kentucky, or farmers from Arkansas; they were full of malaria, hookworm, and silica dust from the chat heaps, to say nothing of lead. There was absolutely no touch of community life except a store which sold mostly patent medicines and liquor, and a water cart which creaked and slopped from door to door, peddling water by the gallon. It was easy enough to find cases of lead poisoning, of anemia and emaciation, of palsy, and of lead colic.

There was one amusing feature of that visit, however. I discovered that everybody in the village knew I was expected. The first woman who came to the door said, "Oh, you're the lady from Washington," and when I asked her how she knew about me, she said, "We all knew you was coming. They've been cleaning up for you something fierce. Why, in the room where my husband works, they tore out the ceiling because they couldn't cover up the red lead. And a doctor came and looked at all the men, and them that's got lead, forty of them, has got to keep to home the day you're there." It was amusing, but irritating too. Of course, I knew that I had no power to cause the managers the slightest discomfort, but I was thankful they thought I had; on the other hand, I was provoked to know that I should see, not the real state of things, but a hastily arranged special show.

The most amusing part came when I had been over the plant and sat down in the office to face three pleased and proud young men who waited for me to give them the praise they thought they deserved. "I am sorry," I said, "that I cannot say anything about conditions here, because I have not really seen them as they are — only as they have been staged for me. You see, I spent yesterday on Smelter Hill and heard on all sides the story of the cleanup of the danger spots and the concealing of the cases of lead poisoning. So I simply do not know what I can say in my report to Washington." There was an awful silence. The young managers looked like guilty schoolboys; it was so funny that I could not help bursting out laughing. At last they all joined in and the situation lightened; they gayly admitted the fraud and promised to let me see the doctor's report and to do everything they could to make the temporary reforms permanent — including a regular medical examination of the men.

That evening the doctor and one of the department heads came to see me in the hotel and to tell me that they had had no share in the attempted deception and to assure me that their promises would be kept. Reforms were certainly needed. My notebook has records of 128 cases, all serious, in 1913, with 3 deaths, 9 cases of cerebral plumbism, and 10 of palsy. In the worst job, cleaning out the flues, the rate of poisoning was 62.5 per cent.

In April, 1940, I visited the Tri-State region again, this time on the invitation of Secretary Perkins, who called a conference in Joplin to consider not lead poisoning but silicosis, far more widespread and important. There is still a lead smelter there, but the dangers have been better controlled; the rate of poisoning now must be far below that of 1913. But to my amazement I found the same abomination of desolation in the countryside that I had seen twenty-seven years before, not in the same place, but spreading out far more extensively, over parts of three States. Wherever new mines have been opened, there the great pyramids have risen and the flow of fine sand has spread around their bases and blown far and wide over the desolate villages huddled around them. One village we visited might have been Smelter Hill in 1913, only that the water peddler now drives a truck instead of a horse, and the people tell you about "miner's con" instead of lead colic.

Colorado came after Missouri, the great smelters in Pueblo, Denver, Leadville, Salida. Leadville is high up in the Rockies — the highest incorporated town in the United States at that time, they told me.

Leadville as I saw it was an ordinary smelting and mining town, but something of its history still clung around St. Vincent's Hospital when I went to study the records. The books go back to the eighties, and as I read the brief items (name,

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age, sex, diagnosis) a picture formed itself of a camp full of men, young men mostly, reckless, quick with knife or gun, working in lead without any protection, taking their sport in drinking and fighting. Case after case read "Pneumonia, with alcoholism"; "Delirium tremens"; "Knife wounds"; "Gunshot wounds"; and, over and over again, "Lead poisoning."

From Colorado I went on to Utah, where there were three large smelters. A letter I wrote my mother from Salt Lake City gives some of my impressions: —

> Yesterday I visited doctors and druggists and hospitals. I am amazed to see how lightly lead poisoning is taken here. One would almost think I was inquiring about mosquito bites. When I asked an apothecary about lead poisoning in the neighborhood of the smelter, he said he had never known a case. I exclaimed that that was incredible and he said: "Oh, maybe you are thinking of the Wops and Hunkies. I guess there's plenty among them. I thought you meant white men."
>
> When I went through the records of the wards maintained in one of the hospitals by that smelting company, I realized why it seemed so unimportant — the accidents are so terrible and so numerous that a little thing like lead colic attracts no attention. My hair almost stood straight as I read of the burnings and crushings and laceratings, the amputation of both arms, the loss of eyes, the deaths from ruptured livers or intestines. And there is no system of workmen's compensation in Utah, and the men themselves contribute all the money that their surgical and medical care costs.
>
> At the medical meeting in Denver, I heard the head surgeon of the great —— Company describe the welfare work of that company: hospital, kindergarten, day nursery, domestic science school for foreign women, etc. Later on at lunch, I managed to ask most casually if the men's contribution covered all that program, and he assured me it did.

It was much the same in the East. On the Atlantic Coast, I found a great smelter-refinery where lead poisoning was rife among the immigrants who made up the poorly paid force. The wage scale was the lowest I had found, because the men could be hired as they landed, before they had a chance to learn American ways. There was no attempt to protect them from dust and fumes, and so many sickened that the labor turnover was high. But that made little trouble: all the manager had to do was to go to the gates in the morning and pick out from the eagerly waiting crowd the number he needed. He took the company doctor with him to make sure of getting the healthiest men.

This doctor, in charge of over 6000 men in several plants, was a hard-boiled man, a good servant to the companies but with an attitude of contemptuous hostility toward his charges. When an accident occurred, a crushing, or falling, or burning, he was always ready to fend off a damage suit by certifying that the victim had heart disease and that it was heart failure, not negligence on the part of the company, that had injured or killed him. Yet his salary and the expenses of his dispensary were all paid by the men, from whose wages $1.75 was deducted every month for medical care. I found, as I talked with the men and their wives, that they did not trust him and resented his insolent ways. Those who could afford it went to other doctors and so had to pay twice over for sickness. This system was very common then in the smelting industry, though I remember that the St. Joseph Lead Company of Missouri even then had an optional system, the men receiving care if they chose to pay a dollar a month. Nowadays the great smelters bear the cost themselves, but the old system still survives in spots. I found it in force not long ago in one of the Mellon soft coal mines in Pennsylvania.

In smelting, as in white-lead production and pottery glazing and coating iron tubes with enamel, it was the pollution of the air with lead that one had to fight, together with the rooted prejudices of the employer, who held firmly to the belief that poisoning was caused by the worker's own carelessness in handling his food and his chewing tobacco without first washing his hands. I heard the head physician of one of the great Colorado companies say in a medical meeting that it was not the lead a smelting worker encountered in the plant that poisoned him, only the lead he carried home on his body — certainly curious reasoning!

I interviewed another doctor, a well-trained man, who was in charge of the employees of a large smelter in Utah. He said to me, "I always tell the men that if they are careful to scrub their nails they need not fear lead poisoning." That morning I had been over the smelter in question and had watched the dumping of the Huntington-Heberlein pots. These are great round pre-roasters in which the ore is made ready for the blast furnaces. I had seen the huge pot carried by a crane to the dump, a pit with an iron grating over it. The halves of the pot separated and the red-hot, fuming ore crashed down on the dump. Men came forward with long-handled bars to break up the big chunks and push them through the grating, working in such clouds of dust and fumes that I could hardly see them. These were the men who had been told to protect themselves by scrubbing their nails. Incidentally, the only

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provision for washing in this smelter was a hydrant out in the yard.

This belief was doubtless a great comfort to the employer, for no man wants to feel he is responsible for the sickness and death of his workmen. But the most superficial observation would have been enough to discredit it. In every lead trade I studied I found ample proof that only by keeping the air they breathed clean could the men be protected from poisoning. By 1912, I had collected 52 cases of lead poisoning of the brain (later raised to 150 cases), that dangerous form which now has practically disappeared, and all these 40 men and 12 women had worked in air full of lead dust or fumes. Twenty of these cases were fatal, a much larger proportion than that found by Tanquerel des Planches, who reported only 16 deaths in 72 cases.

21

The investigation of the Pullman works was by all odds the most interesting incident in my study of the painters' trade. During the Illinois survey I had been out there several times and had talked with many employees in their homes. It was the biggest and most varied industrial plant I had ever visited and I was deeply impressed by the hazardous processes which went on there — the many chances for serious injuries to the workmen. But my subject was lead poisoning and I stuck to it, particularly to the dusty job of painting and rubbing down the ceilings of Pullman cars. In the course of our searches through hospital records in Chicago, we had come across the histories of fifteen cases of severe acute lead poisoning in men who had done this work. They were not regular painters. The risks were too well known in the trade, so the job was left for recent immigrants, peasants from Hungary, Serbia, Poland. They had been so severely poisoned that the police had had to take them to the County Hospital, some twenty miles from Pullman.

After I had watched the men on that particular job I went to see the doctor, and my visit revealed an amazing state of affairs in a plant so huge. The medical department was of a primitive simplicity which seemed incredible. Its personnel consisted of one old doctor who had been a surgeon in the Civil War and who carried on all his work in the two front rooms of his private house. When an accident occurred, the first man summoned was always the company lawyer, who brought with him a diagram of the human body and noted upon it the parts apparently injured. Only then was the man carried to the doctor's office, where he was given the sort of treatment that can be given in a private house with a minimum of asepsis and of apparatus. There was no nurse, and when I asked the old doctor how he managed when an anesthetic was needed, he said his wife was pretty handy. If the injury was serious, an ambulance was called from St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago, some eight or ten miles away (there was not even an emergency bed for a severely injured man). The long delay between accident and skilled surgical treatment must have affected seriously the outcome of many a case, especially a case of shock. But there was no compensation law in Illinois then, and nobody paid any attention to such a trifle as lead poisoning.

I can remember how after that visit, as I would pass through Pullman on the train in the course of my journeyings, I would curse it in my soul, picturing what was going on there and realizing how powerless I was to do anything about it, for the management then was absolutely unapproachable. But suddenly I found to my relief that there was a chance to bring about a change. I had poured out the story to Miss Addams and she made me repeat it to Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, one of the first and staunchest friends of Hull-House, and a member of that all too small class of wealthy people who feel a direct responsibility toward the sources of their wealth. She was a large holder of Pullman stock and she told me she would see what she could do through a formal protest.

Reforms in Pullman came quickly. I was sent for to put the case before the officials, who were by now concerned. Changes took place with breath-taking speed, and by the end of 1912 there were a modern surgical department with surgeons in charge, an eye specialist, and a medical department to supervise the 500-odd painters. Moreover, a less dangerous form of lead was used in the paint and every effort was being made to protect the men against lead dust. The results were striking. When the physicians made their first examination of the painters in 1911, they discovered 109 cases of plumbism among 489 men during the first six months, but in 1912–1913 only three cases were found in a year among 639 men. Since then, lead paint has been almost entirely eliminated. The Pullman Company rose rapidly to the first rank of industrial corporations in its health and safety work and it still holds its place there.

22

Nobody who was not a mature person in the summer of 1914 can realize now how remote, how unbelievable, a European war then seemed. Believing as we did then in the slow but sure progress of the human race, we looked forward to

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nothing worse than sporadic outbursts in such unknown regions as the Balkans or South America, never in the highly civilized countries of the Europe we knew so well.

We put all the blame then on the Germans. We had no doubt as to their war guilt, but I myself fastened it on the Kaiser and the military caste. The Germans I had known in my childhood in Fort Wayne, in my student life over there, could not be responsible for this ruthlessness and cruelty toward a small and helpless country; it must be laid to those arrogant, swaggering officers who had been so much in evidence in every German city. That the Germans would obey them meekly I was ready to believe, for never had I seen a sign of indignation, even of criticism, no matter how insolent an officer might be; but I was not ready to accuse the German people of anything worse than submissiveness to those on top.

But throughout the country the attitude toward war changed, and the demand grew strong and insistent that we throw our weight on the side of the Allies. In response to that, the peace movement began to gather force and to take definite shape, to adopt a concrete program. As early as the fall of 1914 women all over the country had begun to draw together for the study of possible steps toward a just peace, and the Women's Peace Party was formed with Jane Addams as chairman.

Then in March, 1915, there came to Miss Addams a call, signed by British, Dutch, and Belgian women, to an international Congress of Women to protest against war. It was to be held in The Hague late in April and Miss Addams was asked to preside over a gathering of women from the warring countries as well as from the neutral. She accepted at once and I decided to go with her, as did some fifty American women. We had a long journey over, on the *Noordam*, for we were held up from Friday to Monday off the coast of England near Dover, waiting for British permission to go on.

Long as it was, the journey was far from tedious. There were interesting discussions, while the American group formulated the concrete proposal which they intended to lay before the meeting in The Hague. This was the plan, first proposed by Julia G. Wales, which came to be known as "continuous mediation." After the Hague Congress was over, it was this plan which Jane Addams and Emily Balch carried to all the capitals of the warring countries and to several of the neutrals.

The plan involved the formation, under the initiative of the United States (simply because we were the only neutral who could be unafraid in that crisis), of a conference of men from the neutral nations, which should act as an agency of continuous mediation for the settlement of the war. We believed that, while offers of mediation by a single nation might be rejected because one side might feel doubts of the impartiality of that nation, the same objection would not be felt toward a conference which would include nations of different sympathies; and that while a given offer at a given moment might be refused, repeated offers made by a continuous conference might in the end meet acceptance.

The Congress of Women at The Hague was deeply impressive to us Americans. There were women from the neutral countries, and from Germany and Austria, from Belgium, from Russian Poland, and from England. Nothing we had read about the war had made us realize it as did a few talks with these women.

Miss Addams as always was the great figure at the Congress, the beloved leader, and the program she proposed, continuous mediation, met an enthusiastic acceptance. Indeed the reception went beyond what any of us had expected, and we were startled to discover that the Congress was moving to appoint two delegations of neutrals to visit the capitals of the warring countries and of the principal neutrals to place the plan before the Premier and the Foreign Minister of each, seeking endorsement if possible, or if not that, at least a pledge not to oppose it. Obviously Miss Addams was to head one delegation and, though rather dubious as to the wisdom of the scheme, she accepted. Emily Balch of Boston headed the second delegation, which was to visit the Scandinavian countries and Russia, while Miss Addams would go to England, France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, and the exiled Belgian government in France.

In my usual role of "confidante in white linen" I was to go with Miss Addams and with Dr. Aletta Jacobs of Holland, a famous suffrage leader, who also took a friend, Mevrow Palthe. Miss Addams met me in Amsterdam. She had gone on the first lap of her mission, to London, and had talked with Asquith and Grey, meeting with a courteous, almost sympathetic, but noncommittal reception. As she was leaving Asquith she said, "I suppose to you this seems a very foolish performance," and he said, "Not at all. It may be of some good. At any rate it is worth trying." She had also been able to discuss the plan for continuous mediation with a number of influential people — Lord Haldane, Morley, Bryce, Graham Wallas, Ramsay MacDonald,

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Charles Trevelyan, Bertrand Russell, the Bishop of London. This experience had given her a greater degree of confidence in facing the task put on her by the Congress, the task of penetrating the chancelleries of Europe and placing before the men in charge of their countries' policies a plan to shorten the war and to bring about a "peace without victory." She had, of course, no standing except that of an American citizen; nevertheless, in each capital we visited, our Ambassador or Minister secured interviews for her and Dr. Jacobs with the Premier and the head of the Foreign Office. There were no difficulties on that score, nor did she meet with the slightest resentment from any of these statesmen.

Miss Addams and Dr. Jacobs made a purely human appeal based on the cruelty and futility of war, protesting as women against the suffering, the waste of life, and urging that at least an attempt be made to bring about, through non-violent discussion, adjustments of the quarrels which had given rise to the war. They found often a surprisingly warm response to this appeal. One Minister said that it was the only sensible thing that had crossed his threshold for months; another said that he had often wondered why women had remained so long silent, because since women cannot join in the fighting, they may make a protest against war which is denied to men.

Berlin was our first objective. Miss Addams saw von Bethmann-Hollweg alone at the chancellery, and then she saw von Jagow with Dr. Jacobs. Both men gave her the impression that a peace offensive from the neutrals would not be unwelcome, and certainly Germany would not take it as a hostile act.

Vienna was sad, much sadder than Berlin, for even then, in the spring of 1915, the Austrians were hungry. Our restaurant meals were made painful by the sight of pale, emaciated faces lurking just outside the window or behind the potted shrubs on the sidewalk, hoping for a crust to be slipped to them. Already the official food ration was insufficient even for women. Everywhere we saw convalescent soldiers, on crutches or in wheel chairs.

The interviews with Graf Stürgkh and Baron Burian were easily secured by our Ambassador, Frederick Penfield, who was very kind to us. I went with Miss Addams to see the former Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Berchtold, the man we all then held to be chiefly responsible for the war. He lived in a plain house in a little narrow street, but when the door opened it revealed a beautiful garden and a great hall and a lovely library opening onto a terrace, where the Count received us. He struck me as the perfect type of diplomat, highbred, with easy, cordial manners, and an apparent frankness which covered absolute secretiveness. He was eagerly curious to hear all Miss Addams could tell him, and plied her with questions — but when he had bowed us out and we looked back over the interview, we found he had said absolutely nothing.

Budapest was a very different experience. We went there because, though a part of Austria, Hungary had her own Prime Minister, the great Tisza, more important than either Stürgkh or Burian, and the Hungarian women had insisted that Miss Addams see him. The atmosphere there was amazingly free. Although in Berlin Miss Addams had been able to talk to the Women's Club only if she promised not to mention peace, in Budapest she spoke to a large audience of men and women who insisted on hearing all about the Hague Congress and her mission.

We went through Switzerland to Rome, to a country which had just entered the war and was triumphant, bewildered, jittery. In Rome, Miss Addams's formal interviews were purely perfunctory. Salandra and Sonnino would say no more than that Italy would not regard an offer of neutral mediation as a hostile act. But it was altogether different when we had our audience with Pope Benedict XV, for me the high spot of the whole trip.

Cardinal Gasparri arranged for the interview after a long and sympathetic talk with us. Our Italian friends were much excited when they heard we were to have a private interview and they saw to it that we were properly dressed in long-sleeved and high-necked black dresses — I remember much tucking of scarfs to hide the collarless state of our dresses — and with veils of black Spanish lace on our heads. We were ushered in past the gorgeous Swiss Guards one sees when one visits the Vatican Galleries, to the inner part of the palace where they were replaced by still more impressive figures, men in beautiful suits of ecclesiastical red silk, or of black velvet faced with blue satin and trimmed with silver.

We had been told that when we were admitted we must kneel and kiss the Pope's ring, and we were fully prepared to do so, but Benedict XV was a man of the world; he saw at once that we were Protestants and did not know how to behave. He greeted us as any gentleman would, and we found ourselves somehow seated beside him without any awkward interlude. He was a little man, and very ugly, with a beak-like nose, sallow skin, and heavy-lidded eyes, but it was an ugliness that attracted, not repelled. He was dressed in a straight narrow gown of white

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(velvet, I think), with red buttons down the front and a red girdle and white skullcap.

He had been given the outline of the plan for continuous mediation by Cardinal Gasparri. He put eager questions to us about the response of the statesmen Miss Addams had seen and the prospects of American backing. It seemed to him more promising than any other effort he had heard of, and he told us to convey to President Wilson his hearty wishes for its success. "I should offer myself as one of the mediators," he said, "did I not fear that it would be misunderstood and do more harm than good."

Then he spoke to us of his deep grief over the war, with the Church split asunder, Catholics fighting Catholics, and he himself accused by each side of partiality toward the other. Our interview lasted forty minutes, then he rose and dismissed us.

In Paris Miss Addams saw Viviani and Delcassé — the former approachable, even cordial; the latter absolutely hostile. He said that this time it must be war *à l'outrance;* there must be no possibility of a German revival: victory must be complete and final. If ghosts have any knowledge of our present world, Delcassé's must be an uneasy one.

We sailed home from England in a wretched little American steamer, the *St. Louis*, which profited by the sinking of the *Lusitania* to charge the highest rate to those who were afraid to take passage on any but an American ship. When we landed, Miss Addams faced the most difficult task of all: persuading President Wilson to put himself at the head of the neutral nations and, with them, to carry on continuing efforts for peace. She failed. Wilson preferred to work alone, through Colonel House, and secretly. The war went on.

There are a few of us who still believe that there was a better way than war, and that if Wilson had been willing to follow it there might have been a shortened war, a peace brought about by negotiation before the war had done its worst, before militarism had entrenched itself everywhere and nationalism grown to monstrous proportions; a peace which would have saved America from war madness and its aftereffects, and — who knows? — even a League of Nations growing out of this conference of neutrals instead of one formed by victors after years of bitterest conflict.

23

Soon after I returned from Europe the war became my daily absorption, for the Department of Labor immediately put me to work on the rapidly developing industry of high explosive production for Britain, France, and Russia. Under the stimulus of an increasing pressure from the Allies, plants had sprung up along the Atlantic seaboard for the manufacture of shells and mines and of picric acid, dinitrobenzol, trinitrotoluol, smokeless powder, military guncotton, mixed powders, and fulminate of mercury. The French demanded picric acid, the British and Russians TNT and mixed powders; all demanded fulminate of mercury, which is the "booster charge," — the detonator to start the explosion, — and the various powders which have nitrocellulose as their base. These are all nitrated compounds, made by the action of nitric acid on cellulose or glycerine or toluol or carbolic acid (phenol) or mercury, and therefore a great quantity of nitric acid was needed. Picric acid and TNT are made from coal-tar benzol and toluol, which are by-products of coke ovens.

Up to this time we Americans had had little or no experience in producing these wartime chemicals. Now, with the blockade shutting us off from Germany, we had to construct coke by-products plants and to start production of nitric acid on a huge scale. These were new, unfamiliar procedures and brought new problems to our engineers. In addition to chemicals, the blockade shut off German dyes and also aniline, which the rubber industry depended on and which is another of the benzol derivatives. All the substances I have mentioned (except nitrocellulose) are poisonous to man — some producing their action through the breathing of fumes; some making their way into the body through the skin; all, with the exception of nitric acid and mercury fulminate, acting on the central nervous system, though in several cases this action is not so serious as the damage produced on blood and organs.

I had to go back to pioneer exploration. If there was anyone in Washington who knew where explosives were being produced and loaded (loading means filling shells and mines), he kept the secret. Neither Army nor Navy gave me any more information than I was able to pick up myself. Dr. Meeker could only tell me to follow my old procedure, visit the plants I knew and pick up gossip about the others. This method worked very well and I was helped also by the great clouds of yellow and orange fumes, nitrous gases, which in those days of crude procedure rose to the sky from picric acid and nitrocellulose plants. It was like the pillar of cloud by day that guided the children of Israel. I would hear vaguely of a nitrating plant in the New Jersey marshes and I would spot the orange fumes and go to them.

On one of my first trips in New Jersey, while I

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was waiting in a small railway station I noticed a Negro and a white man standing near me. Everyone waiting for the train was looking at them curiously. "Look at the canaries," somebody whispered. The white man was of a leaden hue, thin and weary-looking, but touched into incongruous comedy by smears of orange stain on his cheekbones and deeply dyed yellow eyebrows and hair. The Negro was frankly comic, nails of bright orange standing out from his black hands, hair and eyebrows orange-dyed, a golden burnish over the high spots on his face, the palms of his hands a deep yellow. I edged nearer and, being greeted with a friendly grin by the Negro, ventured a question: "Dyeing cotton goods?" "No, boss, we're working over to the Canary Islands, making picric for the French." "Is it dangerous?" I asked. "Not this yellow stuff ain't, but there's a red smoke comes off when the yellow stuff is making and it like to knocks you out, and if you don't run it gets you. You don't suspicion nothing much — you goes home and eats your supper and goes to bed and then in the night you starts to choke up and by morning you're dead." I turned a questioning look toward the white man, but he nodded in confirmation and the Negro insisted: "Sure it's true, boss. The man who had the bunk under me, he died that way. I ain't going to stay myself after next pay day."

I found the Canary Islands off in the meadows with wide stretches of farmland about. I could not get into the plant that day because I needed a permit from the company office, but from the road I could see strange forms hurrying about, black men in motley garb with great stiff aprons, orange-colored woolen shirts eaten away to rags, high boots streaked with yellow, leather guards hanging down against their hands. As I was looking, orange smoke began to rise, rolling out in thick clouds that sank and spread over the ground and then sluggishly rose and rolled away, paling as they went, while the crowd of grotesque men came running out from a long shed and stood waiting for the fumes to scatter. A dog with his gray coat stained in absurd yellow spots came out from the guarded gate.

Near the barrier to the east the land rose a little and the trees there were blackened and withered, for the west wind swept the gases over there and they blighted whatever they touched. I wandered over to that side and suddenly I came on an old stone-flagged path with a decorous border of box on each side. There was a broken lilac bush and near-by a hearth and chimney, black with many fires, but the house it warmed had vanished. The rise in the land had saved the box and lilac, but all round them seeped a sluggish stream turning the earth into something poisonous and killing the roots of all green things.

A puff of wind from the west drove me, choking and gasping, before the angry fumes which were pouring out again and spreading over the spot where I stood. Escaping to clear air, I found myself in a great field all grown up with weeds. Corn used to grow there, but now ragweed and burdock. The farmers had left the fields for the acid sheds; and instead of yellow corn to feed men, their harvest was picric to kill men.

Nitric acid is a very powerful caustic; it eats through metals and soldering materials, and when it encounters organic matter, such as cotton, or wood fiber, or glycerine, or coal tar, or even water, it gives off quantities of nitrous fumes which may exert enough pressure to blow off the lid of a machine or to burst it into fragments. This used to happen often in those days. During one day's visit to a great nitrocellulose plant I saw no fewer than eight accidents, the orange fumes pouring out of doors and windows, the men fleeing before them. Those fumes act on throat and lungs much as did the war gases used in Flanders. They are not nearly so choking, but this is really an added danger, for while men will escape as quickly as possible from chlorine gas, which they simply cannot breathe, they may linger long enough in an atmosphere of nitrous fumes to get a fatal dose.

Most doctors knew nothing about nitrous fumes and would pronounce a case heart failure or heat prostration. The typical picture of nitrous fume poisoning was as follows: The man was exposed a short time to heavy fumes, or several hours to moderately heavy fumes, which made him choke and strangle, but in the open air this would pass over and he would go home thinking nothing serious had happened, eat his supper and go to bed. After some hours he would awaken with a sense of tightness in his chest and an increasing difficulty in breathing. When the doctor arrived, the man would be sitting up in bed, gasping and livid, using all his strength to pump air into his rapidly filling lungs. If the fumes had injured only part of the lungs, then oxygen might pull him through till the exudate was absorbed, but if he had breathed deeply he would have little chance, for all the lung tissue would be filled and he would "drown in his own fluids." And as was true also in the war, if the lungs were already tuberculous, the effect of the gas was to light up the trouble and turn it into a form of "galloping consumption." This happened more often with Negroes, for they are especially susceptible to tuberculosis, and therefore

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the largest munition company made it a rule not to employ Negroes on the "acid line." Unfortunately the reverse was true of some of the less responsible concerns.

The picric acid plants were much the worst. Making the other explosives requires elaborate apparatus, but anybody can make picric acid by pouring carbolic acid into nitric acid; and if his mind is fixed only on profits, he can do it in a huge open shed, with nothing more elaborate than some big earthenware crocks. He can hire Negro field hands from the deep South and, if the fumes are too heavy and some of the men choke and die, he can see to it that the coroner realizes what an advantage it is to the county to have this huge plant, and that he pronounces such deaths as due to "natural causes." That is exactly the history of the largest picric acid works I used to visit. From the spring of 1916 to the Armistice the industry grew steadily larger, but nothing else changed.

Nitrocellulose is the stuff from which military guncotton and smokeless powder are made. In the explosives industry everything that explodes is called "powder" even if it is a thick syrup like nitroglycerine or TNT, which looks like maple sugar, or smokeless powder, which looks like blackish macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli.

The first plant for the production of smokeless powder which I visited was Picatinny Arsenal. It was one of the very few places where I realized that I was studying explosives, not only poisons. We were in a small room on the third floor looking at a huge bin into which was rushing a stream of macaroni strips from a big pipe. My guide said, "How's the static today, Jim?" and flopped his hand over the bin. Jim flopped his and answered, "About as usual." My guide went on to explain that what they had to look out for was a spark from the static electricity produced by the friction of the particles. "If that should happen," he said, "you dash for that window and slide down and when you hit the ground, don't look behind you, keep right on running." I looked out of the window and saw a long chute going down to the ground. But no spark came there or anywhere, and I soon grew as used to it as to TNT. Nitroglycerine always made me a bit nervous: that heavy syrup, so scrupulously guarded, the plants often placed in narrow valleys to shut in the force of an explosion, the tanks of syrup poised over a reservoir of water into which the whole charge could be dumped at a moment's notice, if the temperature shot up.

The most carefully guarded branch of the explosives industry is the production of mercury fulminate and of percussion charges made from it. This is more dangerous than even nitroglycerine, for it is extremely explosive. Such a plant is built in small units, to lessen the damage done by an explosion, or there may be small cubicles for single workers, separated by a wall of concrete two or three feet thick. The floors are covered with rubber, but in spite of that, the visitor must put on overshoes lest an exposed nail in a shoe heel strike against metal and produce a spark. The workers are given only tiny supplies of the stuff at a time; but even so, the greatest care must be used.

Mercury fulminate provided me with an experience I can never forget. We were in a large room where the fulminate was produced by the action of alcohol on mercury nitrate, and the sublimed crystals had formed on the inside of great glass balloons. A workman picked up one and carried it across the room. I watched him, frozen with terror, for each crystal in that glass vessel could cause an explosion, and there were thousands of them. Of course he did not stumble and nothing happened — but I still shiver when I think of it.

The chief interest in smokeless powder manufacture is in the pressing and cutting department where ether is used. In spite of all efforts to catch and recover the costly fumes, enough escapes into the air to cause more or less narcosis in the workers. Men were employed in this work in the years before we entered the war, and though it was not popular, they made no serious complaints — largely, of course, because those who suffered loss of health dropped out. "Ether jags" were common enough. First would come a stage of excitement, irritability, unreasonableness; then confusion, passing into drowsiness and loss of consciousness. It is just what happens, only more quickly, in surgical anesthesia, and as in the latter case, the man would come to with headache, nausea, and general misery. If this kept up for some time, the man would quit because of loss of appetite, obstinate constipation, and increasing apathy. Many stories were told me of the way alcohol acted on such a workman. The region around the plants was dry, but across the river was wide-open Wilmington. On the ferry going over, the passengers could always spot the powder men: their breath reeked of ether, and when even a little alcohol was added to the ether they had absorbed they were dead drunk. The next day the magistrate's court would smell like an operating room. After a while the justice came to accept the men's defense, that they had had only a couple of beers or one whiskey before they passed out.

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24

For me the most important change when we entered the war was not so much the increased tempo and the vastly increased production as the new interest taken by my own profession in the protection of munition workers. While physicians in England connected with the Ministry of Munitions had been studying all forms of TNT poisoning and publishing their results, our doctors had been for the most part ignorant and indifferent, or secretive at the behest of their employers who thought that frankness might frighten the men away. But when we were actually at war, the English example began to have its effect and this field appeared as a proper one for medical research. I found that I could call on some of the foremost men in the country for advice. Presently the National Research Council made it possible for me to send into some of the TNT plants medical students well trained in laboratory work, to study on the spot some of the unsolved problems, such as the influence of sex, race, age, and summer heat; the earliest symptoms of poisoning; how long exposure lasts before such symptoms appear; how long it takes to get rid of the absorbed TNT.

Our students unearthed some shocking conditions, some criminally negligent doctors, all of which facts they reported to us — but even the committee backing me was not influential enough to bring about reforms. It is hard to believe that this rich and safe country should refuse to give its munition workers the sort of protection which France and England, who were fighting for their lives, provided as a matter of course. But it was impossible to overcome the arrogance of the manufacturers, the indifference of the military, and the contempt of the trade-unions for non-union labor. The War Labor Board tried to help but could only put the matter up to Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, and there it rested. We physicians strove hard to get a mandatory code for the protection of TNT workers. Only in April, 1919, did Gompers finally publish a code, not so strict as the English, not mandatory, and issued five months after the Armistice.

With the Army I had very friendly relations and visited arsenals as I did private plants. But the Navy was more difficult; every suggestion on my part that it would be well for me to look into the mine-loading departments of Navy arsenals met with a polite rejoinder that it was quite unnecessary — the Navy had no cases of TNT poisoning. Since I knew that such a situation was impossible, I decided to appeal to someone higher up. The young Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt, was the one to whom I was referred. He received me very graciously and, what was far more important, listened carefully to my plea. Then he sent for an Admiral, who came in resplendent in white and gold and blue, a gorgeous creature who made me feel like a drab peahen. I cannot remember how Mr. Roosevelt did it, but I know that in some way he secured from the Admiral the permission I needed, and he did it in such a way that the gorgeous gentleman never lost face. It was a remarkable performance.

As I write we are in the Second World War and our plants for the production of high explosives and airplanes are working at a scale far beyond that of 1917–1918; they are employing many more men in this sort of work. But the picture has altered beyond recognition. It is true that the same products are needed: TNT, tetryl, military guncotton, smokeless powder, mixed powders, fulminate of mercury. Few new ones have been added, and all the important ones, new and old, are made with the use of nitric acid.

The dangers we faced in the First World War are still there, but now they are largely theoretical. In no field of industry is there a more striking contrast between the two periods than in this one, both as to knowledge concerning the dangers and as to determination to control them. As for medical care, where earlier there was a great dearth of experts, now there are hundreds of physicians who know what to do and are doing it. One branch of the Public Health Service is devoted entirely to industrial diseases, the Division of Labor Standards of the Department of Labor gives advice and help in the engineering problems, and the Army and the Navy have their own experts, both medical and engineering. It is good to have one cheerful feature in this dark picture of a return to barbarism.

(To be continued)

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STAMPS FOR ME

by HENRY BELLAMANN

1

ONCE I knew a cat who liked to lie in the sun and lick her stomach. She did it with an air of dreamy absorption. Léonie, the elderly French maid, Calvinist to the bone, sprinkled mustard on the poor feline to stop the practice. To her horrified mistress she explained: "It's a vice, Madame. You can see for yourself how much she enjoys it!"

So stamp collecting. It's a vice, but most pleasant.

All pleasures in this world have their corollary inhibitions. The worst tribulations afflicting my own hobby are my ancestors. When I sit down at my table and spread out all the useless and delightful and expensive paraphernalia, those ancients gather about like a cloud.

"What are you doing?"

"Why are you doing it?"

"Don't you know that's wasting time and money?"

"You should be improving your mind. You should be writing. You should be —"

And to one another they say: "You can see for yourself how much he is enjoying it!"

But there is a word of exorcism for all of this. I say: "It's fun — I like it."

There is a temptation to be weak and to mumble something about learning geography, or making an investment to send a deserving nephew through college, or relaxing from the tension of modern life. But that doesn't fool them. *They* were teachers, and preachers, and farmers. They know I'm not learning geography, nor investing, and that I'm not in need of relaxation.

I know a lot about the stamps of the Barbados, but I don't know or care where the Barbados are. I have spent money on stamps and have hoarded them, and let my nephew join the Marines. Also I have worked much harder at stamps than at my profession.

Then why?

The answer is: fun. It's playing hooky; it's being a miser and gloating in the night; it's grabbing and owning and holding something I know my neighbor covets — his envy is balm to the spirit; it's being extravagant; and admittedly it's escape. It is escape to a region where one satisfies the basic instincts of quest and discovery, of acquisition, arrangement, and the creation of form.

Ask a psychiatrist.

All Edens have serpents in them. The lovely private Eden of stamp collecting swarms with them. They are philatelists, dealers, the magnificent collectors' clubs, and the stamp magazines. It is best to pour wax in your ears and refuse to listen to them. They will make a plating expert of you, turn you into a philatelist, or seduce you into the accumulation of serial numbers and position blocks.

The whole problem is how to collect stamps and not become a philatelist. The solution — be as a little child.

Look at the small boy and observe his collection. What is it he wants? First of all he wants gobs of stamps — any kind, so long as there are many of them. It is the first step to joy. It is like the naturalist who finds himself before a mass of unidentified and unclassified material. (All evidence of the present world to the contrary, one of man's basic desires is the creation of order out of disorder.)

HENRY BELLAMANN was born in Missouri sixty years ago, and by the time he had reached the University of Denver it was clear that he was talented both in music and in literature. He has been a pianist and a lecturer on modern French music, and Dean of the Curtis Institute of Music. He is the author of such entertaining novels as *The Richest Woman in Town* and *Kings Row*. He has published two volumes of verse. But for sheer fun he collects stamps — and likes to talk about them.

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2

Some of what I have said belongs to the already long ago. There is a war now. One forgoes much. But perhaps more than ever before, we need the sanctuary, the brief forgetfulness afforded by a few moments with a loved collection. We can and do come out from those moments refreshed and abler to meet tomorrow.

But gone are the times when we can permit ourselves to saunter up Fifth Avenue with false nonchalance, ecstatically conscious of that fine pair of Saxony, number one, safe in our breast pocket. No, we live on humbler fare. Some of us turn again to neglected boxes containing the remains of juvenilia. The real fun, if you are not a philatelist looking for plate cracks, is in search and research. The garden varieties offer just that — variety. And in variety is the happiest of hunting grounds. You, doubtless, would hate my stamps as I would scorn yours. Meat and poison are relative terms. But in all cases, snub the advice of the money-changers. Be your own man. Collect what you fancy, and shower your affection upon it. It will reward you.

I have, not a collection, but collections. A really fine array of old European states, a beautiful Austria, a nearly complete Hungary, an excellent Russia. But there is one collection I really love — as one does the plain child, or the runt of the litter. It is a collection of German Inflations. They are the kind of stamps which define the definition "junk." I have thousands of mint sheets, nearly as worthless as certain stocks in my safety box. But they are an endless study. They illustrate the terrible story of Germany's economic tailspin — higher and higher figures, on and on to *fifty billion marks* per stamp. Fifty billion marks, the regular letter rate in November, 1923!

Germany could not check the inflation; but the officials could, with characteristic efficiency, keep track of what they were printing. Even now it is possible to trace the history of each sheet back to the printing house, to the very printing press, and to the man who placed the paper on the rolls.

Perhaps this is not the place to hint at the deadly implications. The Inflation series are merely stamps, printed postal paper, costing less than anything else in the stamp world. There are societies, or *were*, and periodicals devoted to the study of these poor stamps. German philatelists, with thick glasses, did a scientific job on them. (There are no political aspects now to these obsolete and discredited stamps. If you can find them and buy them, the few cents they cost will not aid anyone — not even the dealer who has given years of wastepaper space to them.) For a collector with only carfare kind of money to spend on a pleasurable collecting adventure, here is one of the richest fields. (Dealers won't agree. There is, in their own self-accusing phrase, "no percentage" in them.)

And there are issues of our own Americans — recent issues. There are varieties in them. You can build a collection out of anything — sometimes at no cost other than time.

I should like to lay especial emphasis on this.

Of course, if you are one of those collectors who speak of the expansion of your collection as "building a property," then I have no word for you. You could be the same man who puts a price on his children. I am speaking rather to the collector who loves his collection and rejoices in the technical ingenuities of the collector-elect.

Find ways of exploring the stamps you have. Rearrange them in new categories. Expose new phases of postal history or political change. Investigate the stamps themselves — paper, gum, cancellations, shades. Try to find a cover (complete envelope with stamp and postmark) posted in your home town on the day of your birth! You'll be surprised where that will take you.

I forgot to mention the peril which is an ever present threat to the collector, whether he accumulates Adam mantels, Waterford glass, or match folders. The comic strips call her "the wife." But a collector would be only half a collector without her. She is the element of danger, the foe who tests your strategy.

Does she say: "Dear, you need a new suit. That one is really *too* shiny"?

Don't you say: "No, no! This will do for a long time. Got to cut down these days"?

She doesn't know, but you do, that you've already spent that new suit, and that the little guilty envelope is thrust with careful carelessness, like Poe's purloined letter, into the confusion of the bottom drawer.

But there is a device. I will reveal it. It won't work in all cases because women are seldom good collectors, but sometimes — It is simply the stratagem of partners in crime. Lead her into collecting. Be guileful. Present her with something that she has casually admired.

I know a man who collects stamps in all domestic safety, wastes time with impunity, and exhibits his interests with impudence. He gave his wife a handful of British penny reds with an offhand remark that he wondered if she could assort them according to plate and position. Later, after the poison worked, he gave her a

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hundred thousand penny reds (cost thirty-five dollars), and a magnifying glass all her own, and a set of plate books. It was like giving a restless child a lifetime lollipop. It will take her twenty years to reconstruct the one hundred fifty plates of what she calls "the Queen of all stamps." Meanwhile — peace, immunity, fellowship, and the pretty domestic spectacle of two graying heads bent together under the evening lamp.

3

The stress of the day in which we are living is unbelievably great. We have need of releases through simple pleasures.

Collecting — no matter what — is a many-faceted and highly versatile answer to some surprisingly basic needs. We do not have to be psychiatrists to know how elemental these needs are, and how adequate the therapeutics of elementary pastimes. President Roosevelt's stamps, King Gustav's embroidery! Wicked men do not have hobbies, I am told, and I can believe it.

The fields of collecting are as wide as the world, and even the one field of stamps covers the globe. There are so many aspects of stamp collecting, so many ways and methods not suggested to the novice by commercial interests. The how — the many kinds of how — are another story. *The reason for* and *the end result of* are my concern here.

Interest. As we grow older our interests are likely to narrow and to atrophy. Mental sclerosis, no less. The difficulty of maintaining interest, just interest, increases. Our minds become like trampled lawns. After a while what was young and shooting grass lies limp and bedraggled. The only resurrective agent is interest — the kind of interest that is a rest and a restorative. We can be weighed to the ground with so-called interests which are responsibilities. I don't mean those things. I am talking about happy, foolish things.

You'll be a better man for that use of time. Since we are warned just now to use ourselves all-out for defense, and since we are at the same time such fiends for efficiency, we may allow ourselves to remember that we can use ourselves with efficiency *only* if we punctuate our efforts with appropriate and rewarding pause.

Escape? Well, what's wrong with escape if you escape at the right time and to the right place? You may live to fight another day.

I say escape, rightly understood, legitimately used, is one factor of living which has enabled us to get here after a troublesome trek through the ages. The kind of escape afforded by a harmless hobby is a rest, a tonic, a stimulus. Ride the blessed thing. Like all good hobbies, it isn't going anywhere, but when you dismount you'll be at home. Collect your stamps in peace and glee. And if you are so constituted that your content is the greater for a soupçon of guilt — you can see for yourself how much you are enjoying it!

THE HAYMOW: WINTER

by ELFORD CAUGHEY

All that was summer in the roadside fields
Is piled in brittle chaos in the mow,
And here the dry and dusty air still yields
A breath of summer's fragrance even now.
This clover leaf was silver with the dew;
That was the restless grass; that, Queen Anne's lace
Afloat like lilies on the afternoon.
And, as the mummies of dead kings renew
Visions of glory, their crisp hands recall
A brighter past: here in this twilight place,
Stirring and whispering in their faded sleep,
The weedy ghosts speak of an old stone wall,
Of blackbird wings, the cricket's hearty tune,
Of summer that no spell can ever keep.

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AN AMBIDEXTROUS COLLECTOR

The Lively, Faithful Portrait of a Great Salem Naturalist

EDWARD SYLVESTER MORSE. *By Dorothy G. Wayman. Harvard University Press. $4.50*

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I CAN write with authority about this book, for I was in on it from the beginning. Moreover, I knew Morse for many, many years. His life was one long adventure, for Morse was built that way: affectionate, lovable, impulsive, irresponsible, but talented beyond possible exaggeration. As a student of Agassiz he was bold and independent, and when the old professor acted in too European a manner, so to speak, and failed to give his students credit for work they did and he proposed to publish, Morse objected. There was a rift, and afterwards a *rapprochement* — which made Morse happy for the rest of his life.

Morse was an artist to his finger tips. He drew beautifully. And such intellectual curiosity as his I have never known, for he wrote on everything from brachiopods to Japanese latrines. Incidentally, he was the one to point out that the brachiopods, which had always been considered to be aberrant mollusks, were no such thing, and all zoologists remember and hail him for this contribution.

The world's prime pack rat

Morse would collect anything. He was the world's prime pack rat, and he never threw anything away. His collection of Japanese pottery is the finest that has ever been gathered. Even before he became of age his collection of mollusks brought him into the ken of all the distinguished naturalists of his day. And this was before 1860.

It is hard to touch on all the facets of this man's activity. He brought biology to Japan, where he was loved and revered by his students — perhaps to this day, if we knew the true inwardness of the Japanese situation. For it is hard to believe that all the boys he loved and who quite obviously loved him — most of them are now old, distinguished, and retired professors — should have changed their civilized sentiments at the behest of a group of crazy warmongers.

My children were fascinated because Morse could draw a picture using both hands, doing the two sides of a butterfly at the same time perfectly symmetrically, or a snail coiled dexterously with one hand and sinistrally with the other. This ability derived from his ambidexterity, which was revealed to him in his youth when he injured his right hand and, to save time, learned to use his left.

In my little foreword to this book I have told of going with a friend to Morse's house during the great Salem fire. We found him, quite unconcerned, sitting on a white wooden box, with his feet on the table, playing a flute with his nose. He said, "The Solomon Islanders can do this. Why shouldn't I learn?" He was utterly uninterested as we tried to gather together his Japanese decorations, some superb objects of art, books and manuscripts, for removal to a safe place. In a short time a policeman came and said the wind had changed and the house was no longer in danger.

A special bequest

Morse jumped up, patted the top of his head with one hand and rubbed his stomach with the other, using a quick circular motion. (Try this and see if you can do it. I bet you can't.) Then he opened the box he had been sitting on. It contained a handsome engraved crystal jar, marked "The brain of Edward S. Morse. Born June 18, 1838. Died _____. Bequeathed by him to the Wistar Institute of Anatomy, Philadelphia." He explained that as the notion spread that he could use his cerebral hemispheres independently one of the other, his old friend Bert Wilder, at Cornell, and the Wistar Institute had written in, asking for his brain. He tossed a coin, Wistar won, and the bequest of the crystal jar was the result.

Miss Wayman has done a first-rate, workmanlike job. She has gathered all the facts, arrayed them in an orderly and extremely accurate manner, and without ostentation has produced a book that ranks among the best biographies which have appeared in the last decade. All too many biographers of the present day want to step into the center of the stage themselves, and not infrequently they crowd to one side the person of whom they write. This, Miss Wayman never does. She is loyal to Morse first, last, and all the time, and one can see that she has developed a great affection for him. While her story is obviously inspired by great respect, her praise never becomes fulsome, and there is nothing sugary about what she writes.

THOMAS BARBOUR

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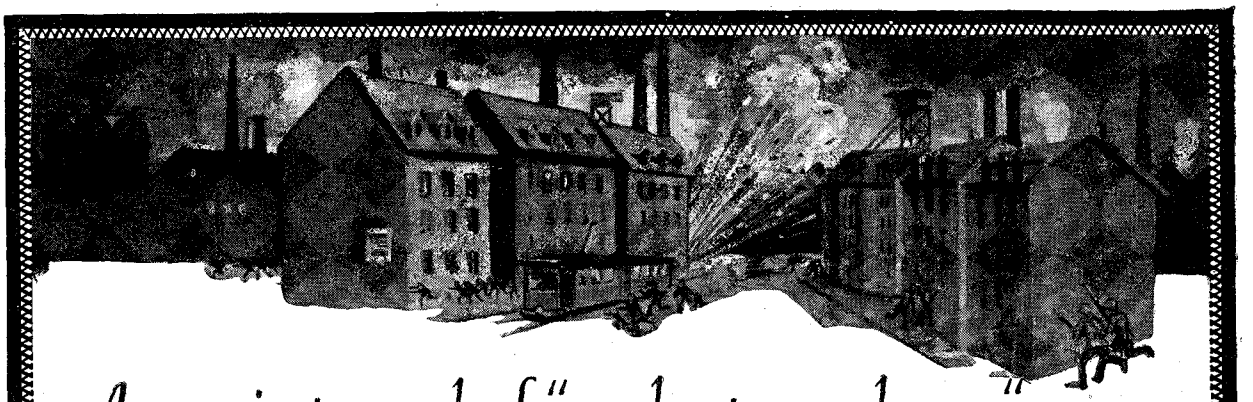

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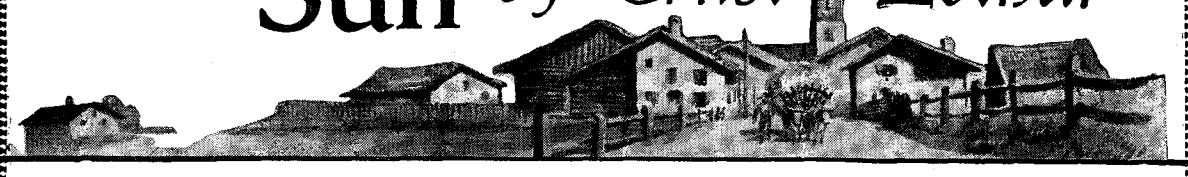

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METROPOLIS OF THE NORTH

The History of Montreal by the Dean of Canadian Letters

MONTREAL: SEAPORT AND CITY. *By Stephen Leacock. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50*

* * *

To AMERICANS Montreal means one of three things: a name on a map; a city to rush through on the way to Europe or to the fishing rivers and lakes of Canada; or a great sprawling metropolis with a strong French accent, gray stone buildings, and precipitous streets — a place of deceptive and rewarding charm. Mr. Leacock has written a book essentially for an American audience, and his chapters are wonderfully conceived to interest all of us, no matter to which of the three categories we belong. He is offering an historical and interpretive volume satisfying in detail to the layman and enchanting in the obliquity of its prose. Basically, of course, it is a Leacock tour through four centuries of North American history.

Readers who know the Dean of Canadian Letters will understand that, however serious his intention, such a tour is not to be undertaken without certain asides, flippancies, contemporary analogies, and wit for its own sake. But even a lover of Francis Parkman will feel that he is walking hallowed ground, for Mr. Leacock in his preface, which is not to be missed, refers to Parkman's writing as "a marvelous blending of genius and accuracy, of picturesque charm and reliable fact, never . . . excelled." Furthermore, if some armchair historian should criticize this book for its inequality of treatment of certain obscure Canadian events, I should side with Mr. Leacock for not having written what his audience in general would undoubtedly not read.

Leacock the Canadian

In the first place, the author is in love with his subject. History swept up the great St. Lawrence like a tide, and the fortunes of three nations — or four, if you count Spain's remote hand — were involved in it.

But all the strings here are kept separate; the weaving is loose and free, and the final pattern indelibly clear. Mr. Leacock has a way of making the river part-hero, and the reader feels the strength of its force on almost every page. The weather and scenery also play an appropriate role. The great and lesser figures of the past emerge and remain clear in the mind: Cartier, Champlain, Maisonneuve, Frontenac, Father Charlevoix, Montgomery, Vaudreuil, Montcalm — on down to Dawson and McGill. Anyone unable to distinguish a Micmac from a Mohawk will discover that Mr. Leacock has defined and characterized the Indians so that the great family of the Algonquins may be distinguished tribe by tribe. Sympathies are definite, and many brief portraits declare the artist who painted them. Arnold, however, is lightly dismissed; Captain Rogers, only once referred to, is a "dubious presence." And throughout runs the good talk of furs and fortifications, peace and terror, flood and disaster, heroism and strength, and the "vast and beautiful country" of Vaudreuil's own phrase.

Leacock the humorist

Epigrams and phrases are worth a pencil in the reader's hand. "When the river freezes," said Frontenac, "I am King." "The stone tomahawk of the Indians," says Leacock, "was an instrument of argument, not of carpentering." Or again, speaking of origins: "It is strange to think that it was in the lounge room of the University Club that Jacques Cartier read the Gospel of St. John to the savages. It is a thing that would stand doing again." Or "The climate of Montreal is for many of us the best in all the world. Beside it London is dark and California garish, Winnipeg cold, New Orleans hot, Philadelphia neutral, and New York impossible."

There are great chapters on Montreal as the capital of Canada, on Montreal as a port, on industry and commerce, on the strange mingling of French and English in the streets of the city — this last in the vein of the Leacock essay. There is a fine concise history of McGill University, of whose faculty Mr. Leacock was a distinguished member for thirty-six years. As to Montreal the port (and here the economist speaks out with graphic facts and figures), the author early establishes himself in favor of the St. Lawrence seaway. With undoubted intention, the book is a persuasive argument for the project.

Let no one think that this is a Canadian book for Canadians only. It is not. The city which overthrew the early port of Quebec is destined to be one of the three or four greatest cities on the North American continent. But this is not a boastful book, though Montreal will never have a more loving historian.

DAVID MCCORD

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